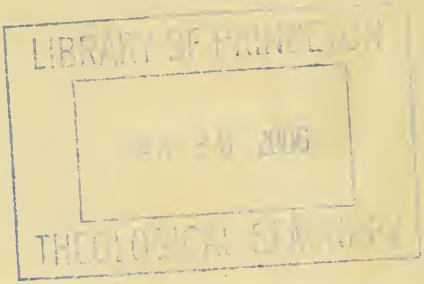

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Buddhist Priests.

Front.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES

BEING

A Collection of Interesting Incidents Illustrative of Work and Life in the Foreign Mission Field

BY

REV. WILLIAM ADAMSON, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF

The Religious Anecdotes of Scotland," "*The Righteousness of God,*" "*The Nature of the Atonement,*" *&c., &c.*

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO ALL

OF EVERY NAME, CHURCH AND COUNTRY

WHO PRAY AND WORK FOR

THE COMING OF

THE KINGDOM OF THE LORD

THE COMPILER

PREFACE.

One of the things which distinguishes the eventful century which is now drawing to a close, is the deep and wide-spread interest which has been manifested by all sections of the Christian Church in missions to the heathen, and to those who have not heard the name, or the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Home Missions have not been forgotten; they have, indeed, been largely increased, and carried on with devotion, but Foreign Missions have attracted more attention and secured more aid recently, than ever they did in the previous history of the Church. It may now be said they extend to the ends of the earth. There are few places, where man dwells, which have not been visited by the Messengers of the Cross, who have left, with a sublime devotion, their homes, kindred, and the blessings of civilisation, to make known to those who sit in darkness the blessed Gospel of the Grace of God, which makes men wise unto salvation.

In prosecuting their work missionaries have had peculiar and varied experiences, and have seen much which is instructive to those who are at home, regarding the social, moral, and spiritual condition of the heathen mind and people, the adaptation of the Christian religion to men of every clime, colour, and degree of mental development, its power to save and

benefit for this world and the great beyond, and the wonderful overruling Providence by which the Lord watches over His own, and remembers His children who seek to promote His glory.

The incidents in the missionary enterprise are necessarily many and are generally instructive. In the following pages some of the most important are given, and those especially which have within them a lesson. As will be seen on perusal, they are diverse, cover a large field, and relate to many persons, countries, and experiences. They are gathered from far too many sources to make it possible for the editor to acknowledge each individually, and have been selected on the most catholic principle. It will be found that all the sections of the Household of Faith are represented. Each anecdote presents, as it were, a complete incident, which brings out one distinct idea, and the whole contents of the volume are calculated to give a general conception of the work, sacrifices, failures, and successes of those, who in answer to the call of their Master have gone forth into all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature.

The volume is sent forth with the prayer that it may be Divinely blessed and owned, so as to promote the cause of Christ in heathen lands, and encourage His devoted servants, who have felt His love constraining them to go forth to seek and save those who sit in pagan darkness, and abide in the abodes of cruelty and death.

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Interior of a Japanese Temple.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

Herrnhut Mission.

How Originated.

FEW missions have been so successful and wonderful as the Moravians, and it originated in this manner. In the year 1722, a few refugees, descendants of the ancient United Brethren, were welcomed to Upper Lusatia by Count Zinzendorf, who held office under the Dresden government. They were allowed and assisted to build their village, which they gratefully call Herrnhut—the Lord's protection. Christian David headed the first emigration to this settlement—the second cradle of the United Brotherhood. David, on striking his axe into the first tree in that untenanted district, inaugurated the commencement of this Herrnhut in the words of the Psalmist: "Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow her nest, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King, my God." Shortly after the Count relinquished his civil dignities and attached himself to the people whom he had sheltered. The missionary spirit which came to pervade the community, originated largely in a circumstance which occurred when Count Zinzendorf attended the coronation of Christian VI. at Copenhagen. There he saw two native Greenlanders who had been baptized by Mr. Egede, and learned with regret that the Danish government had resolved to abandon the mission. The desire rose in his heart to prosecute the work, and it was carried into effect. Whilst in Copenhagen, some of his domestics became acquainted with a negro named Anthony, who told them of the sufferings of the slaves in St. Thomas, and of their strong desire to be instructed in the way of salvation. The

case was reported to the Count, and the Count recited it to the congregation at Herrnhut. Anthony, upon request, spoke to the Herrnhuters on the subject; and his simple and earnest story made such an impression, that two young men offered themselves for the mission work upon the Island of St. Thomas. The ardour of these young men was not cooled but quickened, by the statement of Anthony, that none but a slave was allowed to teach a slave. The congregation viewed the offer coldly, but the Count was enthusiastic. At length the matter was settled, and, according to their usage in difficult cases, determined by lot, which could be favourable only to one candidate. This first missionary went forth to Greenland. On being asked—

"How do you intend to get a livelihood?"

"By the labour of our hands and God's blessing," was the answer. "We will build a house and cultivate land."

"But there is no wood with which to build a house," was the response.

"In that case," said the Herrnhuter, "we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there."

The missionaries were and are specially required to preach Christ crucified, and with this as their only motive to humble the sinner, to exalt the Saviour, and to promote holiness. Among free people they were to live in company and have regular mission dwellings, and in slave settlements they were to identify themselves with the slaves. This church has no permanent fund for missions, and yet they have sent messengers of the Cross into all parts of the world.

Robert Moffat and his Mother.

AT the age of sixteen Robert Moffat, the African Missionary, had to leave home to fill a responsible situation in Cheshire as a gardener. When the day arrived when he should bid farewell to his parents and brothers and sisters, his mother proposed to accompany him to the boat which was to convey him across the Firth of Forth. When they came within sight of the spot where they

were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she said—

"Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish to ask one favour of you before we part, and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is it, mother?" Robert inquired.

"Do promise me, first, that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you," said the mother.

"No, mother," said the lad, "I cannot till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert," exclaimed Mrs. Moffat, "can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I know that you do," responded Robert, "but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

The young man kept his eyes fixed on the ground. He was silent and endeavoured to resist the rising emotion of his heart. She sighed deeply as if grieved. When Robert Moffat lifted his eyes to look at his mother he saw the big tears rolling down her cheeks, and as soon as he could recover his speech he said—

"O, mother, ask what you will, and I will do it."

"I only ask you," said Mrs. Moffat calmly, "whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening?"

"Mother," interrupted the lad, "you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its Author; and," she added, "now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament, read much in the Gospels, the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

In after days, when a noted missionary, Moffat, said his heart was changed by the Spirit of God through reading the Bible, and the Bible only.

A Salteärn Indian Reproaching His White Brothers.

SOME of the Indians among whom Young the missionary laboured were sharp in the intellect and quick-witted. They liked to speak as well as be spoken to. At a meeting held by Mr. Young for the purpose of expounding the truths of Christianity, an old man, with a savage appearance and grizzly hair, spoke in an excited manner He said,

"Missionary, once my hair was black as a crow's, now it is getting white. Gray hairs and grandchildren in the wigwam tell I am getting to be an old man, and yet I never heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad I did not die before I heard this wonderful story. Yet I am getting old. Gray hairs here, and grandchildren yonder, tell the story. Stay as long as you can, missionary; tell us much of these things, and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren, and I have gray hairs, and I may not live many winters more. Do come back soon. Missionary, may I say more?"

"Talk on. I am here to listen," said the missionary.

'You said just now, 'No tawenan' (our Father)."

"Yes, I did say our Father."

"That is very new and very sweet to us. We never thought of the Great Spirit as our Father. We heard him in the thunder, and saw him in the lightning and tempest and blizzard, and we were afraid. So when you tell us of the Great Spirit as Father, that is very beautiful to us."

Lifting up his eyes, after a moment, to the missionary, he said:

"May I say more?"

"Yes," he answered, "say on."

"You say '*No* tawenan' (*Our* Father). He is your Father?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "He is my Father."

Then he said, while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer, "Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, oh yes, He is your Father, too," said the missionary.

"Your Father--missionary's Father and Indian's Father, too?"

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Then we are brothers," he shouted.

"Yes, we are brothers," said the missionary.

The excitement in the audience became wonderful. But the old man had not yet finished. He said:

"May I say more?"

"Yes, say on; all that is in your heart," was the reply.

"Well," the Indian resumed, "I do not want to be rude, but it does seem to me that you, my white brother, have been a long time in coming with that great book and its wonderful story, to tell it to your red brothers in the woods."

This was a reproach Mr. Young received in silence, for he knew it was well deserved.

Baron de Hubner on the Fijians.

ALL changes wrought in Fiji by the gospel are little less than miraculous. Where, fifty years ago, there was not a single Christian, to-day there is not an avowed heathen. All their ancient heathenish practises have been done away; and visitors now cannot imagine that this people, with their refined manners and their mellifluous speech, were the cannibals of former times. When the German scientist, Baron de Hubner, visited Fiji sometime ago, he had enjoyed unusual opportunities of studying men under different aspects, having travelled three times round the world. He looked for himself; and after making all sorts of inquiries from the various men he came in contact with, as to the cause of the unquestionable changes he saw in the Fijians, he came to a missionary to ask some questions. Himself a Roman Catholic, he thus expressed his mind:

"I must say that the change which has come over these islands is wonderful; no candid man can deny it. What I want to get at is, 'How did it come about?' I have spoken to some of the *Government officials* about it, and they ascribe it to the influence of the Government upon them."

"Yes," replied the missionary, "but how do they account for the fact that the change was there before there was any settled government?"

"That is true," he replied. Then he added, "I asked some of the *traders*, and they attributed it to the influence of trade upon them."

"Yes," returned the missionary, "but how do you account for the change that existed before the traders dared to settle there?"

"Well," he said, "I have come to you as a missionary, and I want you to tell me how you account for it." This was the reply:

"*I* can not account for the change that has taken place, except in one way. If it has struck you so forcibly, Baron, how has it struck me? You have seen this only as a visitor I have seen it for years, and *have seen it going on.* I can only *account for it in one way—I believe in God, and I account for it by the influence of the Holy Ghost.*"

And he, though a Roman Catholic and a foreigner, bowed his head reverently, and said, "So do I."

That is the only way it can be accounted for. It strikes foreigners and travellers strongly, but it strikes the missionaries more strongly still who have been on the ground, and seen the changes wrought before their eyes, that, without admitting the supernatural factor in missions, the transformations cannot be accounted for. No human philosophy is adequate to explain them.

Nothing short of God's Spirit and Gospel could produce such moral and spiritual changes.

Crossett,

The Independent Missionary.

THERE have been many Paul-like men who have taken their lives in their hand and gone forth to preach the Gospel to those who never heard the name of Christ. Of these was the Rev. J. Crossett, an independent American

missionary in China. He died on the steamer *El Dorado, en route* from Shanghai to Teintsin, on June 21, 1889. He leaves a widow living at Schuylersville, N. Y. In speaking of Mr. Crossett, Minister Denby couples his name with that of Father Damien, and says: Mr. Crossett's life was devoted to doing good to the poorest classes of Chinese. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Pekin during several winters. He would go out in the streets on the coldest night, pick up the destitute beggars and convey them to the refuge, where he provided them with food. He also buried them at his own expense. He visited all the prisons, and often procured the privilege of removing the sick to his refuge. The officials had implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to visit at pleasure all the prisons and charitable institutions. He was known by the Chinese as the "Christian Buddha." He was attached to no organization of men; he was a missionery pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. He travelled all over China and the East. He took no care for his expenses. Food and lodging were voluntarily furnished him; innkeepers would take no pay from him, and private persons were glad to entertain him. It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the Chinese dress, had no regular meals, drank only water, and lived on fruit with a little rice or millet. He aimed at translating his ideal Christ into reality. He wore long auburn hair, parted in the middle, so as to resemble the pictures of Christ. Charitable people furnished him money for his refuge, and he never seemed to want for funds. He slept on a board or on the floor. Even in his last hours, being a deck passenger on the *El Dorado* he refused to be transferred to the cabin, but the kindly captain, some hours before his death, removed him to a berth.

His watchword was ever that of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

A Cree Indian's Idea of God.

WHEN the Rev. Edgerton R. Young was carrying on his mission work among the Northern Indians, he came upon a tribe which had never heard the gospel, and summoned them to a council to see if they were disposed to become Christians. The principal chief, according to their unwritten laws of precedence, spoke first. His voice was good and full of pathos. He said:

"Missionary, I have long lost faith in our old paganism." Then pointing down to the outer edge of the audience, where some old conjurers and medicine-men were seated, he said: "They know I have not cared for our old religion. I have neglected it. And I will tell you, missionary, why I have not believed our old paganism for a long time. I hear God in the thunder, in the tempest, and in the storm; I see His power in the lightning that shivers the tree to kindling wood; I see His goodness in giving us the moose, the reindeer, the beaver and the bear; I see His loving kindness in giving us, when the South winds blow, the ducks and geese; and when the snow and ice melt away, and our lakes and rivers are open again, I see how He fills them with fish. I have watched these things for years, and I see how during every moon of the year He gives us something; and so He has arranged it, that if we are only industrious and careful, we can always have something to eat. So, thinking about these things which I had observed, I made up my mind years ago that this Great Spirit, so kind and so watchful and so loving, did not care for the beating of the conjurer's drum, or the shaking of the rattle of the medicine-man. So I for years have had no religion." Then, turning to the missionary, he said: "Missionary, what you have said to-day fills up my heart and satisfies all its longings. It is just what I have been expecting to hear about the Great Spirit. I am so glad you have come with this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, do not forget us, but come again as soon as you can."

This Indian's idea of God might shame many who dwell in

Bible lands and have the gospel preached to them. He believed in the goodness of the Lord, and that His tender mercies were over all His works.

Judson's Desire

Regarding the Jews Fulfilled.

DR. Adoniram Judson, while labouring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the children of Abraham according to the flesh. But it seemed that his desire was not to be gratified. During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts on behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with the thought. Then at last came a gleam of light, which thrilled his heart with grateful joy. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of languor, with a copy of a religious newspaper in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. The letter contained some items which filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, Mr. Schauffer stated that a little book had been published in Germany, giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labours; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to them to show them the way of life. When Dr. Judson heard this, his eyes were filled with tears, a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said,

"Love, this frightens me—I do not know what to make of it."

"To make of what?" asked Mrs. Judson.

"Why, what you have been reading. I never was so deeply

interested in any object. I never prayed so sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came—at some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came."

Thus after many days the desires of the good man were gratified.

Hindoos Praying by Proxy.

THE people in Chinese Tartary have a barrel which in a few minutes can do more work in the way of praying than a Buddhist priest can do in a whole day.

This barrel, turning upon an axle, is filled with written prayers; when once set in motion it turns of itself for a long time, rolling its whole contents of prayers over and over, each roll being equal to a spoken prayer. The Hindoos, in India, have not quite such an expeditious mode of performing their devotions, but they adopt an almost equally good plan. They procure a common parrot, and fasten it by a small chain to their wrists. Placing it on the forefinger and close to their mouth, they repeat the word Ram twice over, continually, till the parrot catches the sound and repeats it after them. Thus when the man exclaims Ram! Ram! the parrot screams out Ram! Ram! also. The name of the god thus uttered by the parrot goes to the benefit of its owner; and if repeated one hundred times by the man and one hundred times by the bird, the former is credited, as it were, with two hundred good actions, all of which place Ram under obligation to repay them in the bestowment of some blessing for the homage thus done to his name. On one occasion, when a large congregation was assembled in the Hautkholah chapel, Calcutta, several persons on their way home from the river-side, with their parrots on their fingers, dropped in to listen for a short time. Soon, however, one of the men, forgetting, perhaps, where he was, or thinking of the amount of merit he had already secured, whispered to his parrot the words Ram! Ram! The bird immediately caught up the well-known sound, and not understanding itself how to

whisper, screamed out Ram! Ram! also at the top of its voice. The other parrots in the place joined in concert, and a regular chorus of praise to Ram was thus sung or screamed out in a Christian chapel. The stolid character of the Hindoos prevented the audience from observing anything singular or improper in the matter, and they continued listening to my address as though nothing had happened.

In this way these heathens acknowledged the duty of prayer, but did not know how it was to be performed.

John Wesley and Missions.

THE Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of Methodism, was thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit. At the opening of the century he submitted to our English prelate the plan of a mission in Hindostan, and made an offer of his own services. Wesley's mother was like-minded with her husband. The home of the Wesleys, therefore, was no stranger to an interest in the pagan world. The mother prayed and laboured that her sons might prove blessings to mankind, and she did not go without her reward. There is one beautiful little incident in that family history, which reflects equal credit upon mother and son. When John Wesley was invited to go out upon the mission to the Indians in North America, he at once and firmly declined. On being pressed for a statement of his objections, he referred to his recently widowed mother, and his own relation to her, in these touching words:—"I am the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort." But what would be his decision were his mother agreeable, and even anxious that he entered upon that mission? Not thinking of such a sacrifice as coming within the range of probability, he at once replied, that if his mother did cheerfully acquiesce in the proposal, he would certainly view and act upon it as a call from God. The venerable matron, on being consulted, gave this memorable reply:——

"Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice if they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

The decision of the mother carried in it the decision of the son, and furnished an able and devoted labourer for the mission field.

John Wesley became a missionary in Georgia, and took, as he said, "The World as his parish." He shortly afterward established a fund for missionary purposes, and in many ways he wrought for the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. Mr. Wesley lived to see thirty-three missionaries in the Morvian Isles, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the West Indies, and upwards of five thousand members. The missionary organization of the Wesleyans was completed in 1817, and the agents of the Society are now preaching the Gospel of Jesus in nearly forty languages, and in many of these without the aid or hindrance of interpreters. These are some of the results of the mother's decision to give her son to the holy cause.

A Tannese Showing

Christianity was not Cowardice.

A TANNESE Chief of the highest rank, named Kowia, became a Christian in his youth. He married an Aneityumese Christian woman, with whom he lived happily and had two beautiful children. He proved himself in many ways to be a decided Christian. Everything was tried by his own people to get him to leave the missionary, John G. Paton, and to renounce worship. They offered him every honour and title in their power if he would do so. Failing this way they threatened to take away all his lands and deprive him of the Chieftianship, but he answered—

"Take all! I shall still stand by Missi and the worship of Jehovah."

From threats they passed to insults, all of which he bore patiently for Jesus' sake. One day a party of his people came and sold some fowls to the missionary, and a fellow lifted them after they had been bought and offered to sell them again.

"Don't purchase those, Missi," shouted Kowia, "I have just bought them for you, and paid for them."

Thereon the fellow began to mock at him. Kowia, gazing round on all present, rose like a lion awaking out of sleep, and with flashing eyes exclaimed:

"Missi, they think that because I am now a Christian I have become a coward! a woman! to bear every abuse and nsult they can heap upon me. But I will show them once or all that I am no coward—that I am still their Chief, and that Christianity does not take away but gives us courage and nerve." Springing at one man he wrenched in a moment the mighty club from his hands, and swinging it in the air above his head like a toy cried out, "Come any of you, come all against your Chief! my Jehovah makes my heart and arms strong. He will help me in this battle, as he helps me in other things, for He inspires me to show you that Christians are no cowards, though they are men of peace. Come on, and you will yet know that I am your Chief."

All fled as he approached them; and he cried—

"Who are the cowards now?" and handed back to the warrior his club. After this they left Kowia at peace.

Adjai Crowther, a Slave Boy.

IN the year 1821, in the midst of the Yomba country, the Mohammedan Foulahs were ravaging the land to seize and enslave all whom they could secure, even at the price of bloodshed. They pursued those who took refuge in flight, and flung lassoes over their heads, bringing them to the ground half-suffocated. Among the captured was Adjai Crowther, then a boy of twelve and a half years. His father died in defence of his wife and children, but the boy was dragged away, and tied with ropes to other urchins. He was traded away for a horse, and afterwards, separated from his mother, was sold to a Mohammedan woman, with whom he went to the Popo country, on the coast, where the Portuguese purchased slaves. The boy dreaded the fate that lay before him, and endeavoured to strangle himself with his waistband.

At Lagos he saw a white man for the first time, and in circumstances not calculated to draw him to the white man's God. He was a Portuguese, who examined him as he would a horse, and then, chained with other captives, the boy was packed in a barracoon where the heat was intolerable, and on the least provocation was cruelly beaten with long whips. Early one morning he was hurried, with a hundred and sixty others, on board a slaver, where, crowded into the hold, the dead, the dying, and the living were compelled to remain. Two English men-of-war gave chase to the slave ship, and mercifully liberated the prisoners. Adjai was taken to Bathurst. He made rapid progress in his education, and at the age of seventeen was baptised, having become what his after life proved, a genuine Christian. In 1864 he, who was once a slave boy, was ordained a bishop in the Canterbury Cathedral.

Fliedner's Box on the Ear.

GOD can teach men by almost anything which takes place. This was illustrated in the case of Pastor Fliedner, who spent his life in preaching the Gospel in Spain.

On one occasion, on his way to prison, where he had the privilege of being cast for Christ's sake, he looked over the tracts he had with him and rejoiced to find them suitable to distribute among prisoners. But he was compelled to leave them outside his cell. His handcuffs were so loosely holding his wrists, that he managed to slip his hands through and passed them to the sergeant. Thereupon the jailer put a fetter around his ankle and pushed him into a cell, with five others, but kept his books for his boy, for the sake of the pictures. Pastor Fliedner cared less for being shut in a cell, than for having his tracts shut out. Suddenly he was called out and searched by the jailer, who coolly appropriated his handkerchief, the little money he had about him, and even the pocket-knife which was his little boy's gift. Indignant at such robbery, Pastor Fliedner said, "What do they here call people who take what is not their own?"

"You call me a thief, do you?" said the brutal jailer, and violently boxed his ear. Then fixing a weight of 350 pounds to his fetter, he shoved him back into the dungeon, and flung his tracts after him, saying, "I will have nothing that belongs to you."

The prisoners pounced on the tracts.

"Ah, you are a Protestant! You believe in God. We do not, and have long ceased to."

"Yes," he replied, "I do believe in a God."

"But have you seen him?"

"No; but when the jailor speaks and answers you through that closed door, you know he is there though you don't see him. So I speak to God in prayer, and when He answers me I know He is there."

"Well," they rejoined, "how do you know He hears and answers you."

Pastor Fliedner then referred to the scene they had just witnessed, the rude box on the ear; and calling their attention to his own tall and stalwart frame and the ease with which he could have dealt a blow that would have felled the diminituve jailor to the earth, he said,

"I had a mind to strike him back and double him up, but I sent up to God a prayer for patience, and it was at once granted me, and now I shall have patience given me till the end."

This was a practical example of the power of prayer, that those men, wont to yield to passion, could well understand. And the result was that those prisoners read and prayed together in that dungeon, and when Pastor Fliedner, at three o'clock in the morning, awoke, he saw one of those convicts reading by the dim light the parable of the prodigal son, and so he "thanked God for that box on the ear."

Morrison's Preparation

As a Missionary to China.

ROBERT MORRISON has been appropriately called the Apostle of China. His preparation for this task commenced early, and without him knowing the end towards which he was being divinely guided.

He was a hard student, and studied astronomy under Dr. Hutton. When young he was a regular frequenter of the reading-room of the British Museum. For hours he pored over a strange-looking manuscript, which was The Harmony of the Gospels, supposed to be the production of a Jesuit missionary. Afterwards he became the pupil of a Chinese teacher, called Yong-Sam-Tak, who endeavoured to instruct his pupil in the mysteries of his perplexing language.

When young Morrison began his study of Chinese, he had not the remotest idea of engaging in missionary work, or that China was to be the scene of his life-long labours. When, on his return to England, after seventeen years of patient toil, he stood in London upon the platform of the Bible Society, with a volume of the Chinese Bible in his hand, a gentleman who addressed the meeting narrated the following story.

Many years before, while reading in the British Museum, his attention was attracted to a young man who was studying a book written in strange characters.

"I took the liberty," he said, "of asking him what language it was."

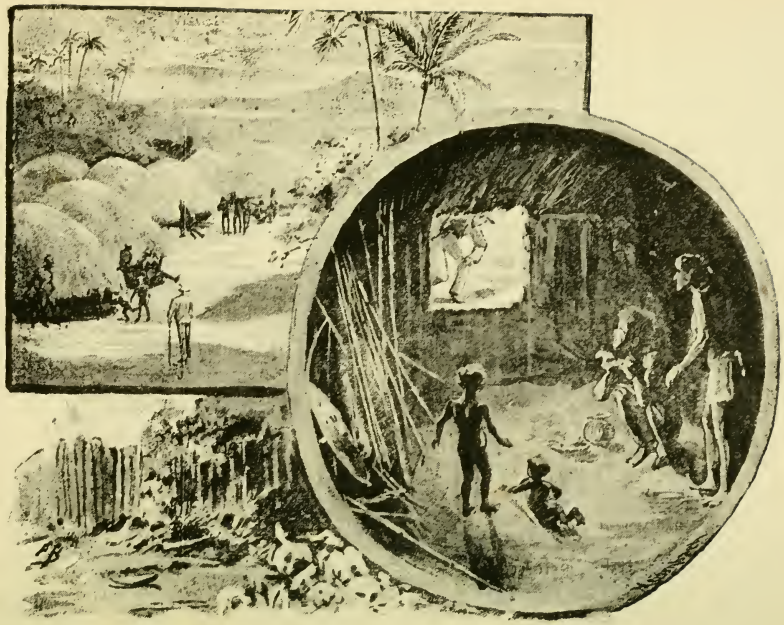
"The Chinese," he modestly replied.

"And do you understand it?" I inquired.

"I am trying to do so," was the reply, "but it is attended with singular difficulty."

"And what may be your object?"

"I can scarcely define my motives," he answered; "all that I know is, that my mind is powerfully wrought upon by some strong and indescribable impulse, and if the language be capable of being surmounted by human zeal and perseverance, I mean to make the experiment. What may be the



In a South African Village.

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final result, time only can develop. I have as yet no determinate object in contemplation beyond the acquisition of the language itself."

Can we doubt that God's mysterious providence was even then, without his knowledge, leading him to, and gradually preparing him for, the great business of his life?

Brainerd and the Conjuror.

NO more successful and devoted preacher to the heathen ever lived than Mr. Brainerd, missionary to the Indians in America. Among those whom he led to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus was a man who had been a most notorious sinner, a drunkard, a murderer, a conjuror; but who at length appeared to be an illustrious trophy of the power and the riches of Divine grace. He lived near the Forks of Delaware, and occasionally attended Mr. Brainerd's ministry; but, for a time, like many others of the Indians, was not at all reformed by the instructions which he enjoyed. About that very time he murdered a promising young Indian, and he still followed his old trade of conjuring, being held in high reputation among his countrymen. Hence, when Mr. Brainerd told them of the miracles of Christ, and represented them as a proof of his Divine mission, and of the truth of his religion, they immediately mentioned the wonders of the same kind which this man had wrought by his magical charms. As he was, in this manner, a powerful obstruction to the progress of the Gospel among the Indians, Mr. Brainerd often thought it would be a great mercy if God were to remove him out of the world, for he had little or no hope that such a wretch would ever himself be converted; but He, "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts," was pleased to take a more gracious and effectual method of removing the difficulty. Having been impressed by witnessing the baptism of Mr. Brainerd's interpreter, he followed him to Croosweeksung shortly afterwards, and continued there several weeks during the season of the most remarkable and powerful awakening of the Indians. He was then brought under deep concern for his soul. His

convictions of his sinfulness and misery became by degrees more deep, and the anguish of his mind was so increased, that he knew not what to do, or whither to turn. After continuing in this state of mind upwards of a week, he obtained such a view of the excellency of Christ, and of the way of salvation through him, that he burst into tears, and was filled with admiration, and gratitude, and praise; and from that time he appeared a humble, devout, affectionate Christian.

Origin of the London Missionary Society.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1794, a spirited paper appeared in *The Evangelical Magazine*, advocating the formation of a mission to the heathen, and on the broadest possible basis. The Rev. David Bogue of Gosport, the author of that paper, is justly recognised as the father and founder of the noblest institution in the land—"The London Missionary Society." Others had deeply pondered, and doubtless earnestly prayed for such an institution, but for Dr. Bogue was reserved the honour of giving to the felt want a practical shape. The public mind was largely prepared, and therefore the plan, when fully propounded, received numerous admirers and patrons. Two months after the appearance of Dr. Bogue's practical paper, a conference was held to take steps for giving effect to the laudable proposal. That conference was attended by representatives from several evangelical bodies, in accordance with the proposed catholicity of spirit and action. The result of that conference was a carefully prepared address to the ministers and members of the various churches, and the appointment of a committee to diffuse information, and to learn the sentiments of the Christian public upon the subject. The answers from brethren who had been consulted were full, frank, and most encouraging. A conference upon a much larger scale was held in September, 1795—a year from the publication of Dr. Bogue's paper. The conference lasted for three days, and comprised

a large and influential body of Christians. The sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr. Haweis of Aldwinkle upon the great commission (Mark xv. 16) which was both earnest and eloquent, paved the way still more fully for the immediate institution of a catholic society upon the broad basis, and for the truly Christian objects which had been advocated for the last twelve months. The Rev. G. Burder and the Rev. Rowland Hill also took part in the preliminary work, which issued in the formation of the Society. Amid many prayers, much fraternal love, and the promise of large support both in counsel and contributions, "The London Missionary Society" was launched. The constitution of the Society was thoroughly catholic. It represented the real unity of Christ's Church. Love to the Saviour formed the basis of this blessed union of sympathy and effort. The catholicity found in the Directorate was secured or provided for in the fields of foreign labour by the wise and generous enactment—

"That it should be entirely left with those whom God might call into the fellowship of His Son among them, to assume for themseves such form of government as to them shall appear most agreeable to the Word of God."

These first meetings were the first-fruits of that harvest of Christian sympathy and cordial co-operation, with which this Society has been truly blessed. Never have the Directors lowered their testimony or lessened their desire for association and unity of action among the followers of Christ. It is not too much to assert that this Society, which for more than sixty years has unfurled and borne aloft the banner of Christian union, holds a deservedly high place in the hearts and hopes of all Christians.

Sabbath Keeping

On a Pacific Island.

DR. J. G. PATON tells an affecting story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where he found to his amazement, though no missionary was there or had been sent there, there was a sort of Sabbath keeping. Two

old men, who had a very little knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid ordinary work aside, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them, and in a simple way recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton inquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that long before, a missionary had visited the island for a week or two, and had given them each a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus.

He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "*Yes, it was Paton.*"

Thirty-three years before he had in his evangelist tours stopped at this island for a few days; and here, so long afterwards, was the fruit. The calico shirts had been worn but once a week, carefully preserved for the Lord's day, and the only way to keep the day which they knew was to meet others and tell what they could remember of the wonderful story! What shall Christian disciples say at the last day with regard to the shameful neglect of perishing millions?

How the Missionary Mantle Fell on Duff.

MR. ALEXANDER DUFF, when he attended the University of St. Andrew's, had as his fellow-student John Urquhart, who devoted himself to the Missionary cause. The two were ever conversing on the subject, and were much of one mind. Session after session, as Duff returned from the winter's study to the quiet of his Grampian home, the student had delighted his parents with the details of his doings. John Urquhart had always been first in his talk. Especially had his father been struck with admiration at the student's determination to be a missionary to the Hindoos. In 1827 the usual budget of intelligence was produced, but as the parents hung on their son's revelations now with tears, now with smiles, and ever with thankfulness and

pride, the loved name of his Jonathan was not once mentioned.

"But what of your friend Urquhart?" at last asked his father.

"Urquhart is no more," said Duff, with the almost stern abruptness of self-restraint, and then slowly, wistfully added—

"What if your son should take his cloak? You approved the motive that directed the choice of Urquhart, you commended his high purpose—The cloak is taken up."

Both mother and father were awed into silence by this declaration—the first breaking to them or to man of the vow that had already been made to God. Though at first overwhelmed, they, on reflection, acquiesced in the announcement of the young evangelist and the will of God.

Williams on Wayside Pickings.

REV. J. WILLIAMS, in his "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," gives a very singular and instructive account of a man who was enlightened and led to Christ by simply gathering up seeds of truth which fell by the wayside. Mr. Williams was walking out one evening in the island of Rarotonga, when he was accosted by a man named Butene, who shouted—

"Welcome, servant of God, who brought light to this dark island!—to you are we indebted for the word of salvation."

Mr. Williams says:—"The appearance of this person first attracted my attention, his hands and feet being eaten off by disease, which the natives call kokovi, so that he was obliged to walk upon his knees; but, notwithstanding this, he was exceedingly industrious; kept his kainga (garden) in beautiful order, and raised food enough to support his wife and three children. In reply to his salutation, I asked him what he knew of the word of salvation. He answered,—

"I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners."

On inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he replied,

"I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died pain-

fully upon the cross, to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved, and go to happiness in the skies."

I inquired if all the people went to heaven after death,—

"Certainly not," he replied, "only those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who cast away sin, and pray to God."

"You pray, of course," I continued,—

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, but always three times a day, besides praying with my family every morning and evening."

"Well," I said, "that, Buteve, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?"

"From you, to be sure. Who brought us the knowledge of salvation but yourself?"

"True," I replied, "but I do not recollect ever to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things, and how did you obtain your knowledge of them?"

"Why," he said, "as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the wayside, *and beg a bit of the word from them as they pass by. One gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart,* and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about His word. This," says Mr. Williams, "was altogether a most interesting incident, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship in his life. His knowledge, however, was such as to afford me both astonishment and delight, and I seldom passed his house, after this interview, without holding an interesting conversation with him."

A Synod's Prayer for Missionaries.

How Answered.

THE Reformed Church of Scotland advertised for another missionary to join the Rev. John Inglis, who was doing a grand work in the New Hebrides. For two years their efforts failed. At length the Synod, after much prayer

and consultation, felt the claim of the heathen so urgently pressed upon them by the Lord's repeated calls, that they resolved to cast lots, to discover whether God would thus select any minister to be relieved from his home charge, and be designated as a missionary to the South Seas. Each member of the Synod agreed to hand in, after solemn appeal to God, the names of the three best qualified in his estimation for such a work, and he who had the clear majority was to be loosed from his congregation and to proceed to the mission field, on the first and second highest, if two could be secured. It was a solemn time for all present, and a strained silence held the Assembly while the scrutinizers retired to examine the papers. When they returned and announced that the result was so indecisive that it was clear the Lord had not in that way provided a missionary, a cloud of sadness appeared to fall over all the Synod, John G. Paton, then a student, was present at this meeting as a spectator, and was deeply moved by what he heard and saw. He says the Lord kept saying within him,—

"Since none better qualified can be got rise and offer yourself."

Almost overpowering was the impulse he felt to answer aloud—

"Here am I, send me."

Mr. Paton, then a missionary in Glasgow, reasoned with himself, plenty were ready for his work in the city, but no one seemed prepared for the heathen field. He felt as if God had sent him a special call, and he went to the Rev. Dr. Bate's, Convener of the Committee, and offered himself for the New Hebrides Mission, who heard the words with tears of joy. He then returned to his lodging with a light heart, and said to his fellow-student, Mr. Joseph Copeland, who shared his apartment with him,

"I have been away signing my banishment. I have offered myself as a Missionary for the New Hebrides."

After a long and silent meditation, in which he seemed lost in far-wandering thoughts, his answer was—

"If they will accept of me I also am resolved to go!"

"Will you write the Convener to that effect?" asked Mr. Paton, "or let me do so."

"You may," he replied.

A few minutes later his letter of offer was in the post-office. Next morning Dr. Bates called upon the two students early, and after a long conversation commended them and their future work to the Lord God in fervent prayer. That this call came from Him was abundantly made evident by the future career of these young men, who were thus brought into the field in answer to earnest and effectual prayer.

Africaner,

The Bonaparte of Africa.

AFRICANER was looked upon as the most powerful chief in South Africa, and was known by the name of Bonaparte. This notorious Hottentot had become the terror of the whole country. The Boers had at some time wronged or offended him, and in revenge for their insult or injustice, with characteristic rage, he carried on a constant, cruel, relentless war with the natives living near the mouth of the Orange River. He was a terrible foe, feared by everybody, deaf to remonstrance and appeal. He stole cattle, he burned kraals, he took captives only to enslave those whom he did not destroy. When in 1817 Moffat started for Africaner's kraal, his friends warned him that this savage monster would make a drum-skin of his hide and a drinking-cup of his skull. But the noble hero of Namaqualand was not to be dissuaded even by the tears of the motherly dame who wept for the danger and death into which he was rushing. Africaner was originally a Hottentot in the service of a Dutch farmer at Tulbach, near Cape Town. His usual work was the care of cattle, but he and his sons were often sent on raids of plunder against unarmed tribes further inland, a good school of robbery and of murder, where this Hottentot proved a quick learner; and on a slight provocation he shot his employer and his wife. Then Africaner fled, as an outlaw, across the Orange River, keeping near enough to harass the Boers, but far enough away to be safe from arrest and punishment. From this time his hand, like that of Ishmael, was

against every man. It mattered little whether white or black, native or foreigner, Namaqua, Hottentot or Boer; whoever crossed his track he hunted down like a wild beast, and fire and sword were his merciless weapons. The authorities of the colony would have paid any reasonable price for his head; but where was the man daring enough to attempt to capture or kill such a monster? it was like fighting a dragon. He might tolerate missionaries, but they could not hope to change him, and gave it up in despair. Robert Moffat won this hard-hearted monster, and it was by the same old Gospel that has broken so many other hearts of stone and melted so many other hearts of steel. Into the very soul of Africaner this truth of God entered, and until the day of his death there was no break in the harmony of this strange friendship. During Moffat's sickness, it was Africaner's hands which ministered to his needs, furnished his food and the best of milk. And when Moffat found it needful to go to Cape Town, although there was still a premium on his head, Africaner went with him. That whole journey is one of the romances of history. When the Missionary stopped on his way at the house of a farmer who had been his host as he journeyed to Namaqualand, he had no little difficulty in convincing him that he was Moffat, for the man had heard that the Hottentot Chief had murdered him, and knew a man who had "seen his bones." But when he saw Africaner, who had killed his uncle, and witnessed the change in his whole character and demeanour, the farmer could only exclaim,

"O God, what cannot thy grace do! What a miracle of thy power!"

The Old Blind Man in Burmah.

A LITTLE boat, early on a clear evening, cast anchor near the city of Thayroot, in Burmah. An American missionary was in that boat, two native teachers also were with him, and their errand was that which Christ gave to his servants—go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. The missionary sat down outside

the boat, and began to read a tract to the few stragglers who had come to enjoy the cool and quiet of the evening on the shore. Soon a large assembly gathered. They were obliged to push the boat off a little, to prevent the people crowding in, and upsetting or sinking it, when a tall, grave-looking young man pushed his way through the crowd, and, in an undertone, said—

"Teacher, have you the Acts of the Apostles?"

Mr. Kincaid—that was the missionary's name—gave him a copy.

"Teacher," the young man said again, "have you the Gospel of John?"

Mr. Kincaid looked astonished. He was in a city, like Athens of old, "wholly given to idolatry," three hundred miles from Rangoon, the mission station, and here was one asking about the Acts, and the Gospel by John; and he said—

"How do you know anything about these books?"

The young man replied—

"A long time since there was a foreign teacher, Judson, in the city of Prome, and he gave my grandfather these books. He could not see; he was blind; but he had them read to him, and was always talking about them. But some time since there was a great fire in our city, and my grandfather's house was burned, and the books in it."

So saying the young man rolled up his precious gifts in his shawl, and was lost amid the crowd. And now the sun was down, the angry wind was rising, and the teachers were obliged to move their little vessel to a more sheltered spot, about two miles up the river. But still the thoughtful missionary sat outside the boat, pondering over the events of the day, and wishing he could find out the blind old man who had sent for the portions of God's word; and, just as he was saying to the native teachers, Ko Shoon and Kan Saulone, "We shall try in the morning to find him out," the grandson came on board again. He told them of the delight with which the aged man had received the books, but said he sadly wanted to see the teachers too, and had sent him back to the boat; but, finding it was gone, he had followed on, cautiously inquiring for the "foreign teachers." Gladly did Mr. Kincaid follow the messenger, threading his way through the streets of the Indian city, till he came to the house. There, in the

veranda, lighted by one dim lamp, sat the aged man, with his family and neighbours around him. The gloom was nothing to him, for no earthly light could gladden his sightless eyeballs; yet when he turned them towards the teacher, the light of inward joy and peace shone upon the old man's face, while he told how, in days gone by, he had found God's word to be a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path; and pointing to his white locks, which, in the language of the East, he called "the flag of death," he thanked God that his *heart* could see, and rejoiced to meet once more with a Christian friend.

Superstition Overcome

By Christianity, on Norfolk Island.

WHEN the Rev. Alfred Penny was staying at a village called Halaoo, a sad accident happened. A woman while gathering oysters in the lagoon was carried off by an alligator. No one was near but her child, a little boy of seven or eight years old, though several women were filling their bamboos with water at a well not far off. Mr. Penny was in his house at the time and with one or two men ran down to the spot when they heard the woman's screams; but not a trace of her could they see, though the marks of the alligator's claws in the sand, and where the brute had poised himself on his tail for his fatal spring, told plainly enough what had happened. The boy's account was that he saw an alligator rear itself out of the shallow water behind his mother's back, and, before he had time to cry out, seize her and drag her under. Some more men came in from work and they also made a thorough search along the shores of the lagoon, but without avail. Neither then nor afterwards, for the search was again renewed, did they discover a vestige of the poor victim of this sad tragedy. The woman's husband was fetched from his garden, but he, poor fellow, was so stunned with the shock that he could not assist in the search, but sat on a log holding his baby and listening to the other child, as

he told between his sobs the story of his mother's death. The father, mother, and two children had been baptized the year before, and the heathen population now loudly declared that the accident was a Tindalo's doing; the common belief being that the alligators were either possessed by Tindalos, or else employed by them to punish those who had incurred their displeasure. When anyone was devoured, as this poor woman, it was considered as certain that the victim had brought about his own fate by something he had done, as a leper in the time of Moses was believed to be marked by sin. The heathen people said on all sides—

"The Tindalos are angry because they are deserted, but their 'mana' is strong enough here to punish those who desert them, if the people are not warned in time, the same fate will overtake them all."

The result was that an element of reaction was inclined to assert itself, but before long it was utterly subdued by the advance of Christianty.

A Testimony to Bishop Patteson.

THREE years after Bishop Patteson was killed the Rev. Alfred Penny joined the Mission and entered into possession of his house at Norfolk Island. Though the house had not been tenantless in the meanwhile, the furniture and arrangements were exactly as he left it when he started for his last voyage. But it was not the fact that Mr. Penny found the armchair of the late Bishop's father in his sitting-room, and a few photographs and a pair of old silver candlesticks standing on the mantelpiece, which most deeply impressed itself on his mind. It was the evidence he saw, or rather was conscious of, that the memory of the Martyr Bishop was a living power for good in the hearts of the people for whom he had lived and died, and that in the testimony of their lives it could be said that he, being dead, yet speaketh.

Mamonyatsi's Love

To her Heathen Mother.

AFTER a war in the interior of Africa many had been in the mysterious providence of God brought by a way they knew not to find an eternal home by becoming fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God; and often did they endeavour in their native eloquence, to tell of the distinguishing love and mercy of that who had directed their feet to the Kumman Mission. Mamonyatsi was one of those. She was a Matabele captive and had accompanied Moffat from the interior, had remained sometime in the service of Mrs. Moffat, and early displayed a readiness to learn to read, with much quickness and understanding. From the time of being united to the church till the day of her death, she was a living epistle of the power of the gospel. Once while visiting the sick, as Moffat entered her premises he found her sitting weeping, with a portion of the word of God in her hand.

Addressing her he said: "My child, what is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby still unwell?"

"No" she replied, "my baby is well."

"Your mother-in-law?" he inquired.

"No, no" she said "it is my own dear mother who bore me."

Here she again gave vent to her grief, and, holding out the Gospel of Luke in a hand wet with tears, she said—

"My mother will never see his word, she will never hear this good news!"

She wept again and again and said: "Oh my mother and my friends they live in heathen darkness, and they shall die without seeing the light which has shone on me and without tasting of that love which I have tasted!"

Raising her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and the missionary heard the words again "My Mother, My Mother!" Shortly after this evidence of divine love in her soul she was

called upon to pass through the Jordan, and the last words heard from her faltering lips were "My Mother!"

Sons of the Word.

A Surprise to Willaims.

WHILE the Rev. John Williams was labouring in the South Seas, he took occasion to call at Tutuila, one of the Society Islands, where a most interesting occurrence took place. On entering the mouth of the spacious and beautiful bay, Mr. Williams and his crew were boarded by a person who introduced himself as a "son of the word," Mr. Williams gave him a hearty welcome, and learned in reply to his inquiries, that in this district about fifty persons had embraced Christianity, had erected a place of worship, and were anxiously awaiting his arrival. He immediately determined to visit the spot, and with this intent, the little boat was lowered and they approached the shore. When about twenty yards from the beach, as the heathen presented rather a formidable appearance, Mr. Williams desired the native crew to cease rowing, and unite with him in prayer. The Chief, who stood in the centre of the assembled multitude, supposing that they were afraid to land, made the people sit down under the grove of bread-fruit, cocoanut, and other trees which girt the shore, The Chief then waded into the water nearly up to his neck, and took hold of the boat, when addressing the Missionary in his native tongue he said,

"Son, will you not come on shore? Will you not land amongst us?"

"I do not know that I shall trust myself;" said Mr. Williams "I have heard a sad account of you in this bay, that you have taken two boats, and that you are exceedingly savage; and perhaps, when you get me into your possession, you will either injure my person, or demand a ransom for my release."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "we are not savage now, we are Christians."

"You Christians!" exclaimed Mr. Williams "where did you hear of Christianity?"

"O," he replied, "a great Chief from the white man's country, named Williams came to Savaii (a neighbouring island) about twenty moons ago, and placed some tama-fai-lotu (workers of religion) there, and several of our people who were there began, on their return, to instruct their friends, many of whom have become sons of the word. Here they are, don't you see them?"

Looking in the direction to which he pointed, Mr. Williams saw a group of about fifty persons, seated under the wide-spreading branches of large tou and other trees, apart from those whom he had ordered to sit down along the beach. Everyone of this group had a piece of white native cloth tied around his arm, which was meant to distinguish them as Christians from their heathen countrymen.

"I am the person you allude to," said the Missionary. "*My name is Williams.* I took the workers of religion to Savaii about twenty moons ago."

The moment the Chief heard this, he made a signal to the multitude, who sprang from their seats, rushed to the sea, siezed the boat and carried it to the shore. Upon landing, Amoamo, the Chief, took Mr. Williams by the hand and conducted him to the Christians; after the usual salutations the Missionary asked where they had heard of Christianity. One of their number replied that he had been to the island of Savaii, had brought back some knowledge, and was now engaged in imparting it to his countrymen.

"And there is our chapel," said he, "don't you see it?"

Turning to the direction in which he pointed, Williams saw a small rustic place of worship, which would hold about eighty or one hundred people, peeping through the foliage of the bananas and bread-fruit trees, in which it was embowered. Accompanied by this man and two or three others, Mr. Williams asked on reaching the chapel who performed service there.

"I do," replied the man.

"And who has taught you?

"Why," said he, "did you not see a little canoe by the

side of your boat, when we carried you on shore just now? That is my canoe, in which I go down to the teachers, get some religion, which I bring carefully home, and give to the people, and, when that is gone, I take my canoe again, and fetch some more. And now you are come, for whom we have been so long waiting."

Carey

And the Baptist Missionary Society,

WILLIAM CAREY had much to do with originating the Baptist Missionary Society, and giving an impetus to the missionary cause all over the world. He was of humble parentage and slender education, and was not, as he said himself, even a shoemaker, but only a cobbler. Whilst maintaining himself at his trade, and afterwards doing the drudgery of a village school, he was considering the cause of Christian Missions, and carefully studied as well as constructed, maps of various countries, that he might realise the abounding spirit of destitution. In the year 1784, the Nottingham Association, to which he belonged, resolved upon holding monthly concerts for prayer. Mr. Carey's one topic at these meetings was the state of the pagan world; but few entered sympathetically into his views. Seven years later, and after his removal to Leicester, Carey introduced his favourite theme, and pressed upon the friendly clerical assembly, "whether it was not practicable, and our bounden duty, to attempt somewhat towards spreading the Gospel in the heathen world?" Two sermons were preached by the venerable Mr. Sutcliffe, and the famous Andrew Fuller, which confirmed Mr. Carey in his views, and strengthened his resolution to attempt giving them a practical shape. At the May anniversary of the Nottingham Association, in 1792, Mr. Carey preached his ever-memorable sermon from Isaiah LIV. 2-3, and under two divisions—Expect great things from God, and, Attempt great things for God. The impression produced by this discourse was so deep and universal, that the

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Association resolved upon instituting a mission to the heathen at their October conference. On the second day of October the Society was formed, and although the collection on the occasion only amounted to £13 2s 6d, ample funds speedily flowed in, and from many quarters. The great question now was, the special field in which operations should commence. Mr. Carey had thought long and anxiously about the South Seas, and held himself in readiness to proceed thither, if he could be promised support for even one year. Almost simultaneously with the formation of the Baptist Mission, Mr. John Thomas crossed his path and changed his views regarding the first field. Mr. Thomas was collecting funds for a mission in Bengal, for which he had acquired a great liking, and in which he had personally laboured, whilst in the East, as a naval surgeon. Satisfied with the Christian deportment and missionary zeal and fitness of Mr. Thomas, the Society offered him engagement as an agent, which he joyfully accepted. The next difficulty was a companion for Mr. Thomas. Andrew Fuller, interested in the report given by Mr. Thomas of Bengal, uttered his thrilling and oft-repeated statement:

"There is a gold mine in India, but it seems almost as deep as the centre of the earth; who will venture to explore it?"

William Carey answered the challenge of his friend, and in these memorable words:

"I will go down, but remember that *you must hold* the ropes."

The scene was solemn. The engagement was sacred. Both brothers were needed, and each in his own sphere. Each proved a support to the other, and their united sympathies, prayers, and efforts brought down the Divine blessing upon benighted India.

How a Sin-ts'ai

Entered the Kingdom.

THE Rev. J. W. Stevenson, Chinese Missionary, was much interested in Ning Sien-seng, a gentleman of considerable influence and standing in Shing-hien, an able literary man, holding the Sin-ts'ai. or B. A. degree. He had become acquainted with foreign thought through studying translations of our scientific works, and had seen something of Christian literature; but finding the scriptures dry and unintelligible, he had given up reading them. Careless and sceptical as to spiritual things, he considered prayer absurd.

"If there be any God," he would say, "which is more than doubtful, of course He must be far too great a Being, and too distantly removed from contact with men to take any interest in the little affairs of our daily life."

One summer day he met Mr. Stevenson, who, at the close of a long and serious conversation, felt greatly drawn to the man, yet pained at his open infidelity.

"Let me freely confess it, teacher," concluded Ning Sien-seng; "I do not believe the doctrine taught by you foreigners."

With an earnestness which surprised the Confucianist, the Missionary replied—

"I shall remember you constantly in prayer to the true and living God."

Ning Sien-seng went away, but could not forget the sentence.

"Here," thought he, "is a foreigner, a perfect stranger to me, and yet so concerned about my soul that he will pray for me; and I do not even pray for myself!"

The next thought was not far off, "What if I should begin?"

But prayer such as the missionary had urged seemed impossible to the proud Confucianist. "And yet," he thought, "the experiment is worth trying."

"Thus, doubtfully, but earnestly, a cry went up from that heathen heart to the unknown:—

"O God, if there be a God, give me light, if light is to be had!"

Again he turned to the Bible, and at this time it seemed an entirely new revelation, while the scholar, to his surprise, found in himself, too, a change for which he could not account. The book so interested him that he read far on into the night. The study of the Word became his great delight. He was led to believe its truths and trust in the Lord as his Saviour.

"Prayer has saved me; could it not also save my relatives? began to ask Ning Sien-seng."

His wife, like himself, had been a rigid Confucianist, and he greatly feared confessing to her his new faith. At last he summoned up courage to call her into his study one evening, when, the children having gone to bed, he thought the scene that must inevitably ensue might perhaps be less noticed. She sat down opposite to him across the room, as is proper for Chinese wives, and waited in silence. But his courage failed him and he could not speak. Finally his wife remarked,

"You have something to say to me."

It had come at last—and he poured out his story:

"Wife, I have found that there is a Father in Heaven."

The ex-Confucianist was probably never more surprised than by her ready answer—

"How glad I am!"

Her's, too, had been a waiting soul. All unknown to her husband, she had been longing for light, and to his confession added her own.

A Delightful Surprise

To Williams and Bourne.

THE Rev. Messrs Williams and Bourne determined to visit the island of Aitutaki, whose inhabitants had been noted for their cruelty and treachery. They had sent two native teachers before them who had made an impression on the people for good. After about five days pleasant sailing from Raiatea they reached the place, when their small vessel was soon surrounded by canoes filled with

natives from the shore. These they kept off for some time, being suspicious of foul play; but they received a grateful salutation from every canoe that approached. Some of the natives cried out,

"Good is the Word of God: it is now well with Aitutaki! The good Word has taken root at Aitutakai."

Finding, however, that the missionaries did not repose entire confidence in their assertions, some held up their hats, which being of the European shape was a sure sign of the wearers having renounced idolotry. Others exhibited their spelling-books in evidence of the truth of what they stated. As the missionaries approached the settlement they saw a flagstaff with a white flag flying, which satisfied them that the teachers were alive. At length the chief's canoe came alongside, when they learned from Tebati, one of the first who embraced the Gospel, that the Maraes, or heathen temples, were burned; that the idols which had escaped the general conflagration were in the possession of the teachers; that the profession of Christianity was general—so much so, indeed, that not a single idolater remained, that a large chapel was erected, nearly two hundred feet in length, plastered, and waiting their arrival to open it. This news was as delightful as it was unexpected. When the teachers came on board, they not only confirmed all that had been told, but added that the Sabbath was regarded as a sacred day, no work of any kind being done on it, that all the people, men, women, and children, attended divine service; and that family prayer was very general through all the island. The Missionaries hastened to the shore to be eye-witnesses of what had been effected; the natives crowded round the boat dragging it to the shore. Some tried to spell long words, others repeated portions of the Catechism or a prayer, whilst others again sang a verse of a hymn. Every one seemed more anxious than the other to show what progress he had made in the new religion.

Paton's Well of Salvation.

ANIWA in the New Hebrides is a coral island, on which there are no streams, lakes, or springs, rain water being the sole dependence of the people. One morning their missionary, Rev. John G. Paton, said to one of the chiefs—

"I am going to sink a well deep down in the earth to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

They looked at him in astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy—

"O Missi! wait till the rain comes down and we will save all we possibly can for you. Rain comes only down from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below."

Mr. Paton started on his hazardous job, selecting a spot where his prospective well might be useful to all. He began to dig and the good old Chief told off some of his men in relays to watch him lest he should attempt to take his own life, saying—

"Poor Missi, that's the way with all who go mad."

Having become exhausted with his work under the tropical sun, he secured the aid of natives, but when twelve feet down the side rushed in and all the work undone. The old Chief and his best men remonstrated with him for the fiftieth time, and assured him that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa. The missionary, however, continued his labours, and the phrase "Living water, living water" kept chiming through his soul like music from God, as he dug and hammered away. One evening he said to the old Chief—

"I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole."

"No, Missi," said the Chief, "you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the shark will eat you. That will be the end of it; death to you and danger to us all."

"Come to-morrow," responded Mrs. Paton, "I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain water up through the earth."

Next morning the missionary went to work again, and perspiration broke over him with uncontrollable excitement, and he trembled through every limb when the water rushed up and filled the hole. The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming round while Moses struck the rock and called for water. They closed round the well and gazed on the water with superstitious fear. The old Chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it. At last he tasted it, rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment; he swallowed it shouting, "Rain! Rain!"

"How did you get it?" he asked—

"Jehovah, my God," replied Mr. Paton, "gave it out of his own earth in answer to our prayers and labour. Go and see it spring up for yourselves."

They went and saw, and marvelled, and gave praise to God. Company after company returned to the spot loaded with their gods of wood and stone, and piled them in heaps amid the tears and sobs of some and shouts of others, in which was heard the oft repeated word, "Jehovah, Jehovah!"

"Missi," said the old Chief, "I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes" was the answer quick, "if you will try to bring all the people to hear you."

"Missi," I will try, "he eagerly promised. Preach he did a rousing sermon, closing with the words, "Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth, why should he not also send his Son from Heaven?"

In this way did the living water come to those thirsty souls.

Dr. Livingstone and the Lion.

WHILE Doctor Livingstone was stationed at Malotsa, Bechuanaland, he had an extraordinary adventure with a lion, which produced most interesting experiences, viewed psychologically.

Several lions had been carrying on the work of destruction among the cattle of the natives, and the traveller went with the people to assist in the destruction of the robbers. He having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading his gun when he heard a shout of warning from the people in the rear. Starting and looking half round he saw a lion just in the act of springing upon him. The animal caught his shoulder as he sprang and both came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to Livingstone's ear, he shook him as a terrier does a rat.

The shock produced a stupor similar to that which is said to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock annihilated fear and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast.

Turning round to relieve himself of the weight, the doctor saw the lion's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards.

His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both cases. The lion immediately left Livingstone, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh.

Another man attempted to shoot the animal while he was biting Mebalwe. He then left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received began to take effect and he fell down dead.

Besides crunching Livingstone's bones into splinters he left eleven teeth wounds in his arm.

The result of this encounter with the king of the forest the missionary bore in his body to the end, for the wounded arm ever after was of comparatively little service to him.

Beginning of the Moravian Mission.

THE Moravian Brethren having for several years laboured to propagate the Gospel in European countries, were led to interpret the command of Christ, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," as binding on them, and they longed for an opportunity of obeying it. In this spirit they consulted together, as early as 1728, on the practicability of converting Greenlanders, negro slaves, and other barbarous nations, to the faith in Christ. They saw little prospect at that time of realising their hopes, but they were encouraged by Count Zinzendorf, who declared it to be his confident persuasion that the Lord would open to the Brethren a door of utterance among the heathen. Two years after this a circumstance occurred which prepared the way for the accomplishment of their desires. Count Zinzendorf, being in Copenhagen, on a public occasion, his domestics being acquainted with a negro from the West Indies, whose account of the deplorable condition of the slaves in that country greatly quickened the desire of the Brethren to preach the Gospel to them.

Two young men, Leonard Dober and Thomas Leupold, were particularly stirred up to devote themselves to this service. Many objections were raised, and the opposition delayed them a whole year, till finally, at the suggestion of Count Zinzendorf, it was agreed to have the question decided by lot, "agreeably to the practice of the ancient Brethren's church." This being done, the lot decided that they should go, and these Brethren commenced the first foreign mission of the Moravians in 1832.

The next year two of the Brethren, greatly moved by the example of Dober and Leupold, burned with desire to preach the Gospel to the Greenlanders, and one year later, 1833, Matthew Stach and Frederick Boenisch, started on a mission to that frozen and desolate region. Such were the beginnings of a system of missionary labours, unequalled in respect to

early struggles and hardships, and unsurpassed in zeal, patient continuance and success.

How the Rev. Aaron Buzacott

Became a Missionary.

THE Rev. R. Knill visited his native county of Devonshire prior to his embarkation to Madras as a missionary. In several towns he gave reasons why he was to devote himself to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and his addresses created some excitement.

On one of these occasions Aaron Buzacott was sitting in the gallery, behind the pulpit, when Mr. Knill, after relating how he himself had been led to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me," turned round, and as pointing directly to him, said—

"There is a young man in that gallery who is now saying, 'Lord, here am I, send me.'"

The young man Buzacott had already uttered this prayer in secret, and when Mr. Knill made this appeal he could scarcely refrain from uttering it aloud. Timidity frustrated the attempt he made to see Mr. Knill, but the appeal was never forgotten. Through many a day and many a sleepless night his heart was ever ejaculating, "Lord, here am I, send me." Another visit of Mr. Knill revived Mr. Buzacott's earnest longings to be engaged in missionary work.

He shortly after entered Hatton Academy, and at the close of his third year the Rev. James Parsons preached a sermon in his hearing from the text, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." After giving a most graphic description of the state of the heathen world, he turned his eyes towards the gallery where Mr. Buzacott and the other students were sitting, and in his most stern and earnest manner demanded—

"Who is willing to go for us?"

This appeal settled the question. He immediately consulted his friends, tutors and parents. His father said nothing, but his mother at once gave her son up, thanking God that

one of her children was willing to be engaged in such a good cause.

Not long after he was appointed to labour at Rarotonga, where, in company with John Williams and others, he did a work which few others have been privileged to accomplish.

Rev. J. J. Fuller

In the Cameroons.

THE Rev. J. J. Fuller was a native of America, and followed his father in a mission on the West coast of Africa. He landed in the Gulf of Guinea and the Bight of Biafra. This was in 1845. He found neither Bible nor book, not even a written language; none of the people had ever heard of Jesus, etc., He lived to see all this changed, their language was just into written form, the whole of the Bible was translated for them, and they have churches, schools and teachers of their own. Mr. Fuller tells of his going into the Cameroons, and how in the morning, looking across the river, he saw many canoes with people dressed up in all their war dresses, and their spears and swords were brandished in the sun. They had their war caps upon their heads. He took his glass and looked, and found that the decoration on the bows of all those canoes were nothing else but human heads.

He went up to the chief and said to him, "What do you do such cruel deeds for?"

He looked very much astonished that any one should ask him such a question, and said,

"What deeds?"

Pointing across the river, Mr. Fuller said, "Look yonder. What about that row of human heads on your canoe? Why do you do such cruel things? They are not right."

The Chief replied, "You people come into this country and live here, and you claim to be a good people, and that is true enough; but do you tell me that when I die my sons are going to put me into an empty grave alone and nobody with me?"

When Mr. Fuller replied, "Yes."

He looked at him and said, "You are a fool."

Then all his sons came up directly and said, "What is the matter, father?"

And he repeated what he had said to Mr. Fuller:

"This man who has come to live in this country says that when I die you boys will put me into an empty grave, alone with no one with me."

And they looked at Mr. Fuller and grinned their savage grin, and then turned away and said,

"Father, do you believe him? He is a fool, and he is a foreigner. What does he know? Let him alone."

And yet, mark it! That same Chief lived on until the old custom of burying living people with the dead was completely abolished. In this town, about fifty yards from his own house, stood a little chapel, and the preacher in that chapel was none other than one of his sons, who was preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dying Scene of the
Apostle of Western Africa.

JOHNSON, the Missionary who did such noble work for God and man in Sierra Leone, was located in Regent's Town, where he had 1,079 scholars, and 450 communicants. In 1823 he became so weak as the result of his laborious climate, that he resolved to return to England. He was accompanied to England by Sara Bickersteth, who was, as Johnson himself described her, "the first of her nation who had tasted that the Lord is gracious," and to her was granted the sacred privilege of tending her beloved pastor in his dying hour. It appears that within three days of his embarkation the symptons of fever appeared, and day by day it grew worse and worse.

On Saturday, 3rd May, he said to his weeping attendant, "I think I cannot live; and then delirium set in, but amidst his wanderings he spoke of his faithful African helpers, and

called for his brother missionary, Deiring, "to tell him all he had to say." Then reason returned, and he spoke lovingly of his poor wife, and of his longing wish to see her before he died; and then he tried to comfort his poor weeping convert, and gave her full directions as to what she was to do when she got to England.

It was a touching scene—the dying missionary in the cabin of the ship; the black girl—his own child in faith, watching by his berth; the white baby in her arms, quite unconscious of what it all meant.

Johnson asked her to read the twenty-third Psalm; "And when I had read it," proceeds her touching narrative, "he said to me, "I am going to die; pray for me;" and I prayed the Lord Jesus to take him the right way." Then he sent a charge to the Society to send a good minister to Regent's Town, and added, "If I am not able to go back, you must tell David Noah to do his duty; for if Noah say, 'Because Massa dead, I can do nothing,' he must pray, and God will help him, and so we shall meet in heaven." The last words that Sara Bickersteth could catch were these—"I cannot live. God calls me; I shall go to him this night."

The First Native Clergyman

In Fuh-kien.

THE story of the first Chinese Clergyman in Fuh-kien is very interesting.

Wong Kin-taik was a young landscape painter in Fuh-chow. An intimate friend of his, named Ku-Song-mi, also a painter, was a Christian, a member of the Church belonging to the American Episcopal Methodist Mission. After much prayer and frequent earnest entreaties, he persuaded Wong to read the Scriptures and attend the public services; and very soon the result was manifest. Wong's mother, who was tenderly attached to her son, was warned that he was in danger, and ought to be looked after.

"What is wrong?" she exclaimed, "my son has always been industrious and dutiful; what has happened?"

"He attends the foreign church."

"Impossible," cried the old lady; "it cannot be that my son would do such a thing." On questioning him, however, she found, to her horror, that it was only too true, and that although he "could not understand all the foreigners said," yet he thought "it seemed very reasonable."

It needs some familiarity with the peculiar relations of parent and child in China to understand fully the power Wong's mother had over him. She kept him closely confined to the house, and tried in every way to shake his determination, weeping, scolding, and threatening by turns. But all to no purpose; and her wrath was intensified by continually hearing him praying,

"Lord, bless my mother!" and invoking the hated name of "Jesus."

At last she said, "Son, you must stop this praying."

"Mother," said Wong, "I have always obeyed all your commands, but this I cannot do."

"But the noise disturbs one."

"Then I will pray silently."

"You shall never pray in this house again."

"Mother," said Wong, "I cannot stop praying."

"Leave the house, then," she exclaimed, "I disown you for ever as my child, and when I die, dare not to join with the family in celebrating my funeral obsequies!"

"Wong was driven from his home, but not from his faith. He went and lived with his friend Hu, and rapidly grew in knowledge and grace.

One day his mother sent to bid him come to her. He could only think it was a plot to seize and kill him; but, after a painful mental struggle, he said to the missionary,

"I will go; pray for me."

He went. The Mother asked him if he was still determined to be a Christian.

"Mother," he said, fully expecting some sudden assault, "I am."

"Then," said she, "if you will not change your mind, I shall change mine. You may be a Christian, and you may live at home."

Overwhelmed with joy, Wong fell on his knees and thanked God; and a few Sundays after he was publicly baptized by the name of Kiu-taik, "seeker of virtue." This was in 1857; and he was twenty-three years of age.

For some months Wong Kiu-taik continued his occupation as a painter, but eventually he was taken into the service of the American Mission, and laboured for three or four years zealously as an evangelist. A dispute about the right term to use in the Chinese tongue for "God" caused a division among the missionaries, and a word which Kiu-taik could not conscientiously use was, for a time, imposed on all the agents. He resigned his post, and shortly afterwards joined the C. M. S. Mission, with the entire approval and strong recommendation of his late superiors. In 1862 he became a catechist, and in 1868, as we have said, he was admitted to holy orders, the American missionaries themselves being present on the occasion, and expressing their hearty pleasure at seeing their former helper admitted to the ministry of the Church of England.

Henry Martyn's

First Indian Service.

MARTYN had the appointment of a chaplaincy in the East India Company's service but he extended his work beyond what was demanded of him in that capacity. He made his first essay at public preaching to the natives in Cawnpore, and his congregation were composed of a weird and motely crowd. On Sunday evenings he opened the gates of his garden to the devotees and vagrants who haunted the station, and who were early induced to attend by the promise of a pice apiece. Sometimes from five to eight hundred of these Jogees and Fakeers would crowd around him, as he read to them some striking verse of Scripture, and then endeavoured to explain to them, in language most simple but most beautiful, the Fatherhood of God and the love of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Mrs. Sherwood says that

"no dreams in the delirium of a raging fever could surpass the realities" presented on these occasions. She describes this frightful crowd, "clothed with abominable rags, or nearly without clothes, or plastered with mud and cow-dung, or with long matted locks streaming down to their heels; every countenance foul and frightful with evil passions; the lips black with tobacco, or crimson with henna, One man who came in a cart, drawn by a bullock, was so bloated as to look like an enormous frog; another had kept an arm above his head, with his hand clenched till the nails had come out of the back of his hand; and one very tall man had all his bones marked on his dark skin with white chalk, like the figure of grim Death himself." Yet these poor ignorant ones heard the word of life and some of them received it with gladness.

The Religion of Mercy

In Tahiti.

AFTER Pomare, King of Tahiti, was converted, he was visited by Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, one of the Society Islands, on business. So much was he impressed with the conversation of Pomare and the missionaries, that on returning to his own island he renounced idolatry and requested teachers and books for himself and people. But the idolatrous chiefs and people resorted to arms in defence of their gods. They determined to put all the Christians to death, and for this purpose they erected a house and enclosed it with the trunks of cocoanut and bread-fruit trees, intending to thrust the Christians into it and burn them alive. Tamatoa sent frequent overtures of peace, but the invariable reply was—

"There is no peace for god-burners, till they have felt the effects of the fire which destroyed Oro." Alluding to the fact that Tamatoa had destroyed the idols, Oro being the chief.

Early in the morning of the day fixed upon for the accomplishment of their design, the heathen party, with flying banners, the shouts of the warriors, and the sound of the

trumpet-shell, bore down in an imposing attitude upon the affrighted Christians; while they, on their bended knees were supplicating the protection of God against the fury of their enemies, whose numbers, frightful preparations, and superstitious madness, rendered them peculiarly formidable. While the idolaters were landing, the Christians rushed to the shore and extended their little army as far as it could reach. This bold and unexpected movement filled the assailants with consternation. After a short resistance they threw away their arms and fled for their lives, expecting to meet with the same barbarous treatment which they would have inflicted, had they been the conquerors. Perceiving, however, that those who had fallen into the hands of the Christians sustained no injury, they voluntarily came forward and threw themselves on the mercy of the victors. As the prisoners were conducted into the presence of the Chief, a herald who stood by his side shouted—

"Welcome; welcome! you are saved by Jesus, and the influence of the religion of mercy which we have embraced!"

When the Chief who had led the heathen party was conducted, pale and trembling, into the presence of Tamatoa, he exclaimed—

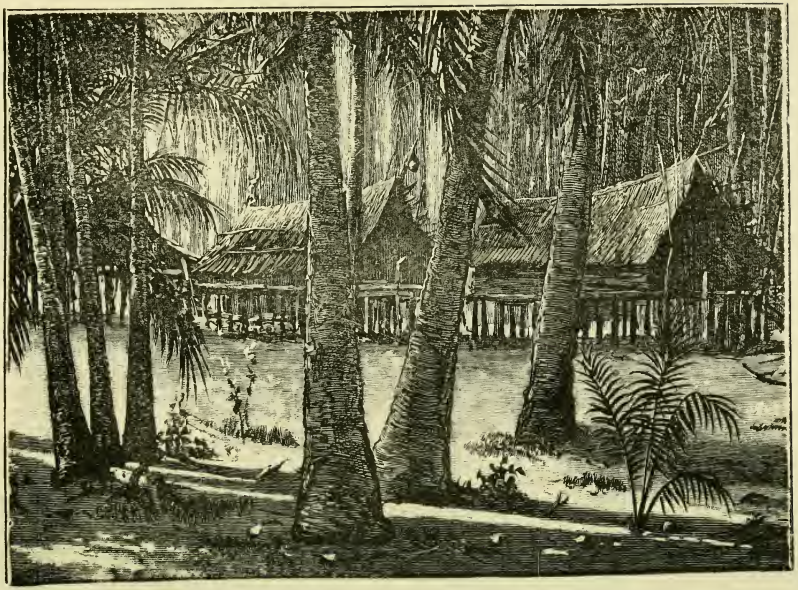
"Am I dead?"

His fears were soon dispelled by the reply, "No, brother, cease to tremble, you are saved by Jesus."

Not content with sparing the lives of the prisoners, the Christians soon prepared a feast for them, consisting of a hundred baked pigs, and a large quantity of bread-fruit. But so overcome were the prisoners by the kindness with which they were treated, that but few of them were able to partake of food. While they were at the table, one of them rose and declared his determination never again to worship the gods who could not protect them in the hour of danger. He said—

"We were four times the number of the praying people, yet they have conquered us with the greatest ease. Jehovah is the true God. Had we conquered them, they would have been burning in the house we made strong for the purpose. But instead of injuring us, or our wives or children, they have prepared for us this sumptuous feast. Theirs is a religion of mercy. I will go and unite myself to this people."

A similar feeling pervaded the whole company. They



A New Guinea Village.

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united in thanking God for the victory he had given the Christians.

On the following morning the Christians and heathens joined their efforts in demolishing the gods, and, three days after the battle, every vestige of idolatry was destroyed.

The Heathen Africans

Without Natural Affection.

THE Apostle Paul writes of those who had no natural affection. Of these were the Africans before the tender religion of Jesus was made known to them by Robert Moffat and others. The missionary just named was one evening returning home with his party from a tour in the interior, when his attention was called to an object the most pitiful and distressing he had ever beheld. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at the presence of strangers, and especially of Mr. Moffat. She tried to rise but was too weak, and she sank again to the earth.

Mr. Moffat approached her and said—"My mother, fear not, we are friends and will do you no harm."

He put several questions to her; but she seemed afraid to open her lips.

He again repeated—"Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this condition?"

"I am a woman" she replied; "I have been here four days. My children have left me here to die."

"Your children!" exclaimed Mr. Moffat.

"Yes" she answered, raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom. "My own children, three sons and two daughters, they are gone," pointing her finger "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me here to die."

"And, pray, why did they leave you," he inquired.

Spreading out her hands, she said—"I am old, you see, and am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game,

I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do."

This last sentence was more than Mr Moffat could bear, and though his tongue was cleaving to the roof of his mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. He remarked he was surprised she had escaped the lions, which abounded, and had approached the spot where the old woman was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it up as one would do a piece of loose linen, said—

"I hear the lions but there is nothing on me that they would eat. I have no flesh on me for them to scent."

Mr. Moffat offered to take her into his waggon and remove her to a neighbouring village, but she replied—

"They would only do the same thing with me again; its our custom; I am nearly dead, and I do not want to die again."

This is what human nature is without the Gospel, and what children would do to parents if their affections were not purified and enlarged by the benign influence of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Torture in Abyssinia.

THE sad condition of the heathen world is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the way the notorious Theodore, King of Abyssinia, tortured the Rev. Mr. Stein and his companions. When they appeared before the King he was surrounded by half-a-dozen officers, and several pages strutted into the open air. Mr. Stein's companions quickly prostrated themselves in the dust, while he stood and made a humble and deferential bow.

"Come near," shouted the attendants.

They obeyed and advanced a few steps.

"Still nearer," reiterated several stentorian voices.

They made another forward movement.

"What do you want?" demanded the flushed and drink-excited negroes.

"I saw your Majesty's tent," replied Mr. Stein, "and came hither to offer my humble salutations and respects to your Majesty."

"Where are you going?" asked the King.

"I am, with your Majesty's sanction, about to proceed to Massorah," was the reply.

"And why did you come to Abyssinia?"

"A desire to circulate the word of God amongst your Majesty's subjects prompted the desire," was the answer.

"Can you make cannons?" demanded the King.

"No," was the reply.

"You lie," was the laconic retort, and then turning with a withering glance towards Negusee he imperatively demanded the name of his province.

"I am of Tigre," tremulously responded the poor man.

"You are the servant or interpreter of this white man?"

"No, your Majesty, I am in the employ of Consul Cameron, and only accompanied him down to Adowa, whither I am bound to see my family."

"You vile carcase! you base dog! you rotten donkey! you dare to bandy words with your King. Down with the villain and beat him till there is not a breath in his worthless carcase."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the poor inoffensive man, without a struggle or groan, was dashed to the ground, where, amidst the shouts of the savage monarch that the executioners should vigorously ply their sticks, the animated and robust frame was, in less than a minute, a torn and mangled corpse.

"There is another man yonder," roared the savage King, "kill him also."

The wretched man, who stood at a considerable distance, was immediately dragged to the side of his motionless companion, and without having spoken a word that could possibly have irritated the sanguinary tyrant, was doomed to share the same unhappy fate. At this sight Mr. Stein stood amazed and bewildered. Unconsciously he lifted his hand or finger to his lips, and this act the cruel king construed into an act of defiance, and without warning he rushed upon

the Missionary with a drawn pistol, like a lion baulked of his prey.

"Knock him down! brain him! kill him," were the commands given.

In the twinkling of an eye he was tripped on the ground and insensible. Almost lifeless, and with blood oozing from scores of gashes, he was dragged into the camp, not as his guards were commanded to bind him, but as they thought to bury him. A stifling sensation roused him to consciousness. A kind soldier, to whom he was fastened, got him a cup of cold water, which restored him to the knowledge of his wretchedness and hopeless condition.

These were the commencement of a series of tortures, and a long imprisonment, from which Mr. Stein and his surviving companions were only delivered when the British army invaded Abyssinia and set the captives free.

Williams' Converts not Parrots.

THE converts to Christianity in Raiatea, one of the Society Islands, and the largest of the group, were many of them so intelligent, and so free and correct in their conversation and addresses, that the officers of an English vessel then in port were led to question their originality, and to assert that they were mere parrots, repeating only what Mr. Williams, the Missionary, had taught them. To test this point, Mr, Williams proposed to the captain and chaplain of the vessel to take tea at his house, when he would have ten to fifteen of the native Christians present, and they might answer any question that should be proposed to them. This was agreed to, and the meeting was accordingly held. The natives were subjected to a protracted examination, in which they acquitted themselves to the satisfaction and surprise of their sceptical interrogators. To a question on the divine origin and inspiration of the Bible, several had replied in a thorough manner; and when it came to an old priest, then a devoted Christian, instead of replying at once, he held up his hands, and rapidly moved the joints of his wrists and

fingers, then opened and shut his mouth, closed these singular actions by raising his leg, and moving it in various directions.

Having done this, he said, "See, I have hinges all over me; if the thought grows in my heart, that I wish to handle anything, the hinges in my hands enable me to do so; if I want to utter anything, the hinges to my jaws enable me to say it; and if I desire to go anywhere, here are hinges to my legs to enable me to walk. Now," continued he, "I perceive great wisdom in the adaptation of my body to the various wants of my mind; and when I look into the Bible, and see these proofs of wisdom which correspond exactly with those which appear in my frame, I conclude the Maker of my body is the Author of that book."

After a trial of over three hours, the captain and chaplain were convinced that the converts were not "parrots," but spoke from their own native force of mind and abundant knowledge of the Scriptures. On their return to England, they made a report highly favourable to the mission, and to the character of the converts.

Conversion of Tschoop,

The Indian.

CHRISTIAN HENRY RANCH, a Moravian missionary, was sent to the Indians in North America, particularly to the settlements on North River, N. Y.

At first they were suspicious of him, and determined to kill him; but, observing he slept among them, they said, "This cannot be a bad man; he fears no evil, not even from us who are so savage." Having gained the confidence of the Indians, he preached to them Christ Jesus, and was soon permitted to witness the blessing of God on his labours. One case of conversion in particular, that of an Indian named Tschoop, was recorded as very striking. He had been one of the greatest drunkards in his tribe, but was completely reformed; and in giving an account of his conversion he said:

"I have been a heathen, and have grown old among the heathen; therefore I know how the heathen think. Once a preacher came, and began to tell us there was a God. We answered, saying, 'Dost thou think us so ignorant as not to know that? Go back to the place from whence thou camest.'

"Then another preacher came to us, and began to say, 'you must not steal, nor lie, nor get drunk.'

"To him we answered, 'Thou fool, dost thou think we do not know that? Go learn first thyself, and then teach thy own people to leave off these practices; for who are greater drunkards, or thieves, or liars, than thine own people?'

"Thus we dismissed him. After some time brother Ranch came into my hut, and sat down by me. He then spoke to me as follows—

"'I am come to you in the name of the Lord of Heaven and earth. He sends to inform you that he will make you happy, and deliver you from that misery in which you now lie. For this purpose he became a man, gave his life a ransom, and shed his blood for us.'

"When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board, fatigued by his journey, and fell fast asleep. I then thought within myself, what kind of a man is this? There he sleeps—I might kill him, and throw him out into the woods, and who would regard it? But this gives him no care or concern. At the same time I could not forget his words. They constantly recurred to my mind. Even when I slept, I dreamed of that blood which Christ shed for us. I found this to be something different from what I had ever heard before, and I interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians. Thus, through the grace of God, an awakening was begun among us. I say therefore, brethren, preach Christ Jesus, our Saviour, and his sufferings and death, if you would have your words to gain entrance among the heathen."

The Tahitians

Who had the Root.

SEVERAL Christians, natives of Tahiti, called on one of the missionaries, and told him of a conversation they had just had with a Roman Catholic Priest. They said the latter had shown them a large tree (artificial) with the root, the trunk, the branches, the twigs, and explained to them the meaning of it. At the root was a lamb, and that, said the priest, meant the Saviour, the Lamb of God, and the tree, he added, represented the Roman Catholic Church. At the bottom of the trunk, next above the root, was Peter, the first bishop of Rome, and next to Jesus Christ.

"Yes" said the Tahitians, "we know about Peter; we have got two letters of his, which we read in our Testament. That was the man who denied his Master; but the Saviour looked on him, and that look melted his heart, and the Saviour forgave him. But who are all these, rising upon the trunk of the tree above Peter?"

"Oh," said the Priest, "they are the Popes, the successors of Peter."

"Ah, we don't know about them," said the natives; but never mind, *we've got the root.*

"And what are the straight branches that go off from the trunk?" asked the inquisitive Tahitians.

"They are the different orders of the church, monks, friars, etc."

"We don't know these, either," said the people, "but go on; we've got the root, so we can do without them."

"But pray," they asked, "what are these things, dropping off at the extremities?"

"Ah," said the priest, "they are the heretics, and they are falling quick into the flames below,"

"Indeed," said the Tahitians, "then whereabouts are we?"

"Oh," said the priest, "you are there," pointing up to one corner; "There's Luther—a decayed twig—he is dropping off, you see, into the flames, and there's where you and your missionaries will go, for you are all heretics."

"Ah, well," said the Tahitians, "such is your picture, and such is the meaning of it you give us; but, however, *we've got the root*, and so we think we cannot be very far wrong, and we mean to keep to that."

Hood and the Converted Caffre.

AMONG the most savage and apparently incorrigible of the human race the Gospel gains some of its most signal triumphs. An instance of this occurred in South Africa, at the station of the Rev. Mr. Hood, of the London Missionary Society.

A Caffre, who had heard a missionary preach on the wrath to come, was much troubled in mind, though he did not fully understand the meaning of the language. He was, therefore, brought to Mr. Hood, missionary, from whom he obtained more just views of his lost state, and asked what he must do. Mr. Hood preached to him Christ crucified, the Saviour of sinners. The anxious Caffre listened with eagerness, and fixing an anxious eye on the preacher, said—

"Sir, I am old and stupid; tell me again."

And being told again, the tears rolled down the sable cheek of this man of noble and athletic frame, and he confessed his astonishment at the love of God, and the compassion of the Saviour. He resolved to come and live near the missionary that he might hear again and again the glad tidings. But his property consisted in cattle, and there was no ground for grazing near the station;—what could he do?

He told his difficulty to the missionary, and added—

"I am a Caffre, and I love my cattle; but I'll part with the last one I have, if that stands in the way of my coming to hear the Word."

Matters were arranged, and he took up his abode on missionary ground, where he proved himself a consistent and devoted Christian.

A Fejee Mother's Instincts

Developed through Christianity.

IT was the custom in Fejee to destroy children whose mother had been married to a man of inferior birth. Mr. Williams relates such a case. The first babe was born and put to death. The father wished the second to be spared, but the mother and the mother's relatives demanded its destruction. The third was a fine girl. The father pleaded and entreated that it might be saved, but the mother and the mother's relatives again carried their point, and the babe was doomed to die. One of the numerous modes of destroying the lives of children was, to put the unconscious victim in a hole, covered with a plank to keep the earth from pressing it, and leave it there to perish. This method was adopted in the present instance. The father happened to be in the mountains at the time of the child's birth and interment; but on his return, he hastened to the spot, opened the grave, and finding that the child was not dead, he took her up, and gave her in charge to his brother and sister, by whom she was conveyed to the island of Aimes, about seventy miles distant, where they trained her up. The husband died, without informing his wife that their daughter was still alive. After Christianity was embraced, the mother was, on one occasion, bewailing most bitterly the destruction of her children: when a woman, who happened to be present, and who was acquainted with the fact of the child's disinterment, astonished and overwhelmed her with the announcement that her daughter had been saved and was yet living at Aimes. A short time after receiving this extraordinary intelligence, she sailed for Aimes, and on reaching the shore, hurried with excited feeling to the house of her relatives, and, as she approached it, beheld, with wonder and delight, a fine young girl standing in the doorway. At once she recognised *her own image in the countenance of the child!* It was her daughter. She clasped her to her bosom and exclaimed, "Rejoice with me, for this, my daughter, was dead and is alive again!"

The mother went to her rest, but the daughter became an active teacher in one of the mission schools, and a consistent member of a Christian church.

The Converted Negro

And his Fiddle.

A SLAVE in the Island of Jamaica, of unusual intelligence, and a fine player on the violin, was brought under divine truth, through the labours of the English Baptist Missionaries, and became a decided Christian. Fearing that his instrument might prove a snare to him, he broke it. Soon after his master told him that he should want him before long to play his favourite instrument.

"Fiddle broken, Massa," he replied.

"It must be mended, Sam."

"Broke all to pieces, Massa."

"Well, we must get a new one, Sam."

"Me tink dat no good, Massa; he soon broke."

The Master suspecting that this breaking of fiddles had something to do with religion, to which he was no friend, said,

"I hope you do not go to pray, and run after these mad-headed folks, Sam."

"To tell the truth, me gone, Massa."

His master now threatened to flog him; to which he returned answer,

"Dat no good, Massa; whip no flog the word out."

His master now removed the refractory slave from his comfortable position as a house-servant to work in the fields under a burning Jamaica sun. He was now in the midst of three hundred slaves, to whom he soon began to talk about religion, inviting them to go and hear his minister. His master, hearing of this, was still more incensed, and calling him up, said,

"How dare you trouble my negroes? I will have no praying negroes."

"Me no tink they are troubled, Massa. Do dey work much worse, or are dey more saucy, Massa?"

"That is nothing to you: how dare you trouble my negroes?"

"To tell de truth, Massa, me tink dat de bread dat is food for my soul is food for my broder neger; and me tink dat if it is a good ting for me to escape hell, it is good for broder neger, and if heaven is a good place for me, it is good for broder neger; and me pray; and me pray for rich Massa would once go and hear de Missionary, he would always go afterwards."

At this the master was angry, but sent the negro parson, Sam, from his presence with nothing worse than threatening words.

Schmelen's Conversation

With a Namaqua.

NO man, says Dr. Moffat, had better opportunities of becoming acquainted with the views of the Namaquas in their native state than Mr. Schmelen. He had many conversations with them, when they manifested the most complete ignorance of the manifest truths of religion. One day, addressing a Namaqua, Mr. Schmelen asked,

"Did you ever hear of a God?"

"Yes, we have heard that there is a God, but we do not know right."

"Who told you that there is a God?"

"We heard it from other people."

"Who made the sea?"

"A girl made it on coming to her maturity, when she had several children at once: when she made it, the sweet and bitter waters were separated. One day she sent some of her children to fetch sweet water, whilst the others were in the field, but the children were obstinate, and would not fetch the water, upon which she got angry, and mixed the sweet and bitter water together; from that day we are no longer

able to drink the water, and people have learned to swim and run upon the mixed water."

"Did you ever see a ship?"

"Yes, we have seen them a long time ago."

"Did you ever hear who made the first one?"

"No, we never heard it."

"Did you never hear old people talk about it?"

"No, we never heard it from them."

"Who made the heavens?"

"We do not know what man made them."

"Who made the sun?"

"We always heard that those people at the sea made it; when she goes down, they cut her in pieces, and fry her in a pot, and then put her together again, and bring her out at the other side. Sometimes the sun is over our head, and at other times she must give place for the moon to pass by. They said the moon had told to mankind that we must die, and not become alive again; that is the reason that when the moon is dark we sometimes become ill."

"Is there any difference between man and beast?"

"We think man has made the beasts."

"Did you ever see a man that made beasts?"

"No, I only heard so from others."

"Do you know you have a soul?"

"I do not know it."

"How shall it be with us after death?"

"When we are dead, we are dead; when we have died, we go over the sea-water, at that side where the devil is."

"What do you mean by the devil?"

"He is not good, all people who die run to him."

"How does the devil behave to them, well or ill?"

"You shall see; all our people are there who have died. Those people in the ships are masters over them."

Such was the state of ignorance in which Schmelen found these people. They did not conceive a being higher than man, and had not the least idea of the immortality of the soul. They nevertheless desired knowledge, and many of them listened with eager attention to the word of truth, as made known by those who had come from afar to proclaim the gospel which reveals life and immortality.

Coopooswamey's Conversation

On the Atonement.

COOPOOSWAMEY was the son of a well-to-do farmer in the village of Poothoor, in the Madras Residency. He had a wonderful life, and has written what might be called an autobiography. In this he describes a conversation he had with Mr. Knox, to whom he did not conceal the state of his mind. He writes,

"I can see" said I to him, one day, in the course of conversation, "that the rites that Hinduism prescribes—pilgrimages, bathing in rivers, rolling on the ground, putting ashes on the body, cannot please God; but there must be some way of pleasing him."

"There is a way," replied Mr. Knox; but nothing that we can do can gain for us the favour of God and reconciliation with him."

"How is that?" I asked. "What, then, is to be done?"

"Nothing that man can do can fully satisfy his own conscience; how, then, can it satisfy God?"

"But is not God merciful?"

"Yes, God is merciful; but just now it is not a question of mercy at all that we are considering: it is how to satisfy His justice and gain His righteous favour; and nothing that we can do is sufficient for that. No religion since the world began has been able to solve the difficulty and show how man can be just with God, except Christianity."

"You mean the death of Christ?"

"Yes; Christ's life and Christ's death are a sacrifice that are quite sufficient to atone for our guilt. One proof that the death of Christ is a sufficient satisfaction for sin is, that it satisfies the conscience. Those who trust in Christ have perfect peace."

"Is there nothing at all, then, that we must do?" I asked.

"There is much that we must do, but nothing to give us a claim on God. You have heard, perhaps, of perpetual pensions?"

"No, I don't remember."

"A perpetual pension is an income which a man receives from the state, not for any merit or worth in him, or for anything that he has done. His great-grandfather or his great-great-grandfather performed some distinguished service for his country, won a great battle, perhaps, and as a reward a pension was granted, not only to him, but to his heirs, also, for all time to come. These heirs could do nothing to merit the pension—it had been gained for them by the merit of their heroic ancestors, and yet they had to do something. They would require to prove their heirship and claim the pension, and probably they would be expected in some way to live worthy of the dignity that they had inherited.—So with us. Pardon and the favour of God are an inheritance that is ours through the death of Christ. What we have to do is by faith to claim the inheritance. We must believe ourselves to be Christ's heir, and we must believe that God for His sake pardons our sins, that he receives us graciously, and loves us freely."

"Is that all that we must do? Is nothing necessary except faith?"

"You must give yourself to God, and faithfully and sincerely endeavour to do His will; but that only because it is your duty, not to merit or win pardon: that is yours by free gift, and cannot be merited. A loving obedient child does not fulfil his father's wishes in order to obtain payment, he obeys him because he loves him. The father will reward him, no doubt; but it will be from love and kindness. In the same spirit of love we must serve God, and in the same spirit of love He will not fail to reward us."

These words produced fruit, he shortly afterwards baptized him, and he became a member of the Church.

Duff's Bible and Psalter

Cast up by the Sea.

BEFORE Alexander Duff left St. Andrews to prosecute his missionary career, he received the present of a Bagster's Bible from Mrs. Briggs and other friends. He took it and a Scotch Psalm-book with him when he sailed for India in the ship *Lady Rolland*. This ship ran on a rock and was soon in a helpless condition. It was with the greatest possible difficulty that the passengers were saved. The shipwrecked party were cast on an island of which the only inhabitants were myriads of penguins, who gave forth discordant noises. Soon after this a sailor walking along the beach noticed an object cast ashore. Going up to it, he found it was a quarto copy of Bagster's Bible and the Scotch Psalm-book, somewhat shattered, but with Mr. Duff's name written distinctly on both. The precious volumes had not been used on the voyage out. Wrapped in chamois leather, they had been put with other books in a box, which must have been broken to pieces. The sailor who had found the volumes high and dry on the beach, had been the most attentive worshipper at the service which the missionary had held with the crew every Sabbath. Taking the Bible and the Psalter to the hovel where the passengers sought shelter, with a glowing face he presented them to their owner. All were deeply affected by what they regarded as a message from God. Led by Mr. Duff they kneeled down, and there he spread out the precious books on the white bleached sand. He read the 107th Psalm, which had a meaning to all exiles, captives, and storm-tossed wanderers, since the days when its first singers were gathered from all lands to rebuild Jerusalem. What fervent prayer and thanksgiving followed its words, as the band of shipwrecked, but delivered men and women, lifted their wearied faces to the heavens!

Rafaralahy,

A Malagasy Daniel.

AMONG the native Christians in Madagascar was a young man named Rafaralahy, who, in defiance of the persecuting edicts of the Queen, continued to pray, like Daniel, and to attend the meetings of the little band of disciples; and a bolder offence still, to have prayer-meetings at his own house. At length a man, hitherto friendly, who owed him a small sum and was unwilling to pay, accused Rafaralahy to the Queen, and he was immediately arrested and put in irons The first thing was to extort from him, if possible, the names of those who were associated with him in the unlawful business of Bible-reading, praying, etc. But Rafaralahy was inflexible, refusing to disclose a single name, saying,

"Here am I, let the Queen do what she pleases with me; I have done it, but I will not accuse my friends."

After being in irons several days he was taken to the place of execution, the mode of death being by spearing. When the executioners came to the door of the house where he was bound, they asked,

"Which is Rafaralahy?"

He replied, very calmly, "I am, sir."

They approached him and took off the irons, and told him to go along with them. He arose immediately and went with them, speaking to them all the way of Jesus Christ, and how happy he felt at the thought of shortly seeing Him who had loved him and died for him.

On arriving at the place of execution, he requested them to allow him a few minutes to commit his soul to his Saviour. This being granted, he offered a most fervent prayer for his country, for his persecuted brethren, and commended his soul to his Saviour. He then rose from his knees, and the executioners were preparing to throw him down on the ground.

He said there was no need of that, as he was now ready to die; and he laid himself down, and was immediately put to death.

A Group of Esquimaux.

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John Beck's

First Greenland Voyage.

AMONG the early Moravian missionaries to Greenland there is no one who stands out more prominent than John Beck. His name will ever be held in remembrance by those who delight in the cause of missions, as that of a man of God who did and suffered much for the sake of the Gospel, and his Divine Master. On him was conferred the high honour of leading the first Greenlander convert to Christ. At an early period of the mission the United Brethren laboured hard to impress the minds of the natives with proper ideas of the being and perfections of God, and the importance of upright moral conduct. Year after year they kept to this expounding the commandments and enforcing moral injunctions on their hearers.

At length, when Beck was copying a part of his translation of the Gospels, surrounded by several natives, one of them asked him what was in the book, and wishing to instruct them, he read to them of the sufferings and death of Christ, and spoke to them of all that he had done to make them possessors of eternal life. The Lord blessed his own word, and suddenly one of the savages, called Kajarnak, who had never heard the Gospel before, was arrested, and who approached the table crying out with great emotion—

"What is that you say? Repeat it, for I wish to be saved."

These words penetrated to the very soul of the missionary, and with tears in his eyes he declared unto the Greenlander the whole counsel of God.

While thus engaged other brethren came and began to preach the Gospel to them. Some as they heard it put their hands on their mouths as they are accustomed to do when astonished, and went away secretly, others remained and asked to be taught to pray. Beck kneeled down with these ignorant men, and they repeated every expression used by him several times that they might not forget it. The excitement was great, and the good work done was gratifying to those who had toiled so long in that desolate region without any

apparent success. This was the commencement of the Christian religion in Greenland, and since then it has steadily made progress, mainly through the instrumentality of those who, like Beck, came from Herrnhut.

Consulting the Inspired Priest

In Fiji.

ONE who intends to consult the oracle in Fiji, dresses and oils himself, and accompanied by a few others, goes to the priest, who has been previously informed of the intended visit, and is lying near the sacred corner getting ready his response. When the party enters he rises and sits so that his back is near to the white cloth by which the god visits him, while the others occupy the opposite side of the *lure*. The principal person presents a whale's tooth, states the purpose of his visit, and expresses a hope that the god will regard him with favour. Sometimes there is placed before the priest a dish of scented oil with which he anoints himself, and then receives the tooth, regarding it with deep and serious attention. Unbroken silence follows. The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong fit of ague. In some instances this is accompanied with murmurs and sobs, the veins are greatly enlarged, and the circulation of the blood quickened. The priest is now possessed by his god, and all words and actions are considered as no longer his own but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries—

"It is I! It is I!"

fill the air, and the god is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer the priest's eyes stand out and roll as in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips hard, his breathing depressed, aud his entire appearance like

a furious madman. The sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with vacant stare, and as the god says,

"I depart!"

announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with a club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch, or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits. Several words are used by the natives to express the priestly shakings. The most common mean "to appear" and "to grunt and grumble." One word refers to the appearance and the other to the sound attendant upon these inspired shakings. Where Christianity has been received in Fiji these inspirations have ceased, but the shadow of them haunts not a few who receive the Gospel all the days of their lives.

Dr. Chamberlain

Guided by an Inner Voice.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN, a veteran of the Arcot Mission in India, relates that while on an extended missionary tour, he found himself overtaken by the rainy season on the outskirts of the jungle, where the ground was covered with water, and where lurked fevers and man-eating tigers, from fear of which his guard of coolies soon ran away. With difficulty he procured another escort for sixty miles, where he expected to find a boat which would float him down the river. Above the cataract not a boat could be found, and the river had overflowed its banks. All day they waded in the jungle under alternations of heavy showers and a boiling, sickening sun. Toward evening nothing but water, and endless stretches of it, appeared, and not even a hillock on which they could spread their tents for the night!

Must he and his band perish? In this extremity, the doctor, on the back of his horse, prayed to his covenant God

for help as His servant, and in obedience to whose call he had come to India to preach the Gospel. Immediately an answer came, distinctly pronounced in the ear of his soul,

"Turn to your left, go to the river, and you will find that which you need!"

Twice he consulted his guides, who assured him that rescue from that quarter was impossible. But a second and a third time the voice came with the same explicit direction. Then, as master in command of the company, he gave the order to turn to the left, and coming to the river—what did he see? The very thing he needed most—a large flat boat, and in it two boatmen, who, mistaking him for an English officer, began to apologize for the boat's appearance in such a strange spot. They said the flood in the river had loosened the boat from its moorings, and that the "devil himself seemed to be in the boat, for, despite their efforts to the contrary, it persisted in floating to the spot where it was found."

Dr. Chamberlain, armed with authority from the English Government, took possession of the boat, which he found just broad enough to allow the spreading of his tent, under which they safely rested that night undisturbed by the hungry tigers, who were heard howling in the jungle. The next morning they began floating down the river, and continued floating till they came to the next cataract, where they found another boat, and with it relief from all anxiety. The inner voice led the missionary to safety.

John Hunt,

Stupid yet Successful.

JOHN HUNT was a singularly stupid ploughboy, who could scarcely be trusted with such simple errands as are usually performed by ploughboys. Often he might be seen sitting on the gate of a field staring into vacancy. All at once, when the love of God touched his heart, the powers of a noble, dormant intellect were aroused. He quickly learned to read and write; began to preach, and was recom-

mended as a candidate for the ministry. When he came up to London for examination, everyone said, "He is too raw—he must go home again," except Dr. Hannah, who begged to take him a while, on trial, at the theological institution; "for," said the doctor, "I believe there is something in him." He was right. John Hunt began a course of theological study; corrected his barbarous dialect; studied the Greek Testament on his knees, with prayers and tears; preached with amazing zeal and power; proved himself a superior linguist; went as missionary of the Wesleyan Society to the Fejee Islands; reduced the barbarous jargon of these islands to a grammatical form; turned thousands from darkness into light; and expired, saying,

"O, that I could run up to the top of Vewa Hill, and fill the whole island with a shout of glory."

John Sunday

As a New Creature.

"I UNDERSTAND," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps if I had it on you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggings. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now, do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2nd Corinthians, fifth chapter, and seventeenth verse. "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." When I became a Christian feathers and paint were done away. I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. Scalping-knife done away; tomahawk done away. That is my tomahawk now,"

said he, holding up a copy of the ten commandments in the Ojibwa language. "Blanket done away. Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity were combined, "behold all things are become new."

A Bechuana Rain-Maker.

RAIN-MAKERS were men of the greatest importance in Southern Africa. When Moffat was there, there were years of drought which were severely felt by the natives. The inhabitants met in council, and resolved to send for a rain-maker of renown from the Bahurutsi tribe, two hundred miles from the Kuruman mission station. He acceded to their request. When he approached the place the whole town was in a commotion. Every voice was raised to the highest pitch in acclamations of enthusiastic joy. He had sent a harbinger to announce his approach, with peremptory orders for all the inhabitants of the town to wash their feet. Everyone seemed to fly in swiftest obedience to the adjoining river. Noble and ignoble, even to the girl who attended the missionary's fire, ran. Old and young ran. All the world could not have stopped them. By this time the clouds began to gather, and a crowd went out to welcome the mighty man who, as they imagined, was now collecting in the heavens his stores of rain. Just as he was descending the height into the town the immense concourse danced and shouted, so that the earth rang, and at the same time the lightning darted and the thunder roared in awful grandeur. A few heavy drops fell, which produced the most thrilling ecstasy on the deluded multitude, whose shoutings baffled all description. Faith hung on the lips of the imposter, while he proclaimed aloud that this year the women must cultivate gardens on the hills, and not in the valleys, for these would be deluged. After the din had somewhat subsided, a few individuals came to Mr. Moffat's house to treat him and his doctrine with derision. One asked with a sneer,

"Where is your God?"

No answer was given to his question, and he continued,

"Have you not seen our Morimo? Have you not beheld him cast from his arm his fiery spears, and rend the heavens? Have you not heard with your ears his voice in the clouds?" adding with supreme disgust, "you talk of Jehovah and Jesus, what can they do?"

Moffat and his friends stood silent before the rain-maker and the crowd. The presence of the great man did not bring the much-needed rain, so that long after the people rose in wrath against this man and would have speared him had not the servant protected him and sent him out of the country. Afterwards, on visiting the Bauangketsi country, he found that the rain-maker had, like most of his kind, been murdered by his outraged dupes. Seldom did one of these impostors die a natural death.

A Burial in Malanesia.

IN the island of Ysabel there was a chief of the name of Bera, who appointed a young man of the name of Kikolo to succeed him. He was a pupil in the mission school taught by the Rev. Alfred Penny, M. A. Kikolo became the victim of consumption, and when all hope was gone, Bera caused him to be carried to his chief place of abode, that he might die there and be buried as a chief, with a general gathering of the people to cry and howl for the appointed number of days. As soon as the news reached the mission station that Kikolo was dead, the native teacher offered to make a coffin and bury him decently. This Bera agreed to, and the man went home to set to work. However, it was not to be. Bera had then a mother living, an old hag of upwards of eighty years, who was the cause of nearly all the atrocities Bera had committed, and seemed to exercise an unaccountable influence over him. In this instance she persuaded him not to listen to the teacher's suggestion, but to observe the barbarous obsequies that generations of chiefs had been buried with. The dead man was accordingly placed upright in a deep grave, and the earth filled in till it reached his neck; the grave being then about half full, fires were lighted round the head,

from which the scorched flesh soon dropped, leaving the skull bare, and this was carried to the canoe-house to be set up, to be sacrificed to as a Tindalo. The dead man's young wife and child were next dragged to the open grave and strangled there, and their bodies thrown in, together with his possessions, guns, rifles, money and valuables of all kinds. The work of destruction was not yet complete, Everyone brought an offering, some article of value, which he cast into the grave; rows of cocoanut trees were cut down, and groves of bananas hacked to pieces; then the grave was filled in, and a heap of stones piled over it, and the whole assembly began the dismal crying and wailing, which lasted many days—a fit type of the sorrow which has no hope.

A Heathen King

Making an Experiment.

MALIETOA, King of Savai, one of the South Sea Islands, having become favourable to Christianity with many of his people, and erected a chapel, the time came for the public dedication of this place of worship, when the King called his family together, most of whom had reached manhood, and stated to them that he was about to fulfil his promise to become a worshipper of Jehovah. With one accord they replied, that, if it was good for him, it was equally so for them, and that they would follow his example. But to this he objected, and declared that, if they did so, he would adhere to the old system.

"Do you not know," he said, "that the gods will be enraged with me for abandoning them, and endeavour to destroy me? and perhaps Jehovah may not have power to protect me against the effects of their anger. My proposition is, therefore, that I should try the experiment of becoming his worshipper, and then, if he can protect me, you may with safety follow my example; but, if not, I only shall fall a victim to their vengeance—you will be safe."

The young men manifested great reluctance to comply with

this request, and wished to know how long a time he required to make this singular experiment. He informed them that he desired a month or six weeks, and, after some debate, they unwillingly acquiesced in his proposition. It was, however, a time of general and intense excitement, and messengers were frequently despatched to different parts of the island to announce the triumphs of Jehovah's power. At the expiration of the third week, however, the patience of the young men was exhausted, and, on going to their father, they stated that he had tried his experiment sufficiently long; that no evil had befallen him, and that, therefore, they would immediately follow his example. He gave his consent; when, not only his relatives, but nearly all the people, abandoned their heathen worship. A day was appointed for their public renunciation of heathenism, and the necessary ceremonies were adopted. Subsequently, a large meeting was convened to consult respecting the destruction of Papo, which was only a piece of old rotten matting, about three yards long, and four inches in width; but as this was the god of war, and always attached to the cause of their leader when they went forth to battle, it was regarded with great veneration. At the meeting, one person proposed that Papo should be thrown into the fire; but *drowning* was finally decided upon; and, for this purpose, a new canoe was launched, a stone was tied to the god, and he was taken into the canoe to be consigned to a watery grave. But the native teachers, hearing of this, paddled off as quick as possible in another boat, rescued Papo, and gave this notable god of war to Rev. J. Williams, who took it to England and deposited it in the Missionary Museum.

Livingstone's Deliverer

From the Lion.

LIVINGSTONE'S first nine years in Africa were spent chiefly amongst the Bechuanas, nine hundred miles from Cape Town. At a place called Kolobeng, for a time he and his wife dwelt, and lived as he said from

hand to mouth. It was during this period he had that famous encounter with the lion, which is known to nearly all who have heard his name, but concerning which he wrote home thus characteristically to his father: "I hope I shall not forget this mercy . . . Do not mention this to anyone. I do not like to be talked about." Livingstone's life was saved almost by a miracle, but the left arm, which was crunched by the lion's teeth, was maimed for life, and the fracture entailed much pain and suffering to his latest days. It is well known that it was by the false joint in that broken limb that his body was identified, when brought home to England by his faithful followers; but the interesting fact is not generally known that Mebalwe, who saved his life, was one of the native teachers whom he himself had trained, and that it was a Christian lady in Scotland who contributed the money for this catechist's maintenance. How little did she dream that the twelve pounds, which she had sent to Livingstone for that purpose, would be the means of preserving to Africa for thirty years the life of its greatest benefactor!

Conversion of
Joseph Rabinowitz.

JOSEPH RABINOWITZ was a lawyer residing in Kischimeff, Southern Russia, a Jew who had a wide and commanding influence among his Hebrew brethren as a scholar, a philanthropist and a lover of his nation. He was selected about the year 1882, in connection with certain colonization efforts, to go to Palestine to secure land for planting Jewish emigrants, who desired to flee from Russian persecution. When fitting himself out with guide-books for his contemplated journey, he was advised to take a copy of the New Testament with him, as furnishing an admirable directory to the sacred places of Jerusalem and the vicinity. He did so, and while walking about Zion and gazing upon its historic sites, he carried in his pocket this yet unopened treasure. Going one day to the brow of the Mount of Olives

he sat down on that sacred hill and began contemplating the city as it lay at his feet. Then came a train of reflections and questioning: "Why this long desolation of the city of David? Why this scattering of my people to the ends of the earth? Why these fresh persecutions breaking forth against us in almost every country of Europe?" While he pondered these sad questions he gazed towards the reputed Calvary, where that holy prophet of his nation had been crucified. As he did so his eyes were opened; he looked upon Him whom his nation had pierced. In a flash the truth entered his heart: "We have rejected our Messiah! hence our long casting off and dispersion by Jehovah!" He believed, he cried out to Jesus, "My Lord and my God," and almost as suddenly as Saul of Tarsus, Joseph Rabinowitz, from being a Hebrew of the Hebrews, had become an Israelite of the New Covenant, a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth. He took out his New Testament, a guide-book in a sense undreamed of, and read the first passage that fell under his eye. "I am the Vine, ye are the branches" . . . "*Without me ye can do nothing.*" "I saw it in the twinkling of an eye." said he; "Our Jewish bankers, with their millions of gold, can do nothing for us; our scholars and statesmen, with all their wisdom, can do nothing for us: our colonization societies, with all their influence and capital, can do nothing for us; our only hope is in our brother Jesus, whom we crucified, and whom God raised up and set at His own right hand." "*Without Him we can do nothing.*" Rabinowitz became a centre of gospel influence, and is one of the most successful missionaries to the unbelieving children of Abraham.

Monobrotee,

A Silent Devotee.

MR. KEITH, who was stationed in Calcutta, did a good work and saw the fruit of his labours. Besides preaching in the bungalow chapels he went almost every morning to the most frequented places, and before the

business of the day commenced conversed with the people and endeavoured to draw their thoughts to things divine. One morning, near Kalee Ghaut, he saw a strange-looking man sitting on a tiger's skin, with a string of beads in his hand and a live serpent round his neck. He spoke to him but received no answer; and the bystanders informed him that the man was a *Monobrotee*, or a devotee under a vow of silence. Mr. Keith told him that although he would not speak he certainly could hear, and then proceeded to point out the folly of his conduct: that how, instead of gaining merit by instructing the ignorant; and then proclaimed to him the glorious Gospel, and laid before him two tracts, requesting him to read them at his leisure.

He then left, never expecting again to see the poor devotee. But in this he was mistaken. Four days afterwards he was astonished at seeing the man walk into his study. He laid down at the feet of Mr. Keith his mala, and the serpent (now dead), and said he had read the tracts which had been given him, and was so convinced of the folly of his conduct that he resolved to break his vow of silenee, which had continued four years; that thenceforth he would act as a man, and use all his faculties for his own good and the good of others. He stated, that by breaking his vow he could no longer remain in Calcutta, as his life would be in danger, and requesting a few more tracts, said he would depart to a distant land. Mr. Keith gave him good advice, and a copy of the New Testament in the Bengalee language; and then, commending him in prayer to God, he permitted him to leave, after in vain urging him to remain in his house, stating that he would use all his influence to protect him from harm.

George Gogerly

And a Brahminee Bull.

THE Brahminee Bulls, as they are called, are great nuisances, to which the natives are compelled to submit. An individual, desirous of obtaining some special blessing, makes a vow to present to Shiva a bull calf. At

the time appointed the animal is brought to the temple, when the Brahmin proceeds to consecrate the creature, by repeating several prayers to the god, sprinking the calf with the water of the Ganges, and pronouncing an incantation; when the spirit of the deity enters the animal, and it is no longer a quadruped but a living representative of Shiva upon earth.

On entering the market-place of a large village the Rev. George Gogerly heard a great noise as of women quarrelling, and soon ascertained that the cause of the uproar was a Brahminee bull. A number of market-women had brought their various goods for sale and had spread their mats on the ground, on which one had placed a basket full of rice, another a basket full of sugar, another of fruit, another of sweetmeats, and so on; they had been doing the usual amount of business, when one of these privileged bulls found them out, and thrusting his mouth into one basket after another, took whatever he best liked. The poor women tried to drive him away by their loud and angry shouts, and doubling their fists, threatened the creature with all kinds of vengeance; but as they dared not touch him, he disregarded all their noise and threats, and kept quietly eating whatever he pleased. Seeing the missionary approach, and knowing that white men do not believe in the divinity of bulls, they loudly called out,

"Sahib, sahib, provider of the poor, have mercy on us!"

"What do you want?" he replied.

"Drive away this bull, he is ruining us. O have mercy!"

"Cannot you drive him away yourselves?" asked the missionary. "Take a big stick and give him a good beating, and he will soon go."

"O no, we dare not touch him," they cried; "but he will fear you."

By this time a great number of men had collected together, attracted by the noise, but not one would interfere to drive the creature away. Pitying the poor women, who were being despoiled of their goods, he gave the bull a poke in his ribs with his stick, which he disregarded, but when it was repeated with greater power he quickly scampered off. Upon this the men, in number about 200, became very angry, and began to abuse Mr. Gogerly for striking the sacred creature, who said to them,

"See here, brethren, should a thief enter your house to

steal your goods, you would most assuredly seize a stick and drive him away. But if he should say, 'Pray, don't touch me, I am a holy Brahmin,' you would reply, 'You are a thief and not a holy Brahmin, for a holy Brahmin would never attempt to rob the poor,' and then you would either beat him soundly, or hand him over to the police."

"True, true," they exclaimed, "we should certainly do so!"

He added, "Look then at these poor women; they came to sell their goods that they might be able to purchase and take to their homes food for their little ones, and a great thief of a bull comes up and partly eats and partly destroys all their living; and now they must go home without food for those little ones. Is this right? You say it is a sacred and holy bull; but sacred and holy things do nothing but what is right and holy; and therefore you have been labouring under a mistake, and the creature that robbed these women of their goods deserved all the punishment he has received and much more."

Whether they were satisfied with this mode of argument or otherwise he could not say, but they raised no further objections; and having a large number of people around him, he improved the opportunity by telling of Christ and his salvation.

The Murder of Bishop Patteson.

BISHOP Patteson's special mission was to the Melanesian islands. He embarked with Bishop Selwyn in the spring of 1855 and continued to labour there till 1871. On the 20th September of that year, the missionary schooner stood off the island of Nekapu, not far from Santa Crux. The Bishop had frequently landed here before, and it was only in the previous year that he had been kindly welcomed by the inhabitants. Some canoes lay off the island, but the people did not come out to meet him as on previous occasions, and this was looked upon as strange; but the good Bishop fearing nothing, got into a little boat with Mr. Aitken, and three native Christian youths, and pushed off through the

blue waters for the coral strand. On reaching the reef, it was found that the tide was too low to allow of the boat crossing it; so the Bishop got into one of the canoes, along with two chiefs who had been always friendly to him. The boat's crew could not follow, but they saw the Bishop land, and then he was lost to sight. Suddenly a man stood up in one of the canoes, and shot an arrow in the boat, crying out, "Have you anything like this?" A shower of arrows followed from the other canoes, and before the boat's crew could pull her out of range, three of them had been wounded, two of them, as it afterwards proved, mortally. They made the best of their way to the ship, and when the tide began to rise, sent back the boat in search of the Bishop. The boatmen crossed the reef, and saw the canoe drifting towards them. As they neared it, a yell of triumph rose from the shore. The boat came alongside, and two words passed from lip to lip—"The body!" There it lay, beneath a native mat, but stripped of its clothing. The face bore no trace of agony, but wore its own sweet smile of love. There were five wounds—no more; and the frond of a cocoa-nut palm was fastened on the lifeless breast, with five knots on the long green leaves. It was all unconsciously, that his murderers had adopted for him the emblem of Christian victory; but it was not difficult to discover the meaning which they had themselves attached to their symbol. Five men had been lately stolen from Nekapu, and the untutored savages had taken vengence upon the first white man who fell into their hands; probably with the full belief, for reasons already alluded to, that he was accessory to the wrong.

J. Hudson Taylor's

First Voyage to China.

THE power of prayer was exemplified in the first voyage of J. Hudson Taylor's to China. The voyage was a very tedious one. They lost a good deal of time on the equator from calms; and when they finally reached the

Eastern Archipelago, were again detained from the same cause. Usually a breeze would spring up soon after sunset, and last until dawn. The utmost use was made of it, but during the day they lay still, with flapping sails, often drifting back and losing a good deal of the advantage they had gained during the night. This happened notably on one occasion, when they were in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought the ship to a point some thirty miles off the land; but during the Sunday morning service, which was held on deck, Mr. Taylor could not fail to notice that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was ended, he learned from him the cause—a four-knot current was carrying them rapidly towards some sunken reefs, and they were already so near that it seemed improbable that they should get through the afternoon in safety. After dinner the long boat was put out, and all hands endeavoured, without success, to turn the ship's head from the shore. As it drifted nearer they could plainly see the natives rushing about the sands, and lighting fires here and there. The captain's hornbook informed him that these people were cannibals, so that the position was not a little alarming. After standing together on the deck for some time in silence, the captain said to Mr. Taylor,

"Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result."

A thought occurred to him, and he replied—

"No, there is one thing we have not done yet."

"What is it?" he queried.

"Four of us on board are Christians," he answered, (the Swedish carpenter and the coloured steward, with the captain and himself) "let us each retire to his own cabin, and in agreed prayer, ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset."

The captain complied with this proposal. Mr. Taylor went and spoke to the other two men, and after prayer with the carpenter, they all four retired to wait upon God. He had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that his request was granted, that he could not continue asking, and very soon went up again on deck. The first officer, a godless man, was in charge. He went over and

Among the Coral Islands.

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asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the rigging. He answered,

"What would be the good of that?" The missionary told him they had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and they were so near the reef by this time that there was not a minute to loose. With a look of incredulity and contempt, he said, with an oath, that he would rather see a wind than hear of it! But while he was speaking Mr. Taylor watched his eye, and followed it up to the royal (the topmost sail), and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze.

"Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal," exclaimed Mr. Taylor.

"No, it is only a cat's-paw," he rejoined (a mere puff of wind).

"Cat's-paw or not," he cried, "pray let down the mainsail, and let us have the benefit."

"This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on the deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter, and saw that the breeze had indeed come. In a few minutes they were ploughing their way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom they had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. They were soon out of danger; and, though the wind was sometimes unsteady, they did not altogether lose it until after passing the Pelew Islands.

A
Levukan Chief and Buccaneer
And his Wives.

WHEN the Rev. James Calvert was missionary in Lakemba, Fiji, he met with one of the Levuka chiefs, a man of mark distinguished by his energy of character, and desperate hardihood in voyages and war as

well as by his unscrupulous treachery At Mban he was high in repute, and his counsels were greatly respected by the powerful chiefs of that kingdom; but elsewhere his name was a word of fear, and in many villages and households he was hated and feared. Among this man's strongest passions was his intense hatred of the Tongans and Christianity. One evening Mr. Calvert had a favourable opportunity of talking with the famous Levukan buccaneer, when he urged upon him the claims of religion, unfolding the truth, and commending it to his serious consideration. The chief listened attentively, and again came to inquire more fully. As he inquired, he felt that the truth thus taught aroused his conscience, and before long that man of rapine and blood was bending before God in humble penitence, acknowledging his sins, and earnestly pleading for pardon through the atonement of Christ. This distress and earnestness seemed proportionate to his former crimes, and several of his relations, and many who had known him as he used to be, were led by his contrition to seek mercy for themselves. All parts of Fiji were open to him, and many had good reason to remember his visits. But now wherever he went people saw that he who had stolen stole no more; that the man of overbearing treachery was now humble and straightforward; and the wonder was great accordingly. But he could not be admitted to the church, for he had many wives. He however worked hard for the mission, and as many of his own people had become Christians, prepared to build a chapel in the town. On the day the chapel was opened, a large congregation was crowded together beneath the broad thatched roof, and all seemed to feel the importance of religion. The feeling deepened and all hearts were deeply moved when the once-dreaded chief stood forth before his people and deliberately put away his many wives in favour of one only, to whom he was then and there married by religious contract. His eldest and chief wife, whom he dearly loved, and who had always been faithful, was childless; and she herself besought him to select another, the mother of children and a favourite one. The struggle was hard but the counsel was good, and he acted accordingly. The step was difficult and bold, and while it fully tested the man's sincerity, produced an effect among the chiefs of Fiji, which can hardly be estimated. These were

led to inquire more seriously concerning themselves, and great good was the ultimate result.

King Khama on Strong Drink.

DURING the reign of Khama's father traders were robbed, abused, vilified almost beyond human endurance. Missionaries did not entirely escape the evils of this heathen King's reign. With the advent of Khama a new state of things was ushered in. He inaugurated his reign with a Christian service, and decreed that from that time no other form of worship should be held in his own courtyard. But he did not endeavour to force his religion upon his people by the passing of new statutes, preferring to trust to time and moral suasion. With the drink question he dealt differently, and forbade the sale or manufacture of intoxicants within his dominions, except a little brandy for medicinal uses. As not infrequently happens, this excuse for the importation of the deadly spirit was soon abused, and Khama, who as a boy had intended to live only in an absolutely sober town, found drunkenness within a stone's throw of his door. The worst cases were found to be amongst the white population. But it was a difficult vice to suppress, and barrels of brandy were smuggled into the town as barrels of wheat. The crisis came, and the offenders found in the outraged chief no vacillation, no trifling, but a determination so fierce as to make them tremble. He told them that they despised his laws because he was a black man. And then, in a speech made eloquent because of his righteous indignation, he declared,—

"If I am black, I am Chief of my own country at present. When you white men rule in the country then you will do as you like. At present I rule and I shall maintain my laws which you insult and despise. . . Go back to your own country. . . I am trying to lead my people to act according to that word of God which we have received from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such

as we never knew. You, the people of the word of God. . . Take your cattle and leave my town, and never come back."

Much more in the same impassioned langnage he said to them, and finally named all those who were to be expelled. Moreover, his experience had taught him to place no faith in promises of reform. There was only one way to safeguard his people against the appalling influence of the highly civilized whites, and that was to get rid of them. And ever since "Khama the Good" has gone on working to raise his people.

Christianity Introduced

Into Mangaia.

THOUGH John Williams had touched on the island of Mangaia and landed five Christians, the inhabitants did not hear the Gospel till the year 1824. Two members of the Church of Tahaa-David and Tiere were landed on Mangaia by Messrs Tyerman and Bennet on their voyage to Sydney. With the Tahitian New Testament wrapped up in their shirts, and secured to the top of their heads, these intrepid men leaped into the surf, and swam ashore in the presence of many hundreds of heathen. As Davida's feet touched the reef a long spear was thrust at him by a warrior, who exultingly shouted, "Thou shalt never catch sharks," meaning that the new God should never win victories on Mangaia. Providentially, the present King of the Island—then a young man—was standing close behind the intending murderer, and at the very moment the lunge was being made arrested the weapon.

These humble evangelists landed on the reef, and were at once literally taken by the hand by Numangatini, the King, and conducted to his own sea-side Marae, dedicated to Rongo, so as to invest their persons with a sacred character. The crowd dared not follow. After a brief rest the King led them to the interior, where his ordinary residence was. All this had been pre-arranged between the King and the principal chiefs, as the schooner had been recognized on the

previous evening as "God's ship." The carrying out of their wishes was entrusted to the King and his warlike friend Maungaati, who showed the strangers great kindness. A feast was prepared for the teachers. The crowd was surprised that the strangers should close their eyes and pray before eating. On this well-remembered occasion the following colloquy occurred between the heathen and their new teachers:

"What are you doing?"

"Thanking God for His gifts."

"Where does your God live?"

"In Heaven."

"What is His name?"

"Jehovah."

"Does your God eat food?"

"God is a Spirit. He is not like us; He lives for ever. It was He who made the earth, the sky, the sea and all things. He made us."

The people were astonished at these simple truths. After a pause they enquired—

"Has this God a wife?"

"No."

"Whence then came mankind?"

"Out of the earth, fashioned by God. He breathed into him, and he became a living man, such as we are."

At this the crowd laughed ontright, for to their dark minds this account of the creation of man seemed absurd.

They loudly exclaimed, "you are liars!"

The teachers persisted that they only spoke the truth.

"What was the name of the man who was made?"

"Adam: we are all his children."

"Had Adam a wife?"

"Yes."

"Who were *her* parents?"

"She had none."

"Then how did she come into existence?"

"She was formed out of Adam; a rib was taken out of his side, and made by God into a woman."

The heathen multitude laughed immoderately at this, and wanted to know whether Adam was not much hurt, &c.

They next enquired *why* they came to Mangaia.

"We come to make known to you the true God Jehovah, and His Son, Jesus our Saviour."

Amongst other things Davida remarked that all who believe in Jesus will go to Heaven (sky).

The heathen said "Are there people there?"

"Yes, good angels and the spirits of the good."

"Ah! the flames from the oven of Miru will burn them all up."

Such conversations did not damp the enthusiasm of the two young servants of Christ. Numbers came from all parts of the island to hear the wonderful words that fell from the lips of these devoted evangelists. A Christian village was formed near the sea and in it a large church and schoolhouse were erected. This village was called God's Town, and became the centre of a powerful Christian influence.

Moffat and the Chiefs

About the Bible.

REV. Mr. Moffat, Missionary in Western Africa, relates that after Christianity had progressed considerably, a stranger, chief of his tribe, came from the interior, and, seeing some young people intent upon some little books, asked,

What things are these that you are turning over and over? Is it food?"

They said, "No, it is the word of God."—

"Does it speak?"

"Yes, it speaks to the heart."

The chief went on to another chief, and told him what he had seen, and, to his surprise, saw the children of this chief with similiar books in their hands. He said,

"Pray, father, unravel my confused thoughts, what has come over your people? for they look at things, and talk to things that cannot talk again."

"Ah," said the other, "I will explain it to you," and, being seated, the Christian chief continued, "These are the books

brought by the teachers to instruct us; we thought at first that the teachers made them, but we have found out that they are God's books."—

"How did you find them out?" asked the stranger. "Because we saw that they *turned people upside down;* they made people *new;* they separated between father and son, mother and daughter; they made such a revolution among the people, that we were afraid we should all be made over again."

"Do you believe this?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because, I can't dance any more; I can't sing any more; I can't keep harem; therefore, I was afraid we should all be turned upside down. But I know the secret. There is my son, he is dead to me through these books."

"Why?"

"*Because he is alive to God.*"

The stranger chief, astonished, asked,

"Do they eat the books?"

"No, they eat them with the soul, not with the mouth; they digest them with the heart, they do not chew them with the teeth."

The chief, in his deep blindness as to the Gospel and the new birth, expressed his astonishment that anything external, not eaten, could produce such a change, and passed on.

Mamae,

A Mangaia Preacher.

MAMAE was no ordinary man, he was well versed in Scripture, which he expounded with great originality and power, bringing his illustrations, not from books or commentaries, but from nature and events familiar to those whom he was addressing. He had much wit and humour as well as true pathos, and best of all he was a devout follower of his Master. On preaching on the necessity of waging a continual war with sin, he said—

"Brethren, kill not your foes as Teata killed Rangai." In the famous night attack upon Bantoa and his clan, Rangai rushed through the back door of the fishing hut; Teata chased him through the darkness with his uplifted club. The fugitive happened to stumble into a hole on the reef, but in falling his head was partially shattered by a projecting rock. Teata, exulting at this opportunity of wreaking his long cherished vengence, again and again struck at his prostrate foe. Instead, however, of hitting his head, as he intended, he only struck the rock!"

Having (in imagination) secured this victim, he hurried off in quest of a new one. When he eventually came back, with the intent of battering the corpse, he was astonished to find no trace of Rangai. The intended victim, finding himself unhurt, had long since rejoined his friends in the interior. Hence the Proverb, "Kill not your foes as Teata killed Rangai."

Maretu,

A Polynesian Pastor and his Father.

THE law of blood revenge was one of the principal reasons why the South Sea Islanders were rapidly degenerating, when Christianity arrested their downward progress. In order that the duty of revenge might not be forgotten, it was customary to make tattoo marks on the throat and arms. If the person or persons escaped during the offended man's lifetime, he gave the same injunctions to his children at his death. Thus it was handed down from generation to generation, until the lust of revenge was satiated. This was illustrated in the case of Tuaivi, a lesser chief and noted warrior of Ngatangiia, a district on the south-east of Rarotonga. He had been enjoined by his father to seek revenge on a family living at Arorangi, who had killed some of his near relatives. Tuaivi, having received his dying father's charge, narrowly watched the family. One day the doomed man, accompanied by five sons and a daughter, paid

a visit to Pa, one of the chiefs of Ngatangiia. On their way back to Arorangi, when near the boundary line of the two districts, a party of armed men, retainers of Tuaivi, rushed out of the hibiscus bush, which there grows almost to the water's edge, and cut off their retreat. In the *mêlée* the father was slain, much to the regret of the killing party, who had been strictly enjoined 'to lead them to Tuaivi alive.' A strip of green hibiscus bark was tied round the ankles of their victim, and the corpse dragged through the still waters of the lagoon, followed by the weeping children, arrived at Tuaivi's land. That chief slew all the five sons with his own hand for the luxury of revenge, the sister being spared as his slave. One little fellow, seeing the slaughter of his elder brothers, ran to Tuaivi, and crouching down said:

"Won't you let me be a slave to your children, to cook their food, to fetch their water, etc?"

The only reply to this public entreaty was that he was dragged away, clubbed, and cooked with the rest. Thus father and sons were cooked in the same oven, and devoured by Tuaivi, his son Maretu, and their dependants. On that occasion, Maretu greatly offended his seniors, by hiding away the head of a victim as a secret morsel. At the period of this tragedy the existence of the savage island of Rarotonga was unknown to the civilized world. Not very long afterwards the martyr Williams discovered the island, and landed Christian teachers on its shores. English missionaries followed in the train of native pioneers, and their labours were greatly blessed. Truly the ways of God are past finding out; for this same Tuaivi became a convert. He became ashamed of his past life, and sought earnestly for pardon and peace through the Crucified One. He became the real friend and helper of his missionary, the Rev. C. Pitman. He was distinguished by activity in everything good. When a chapel, school, or manse, was erecting, he was always at his post as a lesser chief—the first to come and the last to leave. He was about to be admitted to the Church by baptism, when he was called from earth to heaven. The slave girl also became a Christian. But the most interesting circumstance of all is, that Maretu—a lad when his father Tuaivi enjoyed his revenge—not only became a Christian, but a Christian pastor and preacher. Hundreds of his countrymen attributed their

conversion to his preaching, and the desire which filled his whole soul was expressed in the words, "I want to live on until each member of our tribe has given his heart to Jesus; then I could go in peace."

Jesus or Mohammed?

Mtesa's Choice.

MTESA, Emperor of Uganda, was visited by H. M. Stanley, and became interested in white men and their religion. For him, Stanley translated an abridged Protestant Bible in Kiswahili, embracing all the principal events, from the creation to the Crucifixion of Christ, St. Luke's Gospel, and a complete history of the Saviour's life. When presented to the Emperor, he called his chiefs together as well as the officers of his guard, and when all were assembled he began to state that when he succeeded his father, he was a heathen and delighted in shedding blood. An Arab trader, who was also a priest, came and taught him the creed of Islam. He had renounced the examples of his fathers, executions became less frequent, and no man could say he had ever seen him drunk with pombé. But there were a great many things he could not understand, such as, why circumcision was necessary to gain Paradise, and how it was possible that men having died could enjoy earth's pleasures in heaven, and how men could walk along a bridge of the breadth of a hair, for such were some of the things the sons of Islam taught. He could not comprehend all these things, as his sense condemned them, and there was no one in Uganda able to enlighten him better. But as it was in his heart to be good, he hoped God would overlook his follies and forgive him, and send men who knew what was right, to Uganda. "Meanwhile," said he with a smile, "I refused to be circumcised, though the Arabs say it is the first thing that should be done to become a true son of Islam. Now, God be thanked, a white man, 'Stamlee,' has come to Uganda with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar,

and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed; besides, it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. As Kintu, our first King, was a long time before me, so Moses was before Mohammed. Now I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses), or in Mohammed?"

Chambaraugo replied, "Let us take that which is best."

The Katekiro said, "We know not which is best. The Arabs say their book is best, and the white men say their book is best—how then can we know which speaks the truth?"

Kauta, the imperial steward, said,

"When Mtesa became a son of Islam, he taught me, and I became one; if my master says he taught me wrong, having got more knowledge, he can now teach me right. I am waiting to hear his words."

Mtesa smiled and said, "Kauta speaks well. If I taught him how to become a Moslem, I did it because I believed it to be good. Chambaraugo says, 'Let us take that which is best!' True, I want that which is best, and I want the true book; but Katekiro asks, 'How are we to know which is true?' and I will answer him. Listen to me: The Arabs and the white men behave exactly as they are taught by their books, do they not? The Arabs come here for ivory and slaves, and we have seen they do not always speak the truth, and that they buy men of their own colour, and treat them badly, putting them in chains and beating them; the white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God!' I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here, and he would take no slaves. Abdul Aziz Bey (Mr. Linant Bellefonds) has been here, and is gone, and he took no slaves. What Arab would have refused slaves like these white men? Though we deal

in slaves, it is no reason why it should not be bad; and when I think that the Arabs and the white men do as they are taught, I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, and I think, therefore, that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of the world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the word of God Himself, and of Moses, and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the Son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now I ask you, shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind, they all replied,

"We will take the white man's book," and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face.

THE
Last Victim of the Peace Drum
In the South Pacific.

THE Rev. William Wyatt Gill, of the London Missionary Society, who laboured in the South Pacific, says—upon gaining a decisive victory the leading warrior was proclaimed "temporal lord of Mangaia." Before this can be done seven distinct journeys round the island require to be made, the most important of all being to beat the drum of peace. But the indispensable preliminary to this was the securing an acceptable offering to Rongo, arbiter of war and peace. A man or woman must be slain and laid upon the altar. The last time the peace-drum was played was about the year 1815. The victim selected was Teata. Of course the poor old bald-headed fellow was kept in ignorance of the intention of the sacrificers. On a certain evening the victim-seekers assembled on the level top of the central hill, to receive at the hands of the king "the sacred girdle." Upon

reaching, by an unfrequented mountain path, the hut of Teata, they found it empty. They were not a little perplexed, for should their presence in the village be known, their intended victim would effectually hide himself in the rocks. At last, under cover of darkness, some of them asked the assistance of Rakoia. But Teata was maternal uncle to Rakoia, who well knew that the old man was liable to sacrifice at any time, as his ancestors had been before him. Rakoia resolved to secure to himself the merit and profit of delivering Teata into the hands of his foes. A few minutes previously he had left his uncle in a lone house built on poles, in the middle of taro patches. A short ladder led up to the hut. With another relative and Teata, Rakoia had been rehearsing songs. Then they chatted pleasantly about the dire famine then prevailing. The old fellow patted his head and remarked, "Could they get *this* (as an offering) the gods would send plenty again." At length Teata Vainekavora snored, and Rakoia quietly slipped down the ladder and went home. As soon as the victim-seekers told him of their perplexity, Rakoia said,

"Follow me, and you shall have your "*fish*." A race now took place between two warriors as to the honour of giving the death-blow. Rakoia led the way. On arriving at the top of the ladder he carefully pointed out the sleeping form of his uncle Teate. A single blow from the axe of Arokapiti ended the career of the old man, who an hour or two later in the same night was laid on the altar. And thus it was that the drum of peace for Pangemiro's temporal sovereignty came to be beaten. Hence the consideration ever paid amongst the chiefs to the word of Rakoia, who in 1846 succeeded his brother as chief, or governor, of Tamarua. Rakoia was one of the first to embrace Christianity, and until his death, in 1865, Mr. Wyatt Gill never saw anything inconsistent with his profession as a disciple of Jesus. He was a faithful friend to the missionaries, and his last intelligent words were addressed to me expressive of his hope.

A Wesleyan on Premature Reporting.

IT is a right and proper thing to allow, as Mr. Moody said, God to keep the roll of converts. This is what the Rev. J. G. Trimmer, of the Wesleyan Mission, Jaffna, Ceylon, discovered at a meeting he held in a small village where practically all the congregation was present. His companion gave a beautiful earnest address, and the audience listened not only with eagerness but with acceptance. When he had done, Mr. Trimmer asked—

"Do you believe these things?"

"Yes, sir" was the response, unanimous and hearty. It occurred to him to see how far their profession would go on Christian lines, and to what extent they were prepared to act up to their confession of faith. He therefore asked them,

"You believe in God, that He is One and One only?"

"Yes, we do," they all replied.

"You believe that He made all things and sustains all things; that goodness is pleasing to Him, and evil hateful?"

Still the responses were "Yes."

"Do you believe that this Bible is God's Word, and that other ideas are wrong? was the next question proposed to the congregation.

"Yes," said all present as with one voice.

"Do you believe what it says, that God sent His Son into the world to save sinners?" and still no less heartily was the assent given.

The missionary marvelled at this, and repeated the questions in other ways, so as to bring out the real state of their minds. He asked them, "Do you really believe then that Jesus is able to save men from sin—to save you? Do you believe that He died for you to put away your sin—that He loves you now and cares for you? will you then accept Him as your Saviour and accept Him now?"

To all these questions the uniform answer was "yes." This surprised Mr. Trimmer, and he was almost coming to the conclusion that he would have to report that a whole village

was converted. Being astonished at what he heard he continued his tests, which changed the aspect of the proceedings. He said,

"If you become Christians you must give up sin." The hearers were silent.

He continued, "You must give up lying."

A smile ran round the audience, and a voice said "We cannot agree to that."

"God requires it of you. Lying, thieving, impurity, sin in all forms you must give up, if you want Jesus to save you," insisted the preacher.

The only answer he received was a more pronounced negative. He went on more sadly to say,

"You cannot serve the true God, and worship idols; you cannot trust both Jesus and Pillair. Are you willing to give up those things, that He who died for you may save and bless you?"

No answer came, and Mr. Trimmer was thankful that he escaped the danger into which many fall of prematurely reporting conversions.

Restoration

By the Tahitians.

SOME of the sermons delivered by the servants of Christ sent out from this land to Tahiti produced a wonderful revolution in the thoughts and habits of the people, which could never be accounted for by ordinary causes. The Rev. Mr. Nott, missionary, took for his text, one service, "Let him that stole, steal no more," and was listened to with marked attention. The next morning, when he opened his door he was astonished to find a number of the natives sitting on the ground before his dwelling. On requesting an explanation of this circumstance, they answered—

"We have not been able to sleep all night; we were in the chapel yesterday; we thought when we were pagans, that it was right to steal, when we could do it without being found

out. Hiro, the god of thieves, used to assist us. But we heard what you said yesterday from the word of God, that Jehovah had commanded that we should not steal. We have stolen, and all those things we have brought with us are stolen goods."

One of them lifted up an axe, a hatchet, or a chisel, and exclaimed,

"I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship," naming the vessel; others held up a saw or a knife, and indeed almost every kind of movable property was brought and exhibited with such confessions. Mr. Nott proposed they should take the plundered property home with them, and restore it as opportunity occurred to its lawful owners. They all said—

"Oh, no, we cannot take them back, we have had no peace ever since we heard it was displeasing to God, and we shall have no peace so long as they remain in our dwellings; we wish you to take them and give them back to their owners whenever they come."

Paton's Determination

To be a Missionary.

JOHN G. PATON, was a city missionary in Glasgow, when the call came to him to leave his native land and go to the heathen, to make known to them the Gospel of the grace of God. Almost all his friends were opposed to his plan, and reasoned with him to stay where he was so much beloved and doing so much good. Even his Professor and Pastor, Dr. Symington, brought his influence upon him to make him forego his resolution. It was urged he was leaving certainty for uncertainty, work where he was useful, to what might be useless. Among those who sought to deter him was a dear old Christian friend, whose crowning argument always was "the cannibals, you will be eaten by the cannibals!" To this Paton at last replied, "Mr. Dickson, you are advanced in years now, and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, there to be eaten by worms; I confess to you that if

Japanese Mother and Children.

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I can live and die, serving and honouring the Lord Jesus, it will make no difference to me, whether I am eaten by cannibals, or by worms; and in the Great Day my resurrection body will rise as fair as yours in the likeness of our risen Redeemer." On hearing this reply, the old gentleman, raising his hands in a depreciating attitude, left the room, exclaiming, "After that I have nothing more to say." Paton was not shaken in his resolution, which his after-life proved to be, not of man but of God.

Military Ignorance

Of Indian Missions.

AS an English regiment was going from Benares to another station, it passed through Cawnpore. The officers of the garrison gave a dinner to their comrades, to which ladies were invited. Mr. Leupolt states that, in the course of conversation, one of the ladies asked a captain of the regiment that was being entertained, what the missionaries were doing at Benares. The captain answered her there were no missionaries in that place.

"But they have an orphanage-house there," replied the lady.

"Pardon me, madam," said the captain, "there exists no institution of the kind in the place."

"I regularly pay an annual subscription to it, and have done so for years."

"I believe that, but I was there three years, and must have seen the institution if it existed in Benares."

The gentleman who sat next to the lady said to her, quietly, "Wait a little," and then asked the captain—

"Did you used to go to church, sir?"

"Yes, we were commanded to attend, and I went with the men."

"Who preached to you on these occasions?" inquired the gentleman, and added, "there is no Government chaplain in Benares."

"And," responded the officer, "we had no parades; but the service was conducted by clergymen who were much beloved by our men."

"Strange! captain, you attended services which were conducted by missionaries, and yet you knew nothing of the existence of these gentlemen."

"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed the confused captain, "were they missionaries?"

"Most assuredly," was the reply.

"Now another question. Did you ever see the long building in the street which leads by Signa to Marawaddi?"

"Often; it happened once that a fox was lost there, and I rode into the *compound*. There was a heap of little rascals there who grinned at me. They knew where the fox was, but they would not tell me."

"Then you were in the precincts of the orphan-house, of which the lady beside you spoke."

"Indeed!" said the captain, blushing scarlet, "I did not know what it was. I took it for an indigo-factory or something of that sort."

Ignorance such as this is too common even by Europeans who have visited India, and such testimony should be taken with more than the proverbial pinch of salt.

The Gospel Axe in India.

MR. Leupolt, German missionary in India, was preaching one day in the street at Kasipur to a large and intelligent audience. As he proceeded to explain the Gospel message, a Brahmin came forward, and addressing the assemblage, said—

"Look at those people," pointing to Mr. Leupolt and his companions, "see what they are doing to you."

"They are preaching to us," was the reply.

"Good, but what has the Sahib in his hand?"

"The New Testament," several shouted out at once.

"Right; the New Testament; but what does that signify? I will tell you. It is the Gospel-axe in which a European

handle has been fixed. Come to-day, you will find they are wielding the axe. Come to-morrow, they are doing the same. And against what are they wielding the axe? Against the goodly tree of our Hinduism, against our religion. It took a thousand years for the tree to strike its roots into the soil of Hindostan. Now it spreads its branches all over India, it is a goodly, noble tree, but these men come day by day with axe in hand. They look at the tree and the tree looks at them, but it is helpless, and the stroke of the axe sounds continually. Great and strong as it is, it must eventually fall."

"All right," answered the missionary, "consider that many a poor handle is broken, and many a one slips from the axe, and it is a long time before a new one comes from Europe and becomes serviceable."

"Ah, were that all it would in truth be well," said the Brahmin, "the fall of the tree would be prevented. But how does the matter stand? When the axe finds that the handle is no longer serviceable, does the wielding cease? Not at all. It climbs the tree, and it examines it and says, that is a beautiful branch, of which a new handle might be made. Up springs the axe, down falls the branch, and straightway it is formed into a handle. The European handle is taken out and the native handle is inserted, and the swinging goes on afresh. Ultimately the tree falls under the handle which had been made out of its own branches."

No better testimony on behalf of native preachers, is needed than the statement of this sagacious Brahmin.

Krishnu, Carey's First Convert.

BY no policy, and policy of the East Indian Company, missionaries were driven from the part of India under their power, and compelled to seek shelter under a foreign flag. Fortunately for the cause of missions, a settlement had been secured by the Danes at Serampore, sixteen miles up the river from Calcutta, and this place became, by Carey and his brethren repairing thither, the cradle of Indian missions. After Carey went there they were soon at work,

both in their schools and on their preaching tours. Living on homely fare, and working for their bread, they went forth betimes in pairs to preach the Word of the Living God, now in the streets or in the bazaars, now in the midst of heathen temples, attracting crowds to hear them by the sweet hymns which Carey had composed in the native tongue, and inviting inquirers to the mission-house for further instruction. The first convert was baptized in the same year, on the day after Christmas. His name was Krishnu. He had been brought to the mission-house for medical relief, and was so influenced by what he saw and heard, that he resolved to become a Christian. On breaking caste by eating with the missionaries, he was seized by an enraged mob, and dragged before the magistrate, but to their dismay he was released from their hands. Carey had the pleasure of performing the ceremony of baptism with his own hands, in presence of the Govenor and a crowd of natives and Europeans. It was his first recompense after seven years of toil, and it soon led the way to other conversions. Amongst the rest, a high-caste Brahmin divested himself of his sacred thread, joined the Christian ranks, and preached the faith which he once destroyed. Krishnu became an efficient helper, and built at his own expense the first place of worship for native Christians in Bengal. Writing about him twelve years after his baptism, Carey says, "He is now a steady, zealous, well-informed, and I may add eloquent minister of the Gospel, and preaches on an average twelve or fourteen times every week in Calcutta and its neighbourhood."

Stanley Finding Livingstone.

WHEN H. M. Stanley went forth in search of the lost traveller and missionary, Dr. David Livingstone, many thought he was dead, and among those was Stanley himself. He, however, went forth in the expedition. He and his party pushed their way into Africa till they reached about a hundred yards from the village of Njiji, where they met Susie, the servant of the lost man, who in-

formed Stanley that Dr. Livingstone was in the village. The doctor was soon told that a white man was coming, and he and the great Arab magnates stood before his house to await the arrival. What transpired is told by Stanley thus—

"In the meantime the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, 'I see the Doctor, Sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

"So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood the "white man with the grey beard.

"As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and mustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded, gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

"I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume'

'"Yes,"' said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud:

"'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered, 'I feel thankful I am here to welcome you.'"

The traveller and his discoverer then returned to the house, and shortly afterwards the Arabs rose up with a delicacy and

retired as if they instinctively knew that they ought to be left alone.

Judson Emerging From Infidelity.

THOUGH Judson was a missionary of the Apostolic School, he in his early days passed through darkness and doubt. He had when young the ambition of being a great man, a poet, an orator, or statesman. Though brought up in a pious home he was visited with serious thoughts which were dissipated and gave place to doubts. The wave of French infidelity reached him through the influence of a brilliant but sceptical fellow-student. Judson's thoughts and plans became consequently unsettled. Now we find him teaching a school at Plymouth, now attaching himself to a dramatic company, now touring in search of excitement through the Northern States. It was during this tour that God rescued him from infidelity and sin. He had reached a country inn, and the landlord apologized for putting him to sleep in the next room to that of a young man who was dying, but he had none other to offer him. Sad sounds came from that sick chamber through the midnight hours, and they stirred up solemn thoughts and anxious inquiries in Judson's breast. He made the case of that young man his own, and as he did so he felt the shallowness of his own newly-adopted philosophy, and its insufficiency to sustain him in the hour of death. The morning dawned, and he inquired about the sufferer.

"He is dead."

He asked his name, and was stunned at finding that it was that of his friend—shall we not rather say of his tempter? That morning he turned his horse's head towards home; God had begun a work in his heart, which resulted in true conversion.

The Conversion of Johnson,

The West African Apostle.

WILLIAM A. B. JOHNSON, who became an eminent servant of Christ to the inhabitants of Western Africa, had a remarkable experience which led him to decide for Christ and the Gospel. He was an Hanoverian by birth, and had passed a few years in a German counting-house, but when the call to missionary labour reached him at the age of twenty-eight, he filled the very humble position of workman in a sugar-refiner's establishment of Whitechapel in London. The story of his own conversion, which had happened three years previously, was a remarkable one. It was war-time; his wages were scanty; provisions were dear; his wife and himself were on the brink of starvation; and the poor labourer was brought down to the very verge of despair. He had come home one evening utterly hopeless, and with scarcely raiment to cover him; there was no food in the house; his wife was weeping; he threw himself upon the bed beside her, and tossed to and fro in an agony of woe—"No friend to go to." "What to do he did not know." Just then the remembrance of a verse which he had learned when only eight years old, flashed across his mind. It had been impressed upon him in a curious way. The schoolmaster expected every child to repeat on Monday morning some portion of the sermon which had been preached on the previous Sunday. On one occasion the only part that William Johnson could remember was the verse, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." As it was only a text, the schoolmaster did not consider it sufficient, and expressed his dissatisfaction with his young pupil. This grieved the boy exceedingly, but it had the effect of impressing the passage indelibly upon his mind, and so in the anguish of his soul that verse came back to the despairing man. "'Call upon me!' But will He hear me if I call? Have I not sinned against Him? Oh, what shall I do? no worldly prospects, and an angry God!" He passed a wretched night; went early to his work; came back to his home at what to

other men was breakfast hour, but came, because to stay behind would only have awakened suspicion as to his misery. His wife met him at the door with a joyous smile; she had obtained unexpected employment, and wages in advance, and his breakfast was ready. "My feelings at that moment," he afterwards wrote, "I cannot well express. The greatest sinner in the world, and God so merciful!" He remembered that there was an evening service in the German Church at the Savoy, and he resolved to go to it. A Moravian missionary preached, and that sermon brought him to Christ.

Williams Reminded

Of his Promise.

THE Mission Ship Camden conveyed to Rarotonga a staff of missionaries, among whom was Mr. J. Williams, who had paid a visit to England in order to excite the sympathy of British Christians on behalf of Polynesia, and 500 copies of the New Testament, printed in the Rarotongan language. The people eagerly sought the books from Mr. Williams. One day, while in the midst of an excited multitude, a fine, tall, half-naked native, was observed running up the pathway leading to the house, and his entrance commanded immediate silence. Seating himself cross-legged on the floor, and for a minute or two vigorously using his fan to cool himself, addressing Mr. Williams he said,—

"Blessing on you. I am the messenger of the chief Timmana."

"Blessing on you, my friend," replied Mr. Williams. "What is your message?"

"Timmana has heard of your arrival, and is greatly glad, and he has sent to inquire if you have fulfilled your promise."

"My promise," replied Mr. Williams, "what did I promise?"

"You promised," rejoined the messenger, "that when you returned from Britain you would bring a missionary for our part of the island. I am in haste. Tell me. It is the Chief's message."

Pointing to one of the young missionaries with a nod, and with one word to the native, Mr. Williams signified that his promise was fulfilled. The sign was no sooner given, and the word uttered, than the messenger leaped from his seat, and hastily exclaimed,

"It is enough."

He bounded down the road with the swiftness of a hunted deer, and stayed not his speed until he reached his distant village. Never was there a more literal fulfilment of the joyous exclamation, "Behold how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

Dr. Duff on the Cruelty

OF THE

South Sea Islanders towards the Infirm.

DR. Duff relates that before the introduction of Christianity to their islands, the natives often proved themselves entirely destitute of natural affection in their treatment of the aged and infirm. Sometimes the unhappy invalid was buried alive. When this was designed, a pit was dug, bathing was proposed to the sufferer, and the attendants proffered their services to convey him to the beach. Instead, however, of showing him this kindness, they bore him to the pit, and cast him in. Stones and dirt were hurried into the grave, to stifle the voice of the unhappy man. The work of murder was soon performed, and the relatives returned to their dwellings, thankful to obtain relief, by this method, from the cares which humanity enjoins. Sometimes the unfortunate individual was destroyed in a more summary manner. Having called out all the visitors, the friends or companions of the sick man armed themselves with spears, and prepared for their savage work. It was in vain that the helpless invalid cried for mercy. So far from being moved by his entreaties, they would amuse themselves with deliberate cruelty, by trying to surpass each other in throwing the spear

with dexterity at the miserable suppliant or rushing upon him, they would transfix him to the couch. So true is it that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

A Greenland Philosopher.

A COMPANY of baptized Greenlanders visited Mr. David Crantz's, missionary, and expressed to him their astonishment that they had spent their lives in a state of such complete ignorance and thoughtlessness. One of their number rose to speak for the rest, and said,

"It is true we were ignorant heathens, and knew nothing of God as a Redeemer; for who could have informed us of their existence before you arrived? Yet I have often thought, a kajak, with the darts belonging to it, does not exist of itself, but must be made, with the trouble and skill of men's hands; and he who does not understand the use of it easily spoils it. Now, the least bird is composed with greater art than the best kajak, and no man can make a bird. Man is still more exquisitely made than all other animals. Who, then, has made him? He comes from his parents, and they came again from their parents. But whence came the first man? He must have grown out of the earth. But why do men not grow out of the earth now-a-days? And from whence do the earth, sea, sun, and stars proceed? There must necessarily be some one who has created everything, who has always existed, and can have no end. He must be unconceivably more powerful and skilful than the wisest of men. He must also be very good, because everything that He has made is so useful and necessary for us. Did I but know Him, what love and respect should I feel for Him! But who has seen or conversed with Him? None of us men! Yet there be men, too, who know something about Him. With such I would willingly converse. As soon, therefore, as I heard from you of this Great Being, I believed you immediately, and willingly, having, for a length of time, longed after such information."

Paper Gods in China.

THE Rev. Mr. Ince attended a Chinese festival in Pulo Penang; where there were a vast concourse of people, the appearance of which was very like that of a fair in England. Opposite the temple there was a stage erected for playactors. On one side of the temple there was a large paper idol called La-sye-yay, I suppose fourteen feet in height, a most distorted figure, painted various colours, with uncommonly large eyes. Immediately before this idol was a long table, set out with all kinds of provisions, interspersed with small paper idols. At the end of the table furthest from the idol were a number of carpets spread on the ground, on which sat half-a-dozen priests worshipping the god, chanting an unintelligible jargon, and bowing themselves to the ground. There were many other smaller paper idols represented as riding on animals, also made of paper. The whole scene was illuminated by a profusion of lanterns and candles. Behind the great idol was a large quantity of pieces of paper, the most valuable of which were covered with gold leaf. These papers the idolaters burn, and most firmly believe that they become money in the world of spirits. This feast is considered as one of pure benevolence, being celebrated on behalf of those poor bereaved spirits who have no relatives to mourn for them, to supply them with clothes or money, to rescue them from Tartarus, and exalt them to higher and brighter regions. The Rev. Mr. Ince told some who stood around that there was one true God, who was not pleased but angry at such things as those. He asked what their god was made of?

They replied, "Paper."

He expressed surprise at their worshipping a piece of painted paper, adding, that the god they were worshipping had eyes, indeed, but could not see; ears, but could not hear; hands, but could not handle; feet, but could not walk.

They replied, "Certainly not."

He then inquired what they would do with their god when the feast was over?

They answered, "Burn him."

He rejoined, "surely he was a god of no strength, or he would not suffer that; but the true God was Almighty, and Infinite in perfection. Truly 'darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.'"

A Devil's Temple Destroyed

In Tinnevelly.

A REMARKABLE scene took place in a large village in Southern India, where the Christian religion had been taught with success by the Rev. Mr. Dent. There were a few families there under instruction, of the Shanar tribe. All of them, with three exceptions, joined the congregation, and they then agreed among themselves to demolish their peicoil (or devil temple), and convert it into a place of worship. Soon afterwards he visited the village, and the people informed him of their intention; he rejoiced exceedingly that they had come to this determination; and encouraged them to it, by citing a few passages of Scripture that related to the destruction of idolatry. They asked him to go to the spot; and he did so, in order to witness the spectacle. The most forward among the people entered the temple first; and one of them, with an axe in his hand, and with this sentence, "O Christ help!" in his mouth, gave the chief idol a blow, and severed the head from the body; then came others, and threw down the idols and altars that were therein, demolishing the inner coverts and walls, and levelled them all to the ground. The idols, broken to pieces, they threw out for public exhibition, saying,

"Such are the gods we have ignorantly worshipped and believed all this time! They cannot keep themselves; how can they help us?" There was a great crowd of spectators collected at this place. The heathen of the village were quite angry at this outrage and injustice, as they termed it; and would have made some attempts to recover the gods, but the missionary's presence tended considerably to still them. The heathen cried out,

"O ye fools, ye madmen! what have ye been doing? Have ye cut down and destroyed the tutelar gods and goddesses of our village? Be sure that you and your families will ere long be visited! Ammeu will revenge herself upon you shortly."

The people replied,

"These are sand and clay, made by our own hands: they can never do us any injury! The Lord Jesus alone is God: Him we all worship, and he will protect us."

The missionary had an opportunity of addressing the crowd on the folly and absurdity of their religion, and of directing them to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of poor lost creatures. The sight was overpowering to him, having never witnessed anything of the kind before; and he thanked God for this public triumph of Christianity over idols and idolatry in the village.

Ordination of
Rev. John Campbell.

THE ordination of Rev. John Campbell, the African Missionary who took the place of Dr. Vanderkemp, took place in Miles-Lane Chapel, London.

The place was crowded to excess. The venerable Dr. Waugh, then in the zenith of his unction and glory, gave the charge, and, if possible, excelled himself on the occasion. The blaze of mingled love and majesty which irradiated, his face was itself a sublime appeal to the hearts of all; and it brightened until some felt that the veil of Moses would have been a relief. He took for his text Jehovah's address to Joshua—"As I have been with Moses so will I be with thee." He then paused, and, resting his eagle-like and dove-like eyes on his friend, said in his richest tones of tenderness and solemnity,

"As I have been with Vanderkemp, so will I be with *thee*, Campbell!"

Then, lifting his streaming eyes to Heaven, and clasping

his trembling hands, he exclaimed in holy triumph, "I have no doubt but the great Head of the Church will sanction this accommodation of the promise!" The effect was electrical. The whole congregation was moved, and the feeling was greatly increased when the preacher concluded with the words,

"Could I place the prophet Isaiah at the base of one of the lofty mountains in Africa, which you, my brother, are about to visit, and if whilst gazing on its varied scenery, an earthquake were to rock it upon its deep foundations, until, like the Numidian lion shaking the dew drops of the land of Ham from his mane in the morning, it threw off from its hoary and heaving sides the forests, and flocks, and hamlets of huts, and cliffs crowned with lichens and lign-aloes; and were a whirlwind to rush in at that moment, scattering the broken and falling masses in mid air, as if playing with the sand-clouds and columns of the desert, still, the voice of the prophet, could it be heard amidst the convulsive war of elements, would exclaim, "Though the everlasting mountains bow, and the perpetual hills be scattered, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation!" Go, my brother, and do thou the same, whatever danger you meet in Africa. As God was with Vanderkemp, so will he be with thee, Campbell."

These words were prophetic, for God was with Campbell and made him a blessing to those who inhabited some of the dark places of the earth.

A Moslem Convert at Muritsur.

REV. Dr. Clarke of the Church Missionary Society, when at Muritsur, gives a most instructive case of how the light of the Gospel entered a benighted mind.

There was a young Mahommedan, the son of a great Mahommedan saint and doctor, who had great anxiety of soul because of sin. He read the Koran through and through without finding light, when he found it in an expression referring to the Old Testament, and the New Testament

The thought came into this young man's heart, "If I can only get possession of a Bible, I might get what I need." Most wonderfully, two ladies happened to be in the district, and he got what he wanted, He began with the Gospel of St John, and by the time he got to the third chapter he was a free man, and desirous of throwing off Mahommedanism. When his father heard of it he offered a reward of five hundred rupees to any one who would kill his son, and two hundred to any one who would bring him the good news. For two years Dr. Clarke had to watch over that young man, and then his father found him, and with much difficulty Dr. Clarke managed to keep him safe. At last the old man went back to his home with a New Testament. A year after he came back again and said that he had brought together other Mollahs and read it to them.

He also said, "We have noticed that this is the New Testament. That shows me that there must be an Old Testament, and they have sent me to get the Old Testament."

Dr. Clarke was glad to give him the Old Testament, and later on he came to him with his son and said,

"The God of my son, whom I wished to murder, is now my God; baptize me too into the faith of Christ." Such a fact as this certifies to the divinity of the Bible more forcibly than any mere argument.

Costly Prayers for Missionaries.

PRAYER has been powerful in the history of missions, and because of them many labourers have been sent into the field.

"I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for Foreign Missions," said a pastor to some young people in his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you that it is a very costly experiment."

"Costly?" they asked in surprise.

"Ay, costly," he cried, "When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world, it cost him himself, and it cost those who prayed with him very much. Brainerd prayed for the

dark-skinned savages, and after two years of blessed work, it cost him his life. Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more servants into his harvest; and lo! it is going to cost our country five thousand men and women, who have, in answer to this prayer, pledged themselves to the work. Be sure it is a dangerous thing to pray in earnest for this work; you will find that you cannot pray and withhold your labour, or pray and withhold your money; nay, that your very life will no longer be your own when your prayers begin to be answered.

"I have often said in my public addresses, that it is a dangerous thing to pray for a blessing unless you want it. What a blessed thing when we are ready to receive!"

Many preachers to the people at home, and the heathen abroad, have been thrust forth into the harvest field in answer to such petitions.

The New Testament in Bengal.

THE Rev. Mr. Fisher bears witness to the power of the New Testament in Bengal, when he was a chaplain there. A number of strangers from several villages assembled near Delhi, and were busily employed, apparently in friendly conversation, and in reading some books in their possession, which had induced them to renounce caste, to bind themselves to love and associate with one another, and to intermarry only with their own sect, and to lead a strict and holy life. A convert employed by Mr. Fisher visited the spot, and found about five hundred people, men, women, and children, seated under the shade of trees, employed in reading and conversation. He accosted an elderly man, and said,

"Pray who are all those people, and whence came they?"

"We are all poor and lowly, and read and love this book!" was the reply.

"And what is this book?" asked the missionary.

"The Book of God," replied many voices at once.

An Alaska Sarcophagus.

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"Pray let me look at it, if you please," said Mr. Fisher.

It proved to be the New Testament, in the Hindostanee tongue, many copies of which seemed to be in their possession, some printed, and others written by themselves. The visitor pointed out the name of Jesus in one of the copies, and inquired,—

"Who is that?"

"That is God. He gave us the book," was the answer given.

"When did you obtain it?" the missionary asked.

"An angel from heaven gave it to us."

"An angel!"

"Yes—to us he was an angel, but he was a man, a learned pundit."

A public reader, it appeared, had been selected by themselves, for the express purpose of reading this miraculous book, and their evenings have been habitually spent for many months in this blessed employment, crowds gathering to hear God's book. The ignorance and simplicity of many of them were very striking. They had never heard before of a printed book. All united in acknowledging the superiority of the doctrine of this book to everything they had hitherto heard or known. An indifference to the doctrine of caste soon manifested itself, and the interference and tyrannical authority of the Brahmins became increasingly offensive. At last it was agreed to separate themselves from the rest of their Hindoo brethren and to establish a fraternity of their own, choosing four or five who could read the best to be public teachers. The number daily and rapidly increasing, especially among the poor, a public meeting was deemed necessary, to which all their congenial associates were invited. A large grove near Delhi was selected for the purpose, and this interesting group had met for the first time. They seemed to have no particular form of worship, but each individual made daily and diligent use of the Lord's prayer. They resolved to hold such a protracted meeting once a year. It was found that this remarkable interest among so large a group of inquirers was awakened by the distribution of some New Testaments of Hurdwar.

The only Son of the Queen

Of Madagascar.

THE Queen of Madagascar, the most unrelenting persecutor of Christians of which modern missions furnish any record, had an only son, her successor to the throne; just as he attained to manhood, he embraced Christianity himself, and became "a faithful brother in the Lord." In defiance of the laws which pronounced slavery and death upon every Christian, the son of the queen met with converts in their places of retreat, and he employed every means in his power to rescue them from impending danger. More than once he was reported to the queen, by his chief officer, as a Christian, but the love of a mother prevailed over the spirit of the pagan persecutor, and the life of the young prince was spared. On one occasion, the prime minister, when addressing the queen, said,

"Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost, if your majesty do not stop the prince in this strange way."

"But he is my son," replied the Queen, "my only, my beloved son! Let him do what he pleases! If he wish to become a Christian, let him! He is my beloved son!"

Thus the characteristic attachment of this people to their offspring was made, under God, the means of preserving the life of this promising young man.

Bishop Hannington Murdered.

BISHOP HANNINGTON left England for Africa at the end of January, 1885, for the last time. A persecution broke out against the African church at Uganda, when Newanga was king. The missionary determined to visit his

country, and the king strongly objected to his doing so, and the chief determined his destruction. After leaving the caravan, Hannington and his fifty men advanced rapidly towards the lake, and covered a distance of a hundred and seventy miles in one week. On the 19th of October, 1885, they fell in with a band of Uganda men, who surrounded the Bishop and seemed bent on stopping his advance. Many of them were drunk, and all were greatly excited, but he contrived to free himself, and pursued his journey for two days more, arriving on the 21st of October in the village of a chief named Lubwa, at the northernmost point of the Victoria Nyanza, and not far from the spot where the Nile flows out of the lake. Here Hannington was suddenly attacked by about twenty men, and after a terrible struggle with his adversaries, whom he at first supposed to be robbers, was separated from his followers, and placed under strict guard in a dirty hut. The terrible mauling he had undergone, and the filthy state of the place in which he was confined, brought on an attack of fever, and his diary contains a record of much suffering, interspersed with comments upon his circumstances and with many expressions of patient endurance, and of submission to God's will.

For eighty days his imprisonment was continued, his sufferings from weakness and fever being at times very severe. He was very low, but could still find comfort in reading his Bible, and in the last entry in his diary, he stated how he had been held up by the thirtieth Psalm. Then he was brought out of the hut to an open space in the village, where his own men were already assembled, and perhaps in that moment he may have thought that the worst was over, and that he would now be allowed to resume his journey. Suddenly the flashing spears of the Uganda warriors revealed the terrible truth. The Bishop and his men had been thus brought together to be murdered. The bloody work soon begun, and his helpless followers fell dead and dying before their cruel executioners. The Bishop was one of the last victims, for the men told off to kill him seemed to draw back from his commanding presence, and to hesitate before sacrificing that noble life. When they closed upon him, he drew himself up, and bade them tell their King that he was about to die for Uganda, and had purchased the road thither with his life.

Still they hesitated. He pointed to his own gun, and one of them taking it up set free his spirit from its earthly tabernacle.

The Chinese Reverence

For Written Characters.

MRS LYALL, a Chinese Missionary residing at Swatow, gives an account of the reverence shown by the Chinese for any scrap of paper on which words or letters have been printed or written. It had been a rainy day, the walks were very muddy, and when the teacher from whom she was acquiring the language arrived, she laid down an old newspaper at the doorway to save the matting from his miry shoes. To her surprise, he begged to be excused from treading even on foreign "characters," but rested his feet on the unprinted edge, and readily trod upon a clean sheet of white paper laid down for him. She afterwards learned how sacred a thing an old newspaper was to the Chinese. In most towns and villages throughout China, may be seen a large stone-like furnace, about ten feet high, built in the shape of a pagoda, with a small opening in front. This is called the "Lettered Paper Pagoda." There may be one or more, according to the size of the village. This small pagoda receives all the useless paper of the village people. The village elders engage, and pay by public subscription, a man whose business it is to search the market places, streets, by-ways, and even the drains, for every bit of printed, stamped, and written paper. The soiled pieces are carefully washed and dried, and then carried to the furnace and burned. On convenient occasions the ashes are collected and carried off with state, often attended by a procession of the principal men of the village, and thrown into the river or sea. Boats vie with each other for the honour of bearing so precious a cargo to the mouth of the river, or out to sea, where it is thrown overboard in the direction of the current or the out-going tide, to be mingled with the waters of the great deep. Happy the boat with such a cargo, for they believe that good

luck will be sure to follow it. Mrs Lyall was told that once upon a time there was a merchant who entertained great reverence for letters and carefully preserved every bit of paper that came in his way, regardless of the jeers of his neighbours. One day a terrible fire broke out in his city, destroying a large part of it. The shops on either side of him and those in front and behind, belonging to persons who had made themselves merry at his expense, were burned to the ground, while his shop, in which he had stored the papers, alone remained uninjured. By such lessons the Chinese thought the Supreme Ruler taught the nation to regard and reverence the printed and written symbols of their language. Out of this superstition they are not easily driven.

A Brahmin Objector Silenced.

AS Rev. Mr. Thomas was one day addressing a company of Hindoos on the banks of the Ganges, a Brahmin said to him—

"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the Brahmin, "it is the devil's fault, and the devil ought to be punished, and not man."

Just then a boat was coming down the river, and Mr. Thomas said—

"Brahmin, do you see that boat?"

"Yes,"

"Suppose I were to send my servants to destroy the boat and all on board; who ought to suffer punishment—I for inducing them to go, or they for the wicked act?"

"Why," answered the Brahmin, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Ay," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, you and the devil must be punished together."

The Brahmin went away and left Mr. Thomas master of the field.

Toro's Bravery

In Refusing a Heathen King.

TORO, the converted daughter of a chief, had been betrothed in infancy to the old heathen King of Lakemba. The Rev. James Calvert refused baptism unless she resolved, at any cost, to decline to become one of this King's thirty or forty wives. The girl declared her purpose firm. She would die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal, and the old chief, her father, and all the Christians, resolved to die rather than give her up. She was accordingly baptized, and took the name Jemima. When the Missionary got back to Lakemba, after about twenty-two days' absence, he informed the King of Toro's baptism. Thus a crisis was raised in regard to olden rights and customs. The heathen were clamorous that their King should demand his wife; eleven canoes were equipped with warriors to sail to Ono, and when the Missionary remonstrated, he was only put off with excuses. He met the King's party by a final word of solemn warning at the recklessness of this attempt to fight against Jehovah, to whom belonged both land and sea. The King chose to sail on a Sunday, although two canoes containing Christian converts did not start until the following day. He reached Vatoa in safety. Then the heathen lordling threw off all disguise, and by his wanton destruction of property and food belonging to the Christians, clearly showed his intention towards Ono. Thence he despatched four canoes, manned by a hundred pirates, preparatory to the attack, but these were never heard of more. Then he started with the rest, but when in sight of Ono the wind shifted, and do what they would, the canoes could not beat against it, but drifted away to sea. The breeze freshened, the canoe-housings became unfastened, and the lives of all were in great jeopardy. The King dressed and anointed himself, and sat in state for death; for if he escaped the devouring waves, it would be only to be devoured by more relentless fellow-savages. The night closed, and destitute of hope of rescue in the fearful darkness, the small voice of the missionary's warning spoke in

the heathen soul. He made good his escape next day, being treated with strange kindness by some islanders on whom Christianity was exerting an influence, returned to Lakemba, and begging that the missionary would never follow him with his words again, owned in an ostensible way, that his life had been spared by the mercy of the Christian's God.

Memories of a South Sea Islander.

REV. WILLIAM GILL, Wesleyan Missionary, spent years in the South Sea Islands. During the time he was there, he beheld the Gospel extending on every side. In about twenty years in one small island one thousand members had died in Christian communion. Before he left Rarotonga he held a united communion service. They gathered together the communicants from different villages, and altogether about fifteen or sixteen persons were present. The scene was a very impressive one. The communion addresses were made not by the missionary, but by the people themselves. First of all the young men, called the Gospel-born generation, having been born since the Gospel was introduced into the islands, spoke freely. They declared that they would maintain the profession of their fathers, and many of them said, "Here are we, send us among the heathen." Last of all a man, amidst a noble band of deacons, got up. He was the first native Christian who landed on Rarotonga, thirty years ago, to tell the people that Jehovah was the true God, and Jesus Christ the true Saviour. As he rose he pointed to an old man, and said,

"O, I remember the day I landed, thirty years ago, when you tore my shirt from my back, and wanted to tear my flesh from my bones! O what have I lived to see! Then you were naked, savage, cannibal men; but now you are clothed, and in your right minds."

He then pointed to a man at his side, a fine, tall athletic fellow, some fifty years of age, and said,

"Rei! O, brother Rei! do you not remember when you stood on yonder reef, and poised your spear at me when I landed? You meant to thrust it into me, and you did not then know why you did not. But here we are."

He then took up a Bible, which had just come from England, —a translation complete into the language of the island, and as he held it up in his hands, tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak for a minute or two, but at length he said,

"O, when I look at this book, I feel as good old Simeon felt when he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A Tahitian Battle

Overruled for Good.

THE Gospel made rapid progress in Tahiti, and King Pomare became obedient to the faith. On account of a rebellion he had to seek refuge in Eimeo, but was afterwards invited to his former rule at Tahiti. On his return he exerted himself for the enlightenment of his subjects, and shortly after a great awakening followed. Never was there an awakening on a larger or lesser scale without opposition. The enemy is never idle when his kingdom is assailed. The idolatrous chiefs banded themselves together to suppress the innovation upon ancient usuages. They had fixed the night and the mode of crushing the infant church, in the deaths of all inquirers and converts; but their scheme became known, and safety was again secured by retreating to the adjacent island of Eimeo. Baffled in their well-concocted scheme, yet bent upon bloodshed, they quarrelled among themselves by raking among the ashes of buried animosities, when many lives and much property were wantonly sacrificed by sword and fire. During the contest of these bloodthirsty chiefs, Pomare continued in Eimeo, to which he had returned in 1814, as a man of peace, and made that island an asylum to those who fled to it for protection. When the contending parties were unable or unwilling to prolong the strife, the

refugees returned to Tahiti, and resumed their former positions and possessions. On an early Sabbath, if not the very first after their return, the pagan party, knowing that a given hour would find them at public worship, made a fierce onslaught, in the hope of an easy capture. In this, however, they had miscalculated, for the men whom they had endeavoured to surprise into a surrender, were "wise as serpents, though harmless as doves." Distrustful of the truce, which might prove hollow, they worshipped their God that day, armed for their own defence against the suspected foe, and though greatly confused for a time, beat back their assailants, but at the cost of some precious lives. The whole Christian party could not engage in that defence simultaneously, yet they all fought—some with the implements of bloody warfare, and the others wrestled with God in prayer for the protection of His people, and the vindication of His own cause in the sight of the heathen. There was another pleasing feature in that battle scene; as soon as the foe surrendered, the shedding of blood ceased; not a fugitive was followed by the avenger's weapon; not a limb was mangled, not a shred of property was plundered. The bodies of the fallen were interred with all respect and solemnity; that of the slain chief was carefully carried to his former home. And all this humanity was displayed at the instance of Pomare, thus giving pleasing evidence of the reality of his conversion, for nothing but the grace of God can change the lion into the lamb.

A Testimony Meeting in Ono.

THERE is a small cluster of islands forming the most southerly extremity of Fiji. The chief island of this group is Ono. When the Rev. James Calvert visited this island in 1845 he found that a great and good work had been going on there. He was astonished and somewhat perplexed, at finding that no less than eighty-one men had been allowed to exhort and preach among them. He therefore resolved to hold a meeting where there would be liberty of utterance, and where those who chose could tell

their experience. The teachers came and were supplied with the Morning Service of the Book of Common Prayer, which was explained to them as a form to be used every Sunday morning. Other arrangements of Church order were made, and the local preachers were there. One of the exhorters prayed. In his prayer, while referring to the redemption by the blood of Christ, he said—

"We do not wish to snatch from Thee the life Thou hast given. Do with us as seems good."

All responded heartily, and the movement was overpowering. Mr. Calvert asked some to tell their Christian experience. Thomas Thiri said—

"I know that God has justified me through the sacred blood of Jesus. I know assuredly that I am reconciled to God. I know the work of God in my soul. The sacred Spirit makes it clear to me. I wish to preach the Gospel that others also may know Jesus."

Zechariah Wavoli said—

"The Spirit works mightily in my soul. I love all men, especially the servants of God."

William Raivakatuku was asked whether he was afraid of death. He replied—

"I listen only to God. If he appoints me to die, I am not the least afraid to die."

Julius Mhajinikeli said—

"One good thing I know—the sacred blood of Jesus. I desire nothing else."

Silas Foane said—

"I have a rejoicing heart. I greatly rejoice. When in Tonga I had the love of God, but it was not complete. In Rewa I had it also. Now in Ono my love is perfected. It is full! I wish only to live in God through Jesus Christ."

Out of the eighty-one preachers, ten were selected as local preachers, eight of whom were to accompany the missionary to be sent to different parts of Fiji. The rest were made prayer-leaders. These eight were quite cheerful about leaving; and the meeting was closed with prayer. Several prayed, and all were deeply moved, especially the chief leader, who exclaimed with simple fervour,

"They go. They are free to go. We stay on this small island agreeable to Thy will. We would all go Thou knowest,

to make known the good tidings." So ended the testimony meeting in Ono.

Robert Morrison and the Child.

WHEN ROBERT MORRISON, the Chinese Missionary, was passing through New York to the field of his labours, he was entertained by a gentleman who took a deep interest in his work. In this home he was seized with sudden indisposition, and the issue of the attack was uncertain. He was, however, perfectly reconciled to the Divine will. He urged his host to greater devotedness to the cause of Christ's glory, and closed with these words, which were afterwards on his lips, "Dear brother, look up, look up!"

When he arrived in New York, he was placed for the first night in the chamber, where, by the side of his bed, there stood a little crib, in which slept a little child. On awaking in the morning, she turned as usual to talk to her mother. Seeing a stranger where she expected to have found her parents, she roused herself with a look of alarm; but fixing her eyes steadily upon his face, she inquired—

"Man, do you pray to God?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," Mr. Morrison replied, "every day. God is my best friend."

At once reassured the little girl laid her head contentedly on the pillow, and fell fast asleep. She was a great favourite with the missionary ever after.

How Chinese Children Become Idolaters.

THE Chinese are nearly all idolaters, and yet it is difficult to find a person who can tell when or why he became such. Each one says he cannot remember the time when he did not worship idols. The Rev. Dr. M. T. Yates,

resolved to find out, if possible, the secret by which so many millions were made of one mind on this subject. A Chinese friend, who could not give him the desired information, told him that if he would go to a certain temple on the first and the fifteenth of the month he would find it out for himself. He went and took a position in the temple in the rear of the main hall, where he could see what was done before the idols. Soon a well-dressed Chinese lady came in with three children, about three, five, and seven years of age. The two elder boys ran forwards and performed their prostrations in the usual way, and then called their youuger brother to come forward and do as they had done; but this was evidently his first visit to the temple, for he was very much frightened at the sight of the idol, which had been screened so as to show only the face and thus rendered less hideous. The mother dragged the child into position, and there, standing behind it and holding it fast by both arms, forced it to bow slightly three times, and adroitly extracted from her commodious sleeve a variety of toys and sweetmeats, which she gave the child, saying the god had given him these nice things, because he was a good boy, and asked him to thank the god for what he did. On the fifteenth of the month, Dr. Yates was in his old position, and soon saw the mother with the three children he had seen on the first occasion enter. The youngest was not so frightened as on the former occasion. He went of his own accord into the position, and said to his mother,

"I don't know how to do it."

He was assisted and rewarded as before. The other boys wished to know why they were not rewarded and got the answer.

"Because you are bad boys."

From that time the child was an idolater, the fright and the presents had welded the chain by which he was held by the idol, and the mother's authority riveted it fast round her children's spirit. Thus the system is made to grow with children's growth and strong with their strength. Nothing can destroy its power but the grace of God, which makes those who believe new creatures.

Dr. Duff on
Devotees of Juggernaut.

THE Rev. Dr. Duff, who had ample opportunity of understanding the worship of Juggernaut, says many of the pilgrims to Juggernaut from the most distant parts of India, measure the whole distance of their weary pilgrimage with their own bodies on the ground. Some remain all day with their heads on the ground and their feet in the air, some cram their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw. One man may be seen lying with his food tied to his neck, another with a pot of fire on his breast, and a third enveloped in a net of ropes. At the festival of Charak Pujah, so called, because then is endured the torture of hook scourging so well known, many of the devotees throw themselves down from the top of a high wall, or a scaffold twenty feet high, on iron spikes or knives, that are thickly stuck in a large bag of straw. At night numbers of the devotees sit down in the open air, pierce the skin of their foreheads, insert a small rod of iron, to which is suspended a lamp, which is kept burning until the morning dawn. Some have their breasts and arms stuck entirely full of pins, about the thickness of packing needles. Others tie themselves to a wheel, thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably above the ground—when the wheel turns round, their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir—others cover their under lip with a layer of mud, and deposit upon it some small grains, usually of mustard seed, then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews by night and the blazing sun by day. Their vow is, that they will not stir from that position, nor turn, nor move, nor eat, nor drink, till the seeds planted begin to sprout; this generally takes place on the third or fourth day. On the day of the great Charak festival, several blacksmiths are stationed in the court of the temple, with sharp instruments in their hands. When the procession reaches the temple, a class of devotees, bearing in their hands rods, canes, iron spits, or tubes, approach the blacksmiths. One extends his side. It is instantly pierced through, and in passes one of

his rods or canes; another extends his arm, this is perforated, and in passes his iron spit; a third protrudes his tongue, and getting it bored through, he passes in a cord or serpent. These devotees may be seen in the midst of loud discordant sounds, and frantic dances, pulling backward and forward, through their wounded members, the rods and the canes, the spits and the tubes, the cords and the writhing serpents, till their bodies seem streaming with their own blood.

Prayers and Rain

Overcoming Maoris' Wrath.

AFTER peace had been established with the Maoris in New Zealand, some tribes still held out, and a war-party who were unreconciled prepared to slay some unsuspecting flax-scrapers of the hostile Waikato tribe. The two missionaries, Wilson and Fairbairn, two of the staff of the mission station at Puriri, taking a few Christian disciples as guides, started in a stormy night from Puriri, descended the Thames, crossed its Firth, ascended the Piako, walked through mire across the ranges, and before night succeeded in anticipating, by a few minutes, the arrival of the war-party. The flax-scrapers had barely time to glide away on the stream of Mara—marna before Koiuaki, the leader of the Ngati—Maru, with characteristic gesture, dashed into the deserted *whare*. He did not enter in a straight manner, but, tomahawk in hand, leapt obliquely through the doorway, making a defensive ward as he sprang. Finding no prey, he emerged and met Mr Wilson, who confronted his passionate gaze with calmness. The disappointed warriors kept sullen silence for two hours. Sheltered from the rain under the same roof with the missionary party, they neither ate nor spoke. Silence was broken by prayers, commencing with a Maori hymn:—

"E! Ihu homai e koe
He ugakau houi ki au."

"O Jesus! give to me
A heart made new by Thee."

The stern features relented. When the service was ended, the thwarted war-party became courteous. All wended homewards on the morrow, Mr. Fairbairn, from exhaustion and excitement, fainting repeatedly by the way. Koiuaki, struck by the manner in which the Christians had risked their lives for peace' sake, said, "If Waharoa will cease fighting, so will I." He kept his word.

Kah-le-wah-be-ko-kay

Sick and Cured.

STRANGE enough some of the American Indians, when brought under conviction of sin, thought they were sick and took their Indian medicines; but finding these gave them no peace, they would come and talk to the Missionaries. Many of the converts were very helpful, by going to the wigwams and persuading the unconverted to come and hear the Missionaries. One old chief, Kah-le-wah-be-ko-kay (Spear Maker), was very vengeful and threatened to tomahawk anybody that came to his wigwam with the white man's religion. "Already," said he, "some of my family are very sick and crazy." But the Missionaries went to his wigwam armed only with Testament and hymn-book, and talked to his family, whilst the old chief would run growling into the woods. One day he was trapping martens in the woods, with his little daughter aged ten. The child seized an opportunity, whilst her father was busy with the trap, to kneel down on the snow behind a tree and pray for him. The old man was struck with remorse, and went home feeling "sick in his heart." A message came to the Missionaries. "Your friend Spear-maker is sick; he wishes you to call at his wigwam and pray for him." They went and prayed and talked with the old man, who was sobbing and sighing by the fire. Next morning he brought the teachers a large sack full of gods and "medicines," which he asked them to destroy. Henceforward he was a happy and consistent Christian, and remained steadfast when the heathen

party appealed to him to join in the Grand Medicine Worship, which they kept up with drumming, singing, and dancing, for a whole week, near the mission, by way of a counter attraction.

Wonderful Conversion of Yohoi,

A Buddhist Priest.

IN the history of missions many instances are given of those who beginning the study of Christianity with the view of assailing it as a pernicious falsehood, became devout lovers of it. A Buddhist priest in the north of Japan, by name Yohoi, was called to some seclesiastical assembly at his headquarters, Niigata. A discussion sprang up among the priests as to the best methods of attacking the Christian religion. Mr. Yohoi contended that to attack it successfully, they must first study its doctrines. To practice his own advice, he bought a New Testament in Chinese immediately upon leaving the Conference. He even went to see a Missionary, and became convinced, not that Christianity was true, but that it was not an "evil sect." At a subsequent meeting of the same assembly the same question was again discussed. Mr. Yokoi urged them to zealous effort on behalf of their own religion. That was the sure means of defeating the invading rival. He declared that many of the priests were immoral, and that they did not know their own religion. He would advise that a clean sweep be made of all the priests in the country; that then a fresh start should be made; that the people should make choice of those pure and learned enough to be their religious guides; otherwise Buddhism would inevitably proceed on its course of decline. The other priests taunted him with being himself a Christian in secret and the enemy of Buddhism. A few days later he handed in a written statement to the chief priest, informing him that, as his advice had been despised, he would no longer serve under him. Returning to his northern temple, he resigned his charge, with the intention of going to Tokoi.

Natives and Hut, Cambodia, Siam.

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Some of his people laid hands on almost all his goods in the hope of forcibly detaining him. He set out for the capital, travelling 180 miles on foot. In Tokoi he became acquainted with a Scotch Missionary, Mr. Davidson, through an aged doctor, who directed Mr. Yohoi to him as likely to satisfy him. He lived with some other Japanese, in Mr. Davidson's house, not in the hope of becoming a Christian, but secretly with the intention of becoming the better qualified to attack Christianity. It was when he read the Ten Commandments and saw how pure the lives of Christian people were, that he was filled with a dread of the Supreme Being. His vision of his sins was so startling that he despaired of himself, and proposed to cease the study of religion. But one day when reading the Bible he came upon the passage—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He read those words ten times the same evening, and when he retired he had them off by heart. That night the priest could not sleep; he could see nothing but the words of Christ; and that night he ever after looked back upon as his birth-hour as a Christian.

Enmegahbowh,

A Chippewa Christian Hero.

THE American Indians have had many a disaster on account of their being pressed by the scum of the white population, of whom many depended for their means of subsistence on the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians. Then came the Sioux Massacre, which led to general wickedness, and the withdrawal of white missionaries from the troubled districts. At that time the Chippewas sank lower and lower. The church and missionary buildings were burnt, and the flock scattered. Anything was parted with to get liquor, and even women and children were mostly drunk. The fighting was incessant, and numbers of them

were killed. Enmegahbowh (who had been ordained a deacon of the Church by Bishop Whipple) was left as a solitary light in the darkness. From a record kept by this worthy Indian, it is shown that during one summer at the village of Crow Wing, with a population of only a few hundreds, there were seventy-five murders. At the earnest entreaties of the bishop (who raised his salary) the Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh stayed at his post as long as he dared; at length he too fled. "Can you blame me for doing this?" he writes. "I saw that those educated white men had all been compelled to run away, and here was a heathenism, and a grand one, too, standing before me, a poor and worthless man before the Philistine giant with no sling in my hand." He set sail from the shores of Lake Superior with his wife to go to his friends in Canada, and as they watched the fast receding shores, they rejoiced at seeing the last of a land that seemed given over to drunkenness and murder. But a terrible wind arose, and sent them back to port next day. Again they set off when all seemed favourable, but a fearful hurricane arose, and the vessel seemed likely to perish. The captain declared there was something supernatural in the storm; he had never seen the like in twenty years' experience. To go back was their only chance, and that a slender one. Enmegahbowh and his wife were down on their knees on the cabin floor praying. They reached land safely, and leaving his wife and children in the town, Enmegahbowh paid a short visit to his friends in Canada, and then went back to his Indians to "preach the preaching that God gave him."

Hunt's Decision to go to Fiji.

JOHN HUNT was a Wesleyan Methodist and was a student at Hoxton. He had set his heart on going to Africa, but as a preacher was needed for Fiji the lot fell unexpectedly on him. He was originally a plough-boy, and was led to devote himself to the ministry by a sermon of a Methodist minister. He made rapid progress in his studies, and in 1831 was summoned to the Mission House, and asked

whether he would go to Fiji. The question startled him, and he asked time to consider it. Returning to Hoxton, he burst into the room of a fellow-student, and in quick, excited tones, told him of the unexpected proposal. His friend, thinking only of the hardships and peril of such a mission, began to sympathize with him. But he had not read the secret of Hunt's deep emotion.

"Oh, that's not it," exclaimed the impassioned youth, "I'll tell you what it is: that poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent to it."

The truth was, that that strong noble heart of his had been linked in love, for the last six years, to Hannah Summers, and he, whom neither cannibalism nor paganism could affright, felt dismayed at the possibility of being parted from her for ever. At his friend's suggestion he sat down instantly and wrote her a loving and straightforward letter, every line of which made it plain that, if he had doubts about others he had none about her. Still his heart was distressed, and he moved in and out amongst his fellow-students with an anxious and dejected air. But as quickly as posts could travel in those days came back the reply of that noble girl, and Hunt burst once more into his friend's chamber, and with beaming face and cheery voice, exclaimed,

"It's all right. She'll go with me anywhere."

So they went and did a great and glorious work. He died at the age of thirty-six, with his armour on, and entered heaven with the note of triumph on his lips—Hallelujah.

Conferring Chippewa Names.

THE American Indians thought they conferred a great honour on the white people if they conferred on them their peculiar names. This ceremony was performed at a New Year's festival by the Chief of the Chippewa tribe, Shahwunoo by name, in the case of the Rev. G. T. Wilson and his wife. They were first of all presented to the Chief. The Chief, a tall, fine-looking man, with an air of native

dignity, then made a brief address to those present. It is the custom of our chiefs, when conferring names to children, to take them up in their arms; but the Chief, finding it impossible to adopt that mode with the present candidates, took the missionary by the hand, and addressed him as follows:—"The name that I have selected for you is a name that we greatly respect, and hold in fond remembrance; for it was the name of an old and respected chief, so your name hereafter is Puhguhkahbun (Clear Light)!" And then, taking the lady by the hand, the Chief addressed her thus:—

"It is with great pleasure that I give you also a Chippewa name. The name I am to give you was the name of one of our sisters, who has long since passed away from our midst, and it is our wish that her name should be retained among us. And seeing you are the wife of our esteemed missionary, it is the wish of my people that you should be called after our late lamented sister; so your name hereafter is Nahwegeeshgooqua (A Lady of the Sky); and we shall always look upon you as a sister, for you bear a name very dear to us." Then the whole assembly rose and congratulated their new brother and sister.

After this interesting ceremony an excellent dinner was partaken of, when the white guests were waited on by the maidens of the tribe, who were arrayed after the fashion of their white sisters. After dinner, addresses were delivered, the speakers dwelling principally on religion, education, and agriculture. An efficient Indian choir favoured the audience with several select pieces of sacred music, in the interval between the addresses. Tea was then supplied, and the festival was concluded by shaking hands and wishing each other a Happy New Year.

Livingstone and Sebituane,

An African Chief.

LIVINGSTONE had a great desire to see and to gain the favour of Sebituane, who otherwise would be a dangerous neighbour, and set forth, along with his wife and family, to see him. The journey was beset by

terrible difficulties; their guide lost his way, and finally forsook them; they suffered fearfully from thirst, and expected to see their children die before their eyes; the tsetse fly, whose bite is fatal in cattle and horses, attacked them, and forty of their oxen died. Nevertheless the party arrived safely in the Makololo country, and at last Livingstone stood before the great Chief he had so long desired to see. Sebituane was a tall, wiry man, about forty-five years of age, with a frank and open manner unlike other African chiefs. A mighty man of valour was Sebituane; he was a warrior, and always led his men into battle; he was so fleet of foot that no enemy who fled from him could escape; he held his possessions, not by right of birth, but by the strength of his arm. Right loyally Lebituane greeted the traveller, and was greatly touched by the confidence Livingstone reposed in him by bringing his wife and children, and even offering to leave them as hostages of his good faith, while he went back to Kokobeng to bring his household effects, with a view to settlement in Makololo. Sebituane, in his turn, offered to take them to see his country, and help them to select a suitable site, promising also to replace the cattle that had perished in the journeys hitherto from the bite of the tsetse fly. A feeling of brotherhood sprang up at once between those two men, and great possibilities were opening up before the mind's eye of Livingstone, when Sebituane was seized with an alarming attack of inflammation of the lungs—the second serious attack within two years. On a Sunday afternoon the missionary took his little boy Robert with him to see the dying chief.

"Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man. I am done." Seeing the rapid progress the disease had made, Livingstone assented to what he said, but spoke to him of a hope after death.

"Death!" said the doctors, who pretended to be confident in the power of their enchantments, "why do you speak of death? Sebituane cannot die! Speak not of death to him."

Livingstone felt it was of no use to persist; if he continued to speak about death, the impression would go forth that he wished him to die; if he attempted to temporarily arrest the malady, he would probably be accused of causing his death, if he did not effect a cure, and this was beyond hope. After

sitting with him for some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, Livingstone rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, who had been greatly pleased with little Robert Livingstone, called a servant, and said faintly, even while the film of death was overspreading his eyes, "Take Robert to Manuku (one of his wives) and tell her to give him some milk." These simple words of kindness to the missionary's child were the last the great chief ever spoke.

Africaner, a Nurse to Moffat.

NO greater trophy of divine grace was ever seen than Africana, the African chief. After his conversion it could truthfully be said that he wept with those who wept, and was ever ready to aid by his means those who were in trouble. He who was formerly like a fire-brand, spreading discord, enmity and war among the neighbouring tribes, would make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between the contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm and dared them to lift a spear, or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant and entreat them to be reconciled to one another; and, pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?"

Africana was most kind to Moffat, especially in the time of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, and the food Moffat took, brought on him a severe bilious attack, which issued in two days into delirium. Opening his eyes in a few lucid moments he saw his attendant and Africaner sitting before his couch gazing on him with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel containing a few medicines he requested him to hand it to him, that the patient might get some calomel. Africaner then asked Moffat, the big tear standing in his eye, if he died how they were to bury him.

"Just in the same way as you bury your own people," replied the missionary, and added, "You need be under no

apprehension if I am called away, for I shall leave behind me a written testimony of your kindness to me."

This gave him comfort, but his joy was full when he saw his Christian teacher speedily restored at his post, from which he had been absent only a few days.

Dähne's Non-resistance Triumphant.

DÄHNE, a Moravian missionary, was a pioneer in South America, and went to found a station on the Corentyn, on a government grant of land. Some of the Sharon Indians accompanied him and helped him to build the hut, but subsequently they all left him except one. Ultimately he too was scared away by Indian medicine-men, who came to see him when he was ill, and told him that so long as he lived with a white man he would never recover, and that his white friend was under the power of the devil, and would soon be grievously sick himself. As soon as the poor frightened Indian felt strong enough to travel, he slipped away from his teacher, and went back to his people. Dähne was now alone in his forest home, but spent his time in happiness and peace. Meanwhile the Caribbee Indians of this district were very suspicious of his motives, and formed a design of putting him to death. The soldiers at the nearest fort heard of the plot, and advised him to come and live nearer to them. He was grateful for their kind offer, but resolved to remain at his post, hoping that whatever happened might be overruled for the good of the cause he had at heart. He was seated one day at his solitary meal, when about fifty Caribbees landed from their canoes and surrounded the hut. Swords and tomahawks gleamed in their hands. He went out and cordially bade them welcome, and the following conversation ensued—

They asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land?

To this he replied, "The Governor."

They next inquired what design he had in coming thither.

To which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the ocean, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you."

The Chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?"

"Yes," answered Dähne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians."

To this the Chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so, they say you are another sort of Christian to the white people in general."

The missionary then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you come to kill me?"

"We have done wrong," answered the Chief.

Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The Chief, however, remained behind, and behaved in a very friendly manner. As Dähne was then in want of provisions, he gave him a supply of cassava and other articles, and on taking leave promised that he would come often and see him. Thus our missionary, by his magnanimous, temperate conduct, warded off the blow that threatened his life, and even converted his enemies into friends.

Darwin and the Fuegians.

DARWIN visited Tierra del Fuego somewhere about the year 1831. He there found man existed in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world. His conviction was, that it was "utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians, probably the very lowest of the human race." Houses they had none. Their wigwams were constructed of a few broken branches fixed sloping in the ground, with a thin thatch of rushes—the work of an hour. Wandering from place to place in search of food, they use their wigwams for only a few days

at a time. Often the natives sleep with scarcely a covering from the stern climate, lying on the wet ground coiled together like snakes. Large numbers lie in canoes. They construct a rude hearthstone by means of sod and gravel, where they cook their food. Here they sleep, hunt for fish with a spear for a hook, eat and rear families. In a certain harbour, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby. With faces hideous with paint, skins filthy, hair entangled, and habits degraded, they seemed scarcely human. They were without even the rudest form of government, even the tribes having no chief. In time of war they were cannibals. When long without food, especially in winter snows and storms, rather than destroy their dogs, they ate the aged women, killing them by holding them over smoke and choking them. The reason was naïvely expressed by a native lad in broken sentences. "Doggies catch otters; woman no."

Missionaries found their way to this degraded class of human beings, chief of whom was Captain Gardner and Thomas Bridges, and a great change was wrought upon them by the power of the Gospel. The savages were tamed and the work has for sixty years been widening and deepening. Ooshooia is now a Christian village, with cottage wigwams, a church, a school, and an orphanage. The children sew and read, write on slates and copy-books, and recite from black boards, learning all their lessons with wonderful rapidity. Several of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles have been translated into the Tabgan tongue, and a vocabulary of thirty thousand words collected. When the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, heard of the transformation of that desperate country from savagery to opening civilisation, he wrote: "The success of the Tierra del Fuego mission is most wonderful, and shames me, as I always prophesied utter failure." He did honour to himself, not only in making this frank avowal, but in sending a yearly subscription to the mission. The success of the Fuegian Mission may stand as an unimpeachable evidence of the power of the Cross to conquer and elevate the lowest forms of humanity.

Jacob Lewis'

Conversion, Fall, Restoration.

IT was never an easy thing for a Jew to accept Christianity. He could not follow Christ without taking up his cross, and sometimes it was a heavy one, as Jacob Levi, a dweller in Constantinople, found. When the Rev. Mr. Hartley and Mr. Lewes, both of the London Jews Society, were resident in Constantinople, several Jews came to them professing their belief that Jesus was the Christ, and seeking baptism. For sometime they attended Mr. Hartley's instruction, and all went well with them, until the matter came to the knowledge of the Rabbis, when a bitter persecution was commenced. Jacob Levi was the first upon whom the wrath of his countrymen fell. He was seized, thrown into prison, and bastinadoed. During his trial he displayed, to use the words of Mr. Hartley, "the true spirit of a Christian martyr." When he was being conveyed to the Casa Ingra, a prison of the Jews, wherein their mad people also are confined, and a place of which the converts had always expressed the greatest apprehension, a Rabbi, concerned in the transaction, exhorted him to declare himself "a good Jew," and he would suffer nothing.

"No," he replied "I am a Christian; the Messiah is come. If I were to be confined a thousand years in prison, still I would declare that Jesus is the Messiah." Neither the bastinado itself, nor the bartarous threat that he should *eat* it three times a day, could move him in his steadfastness.

At the expiration of five months Jacob Levi was released from his first imprisonment, but it was not for long that he was to enjoy his freedom. The spirit of persecution waxed stronger, and it was determined to persevere in silencing this "babbler." Sixteen times he was cast into prison, thrice at the Bagni, or Turkish prison of the arsenal, and thirteen times for longer or shorter periods at the Casa Ingra. The longest and cruellest of these imprisonments was one of nine or ten months in the latter prison, when he was often chained by the neck to the wall, and two or three times a week

beaten with great brutality. When these coarse means of inducing him to recant failed, the Rabbis came and reasoned with him out of the Old Testament Scriptures. But Jacob Levi held the key to the interpretations of those writings, and would answer them so adroitly from the New Testament, that they found it a wiser policy to mock than to argue with him.

At length there came a winter, long remembered for its remarkable severity, and Jacob Levi lay in the prison without fire or sufficient clothing, and with only food enough to keep body and soul together. It was in vain that he pleaded with the jailors to mitigate his sufferings and save him from death. Their only answer was, that "death was well deserved by such a rebel against his religion." Then came the darkest hour in his life—his faith failed, and his enemies triumphed over him. "If they had put me to death at once," he afterwards said to Mr. Lewes, "I could have borne it; but I was overcome by my sufferings from the intense cold, and could not bear to perish thus by inches. So I at last determined to dissemble, and called the Rabbis and told them that I repented of my errors and wished to become a good Jew again, and thus I obtained my deliverance."

But deliverance was bought at a high price. All the peace and joy of life had gone, and Jacob Levi suffered in mind more than he had suffered in body. Like St Peter when he denied his Lord, he "wept bitterly," but like him also he afterwards became bolder than ever in his Christian profession, while humbling himself before God on account of the failure that had marred his testimony.

Dr. Morrison

Saves an Innocent Chinaman.

A TOUCHING incident occurred in 1828, which justly caused it to be said of Dr. Morrison that he was destined on this occasion to experience a very gratifying reward for his pains in acquiring the Chinese

language. A French ship which had been battered about greatly off the coasts of Cochin China, and had become in consequence quite disabled, one day put into Touron Bay. Thus her disheartened owners were only too glad to sell the hulk for what it would bring. Having done so, and with a collection of rather costly goods which formed part of the unfortunate vessel's cargo, they took passage with an evil-smelling, motley crowd of Chinese, in a large passenger junk bound for the old Portuguese town of Macao. The unfortunate French captain, blind to the serious risks he ran, was satisfied with the formal watch which was usual on such occasions. But there was on board one loyal old Chinaman, who tried by various signs to draw his attention to the menacing looks and eager whisperings which were ever going on among the rough-looking lot that lay closely huddled on the by no means too spacious deck. Just as the ship drew in towards the landmark indicating the opening of the peculiar sinuous passage that leads to the harbour of Macao —which lies amongst an intricate system of creeks and islands, to this present day infested with daring and troublesome bands of pirates—the more respectable of the Chinese on board made for the landing boats with suspicious alacrity. No thought of treachery seemed yet to dawn upon the Frenchmen, and as night drew on they all went off quietly to sleep, thinking doubtless that the risk of robbers was now over. But when the cold pale light of morning dawned upon the noiseless deck of that junk, it was all red with the blood of the poor Frenchmen. In the quiet of the early morning the Chinese crew had arisen stealthily, and with knife and hatchet made short work of the slumbering foreigners. The captain fought gallantly for his life, and had laid several Chinamen dead at his feet before he himself fell, the last to succumb. Only one man escaped to tell the frightful tale, which, of course, created the utmost horror and consternation in the small foreign community. This poor seaman's escape was little short of a miracle. Armed with a stout crowbar of some kind, he, though badly cut about the head and bleeding freely, kept his cowardly pig-tailed assailants at bay for a while. At last, seeing that further resistance was altogether useless, he leaped into the sea. His enemies no doubt supposed that he would inevitably be drowned; but,

being an expert swimmer, he succeeded in getting into a friendly boat, and was landed at Macao, sick, exhausted, and badly wounded. There kindly help and skill were rendered by the Jesuits, and on communicating with the Mandarins, who all hate pirates and piracy, they were soon at work hunting the sea-robbers. The evidence against them was certainly clear enough, for the more respectable Chinamen on board, hitherto afraid of revenge if they informed, came forward and gave testimony. Now the Emperor himself had commanded that trial and punishment were to be conducted before the Europeans living there, as proof of good faith, and Dr. Morrison had to be present in his official capacity as interpreter. While standing in court he heard repeated cries and pitiful protestations of innocence from one trembling inmate of an iron cage—an old man. The missionary bent his ear to him, and understanding, as few foreigners then did, the meaning of this old man's patois, he heard him call for the Frenchman, whose life he had really tried to save. The missionary promptly went up to the stern-eyed Mandarins on the bench and told them the old man's story, recalling with great tact the noble truth imbedded from older times in Chinese law, that it is better to let even the guilty escape than to punish the innocent. The judges agreed that the old man should be confronted with the sailor. This was at once done, and a scene followed as pathetic and beautiful as any that romancers have imagined. The two men embraced, shedding tears the while, and the whole audience was melted with sympathy. The judges, officials of high culture in China, were glad to set the old man free. Only one person in that tragic assembly, we may be sure, could be happier than he, and that one was Robert Morrison. The rest of the prisoners were at once, and in the presence of the court, beheaded, except the leader of the pirate gang. He was slowly and elaborately tortured to death in the Chinese manner, before the horror-sick Europeans who had to bear witness of the execution.

Tannese Thieves

Frightened by a Man-of-War.

THE Rev. John G. Paton was greatly troubled when he began his mission in the New Hebrides by the natives stealing everything they could lay their hands on. His sheets, blankets, even kettle was taken away, and he had not left what was necessary to prepare his food. He appealed to the chief but got little or no satisfaction. Relief, however, came in a rather unexpected way. One morning the Tannese rolled into the Sultan's presence in great excitement and cried,

"Missi Missi, there is a god or a ship on fire, or something of fear coming over the sea! We see no flames, but it smokes like a volcano. Is it a Spirit a God or a ship on fire? What is it? What is it?"

One party followed another in quick succession, shouting the same questions in great alarm, to which the missionary replied,

"I cannot go at once; I must dress first in my best clothes; it will likely be one of Queen Victoria's men-of-war, coming to ask of me if your conduct is good, or if you are stealing my property or threatening my life, or how you are using me?"

They pled with him to go and see it, but he made a fuss about dressing and getting ready to meet the great Chief on the vessel, and would not go with them. The two principal Chiefs now came running and asked—

"Missi, will it be a ship of war?"

"I think it will" he answered, "but I have no time to speak to you now, I must get on my best clothes!"

"Missi," they said, "only tell us will he ask you if we have been stealing your things?"

"I expect he will" was the reply.

"And will you tell him?" he asked eagerly.

"I must tell him the truth" said Mr. Paton, "if he asks I will tell him."

They then cried out, "Oh Missi, tell him not! Everything shall be brought back to you at once, and no one will be allowed again to steal from you."

"Be quick?" he answered, "Everything must be returned before he comes. Away away! and let me get ready to meet the great Chief on the Man-of-war."

Before this no thief could ever be found, and no chief had power to cause anything to be restored, but now in an incredibly brief space of time one came running to the Mission House with a pot, another with a pan, another with a blanket, others with knives, forks, plates, and all sorts of stolen property. The Chiefs called upon the missionary to receive these things, but he replied—

"Lay them all down at the door, bring everything together quickly; I have no time to speak with you!"

He delayed his toilet—enjoying mischievously the magical effect of an approaching vessel that might bring penalty to thieves. At last the Chiefs, running in breathless haste, called out—

"Missi, missi, do tell us is the stolen property all here?"

"I don't see the lid of my kettle," he replied.

One Chief said, "No, missi, for it is on the other side of the island, but tell him not, for I have sent for it and it will be here to-morrow."

"I am glad you have brought back so much," Mr. Paton said, "and now, if you three chiefs, Nanka, Miaki, and Nowar, do not run away when he comes, he will not likely punish you; but if you and your people run away he will ask me why you are afraid, and I will be forced to tell him. Keep near me and you are all safe; only there must be no more stealing from me.

"We are in black fear," they exclaimed, "but we will keep near you and our bad conduct to you is done."

And keep near him they did, and were introduced to Captain Vernon, whose visit and influence was of considerable use to the cause of missions.

First Christian Burial

In Aneiteum.

CUSTOM has a great power over the heathen mind, and there is no way by which it is seen that Christianity is taking a deeper hold of the mind of the community than when an immemorial custom, such as that of disposing of the dead, is set aside. This custom commenced to be abandoned under the teaching of Mr. Geddie in the island of Aneiteum. A woman whose husband was a Christian, and who had herself joined the Christian party a few weeks before, had fallen from a cocoa-nut tree, and died of the injuries which she had received. Her husband had her body conveyed to the mission premises, and intimated his wish to have it buried instead of thrown into the sea. Mr. Geddie had selected a suitable spot, and set some lads to work to dig a grave, and was superintending their operations, when a messenger arrived, requesting him to hasten home, as the woman's relatives, who were all heathen, had come, greatly excited, demanding her body to throw into the sea. Mr. Geddie found his yard filled with men armed with spears and clubs, and talking in a very angry manner. They charged the death of the woman upon Christianity, and demanded that the body should be given up to them. The Christians were disposed to make a stand and contest the point. Waihit addressed the heathen in a kind but determined strain, telling them that they were not content with ruining the soul, but they wished to destroy the body also. In the meanwhile, Mr. Geddie got some cloth, and set the women who were present to do up the body in it, and place it on a mat in the yard in the presence of all. After a while Mr. Geddie interposed with a conciliatory speech, telling the heathen that it was a matter of no consequence to the woman what was done with her body, as the soul was gone, and only the body remained; and though he hated the custom of throwing the dead into the sea, as a heathenish practice, they might do as they pleased. The body was there before them, and if they chose to throw the body into the sea, no one would oppose

Arab Women and Children.

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them; but if, on the contrary, they would give it up to him and the Christians, they would carry it to the grave, which was already prepared. The heathen now quarrelled among themselves, part of them being inclined to give up the body, and part being violently opposed. One man named Maurita behaved in a most savage manner, flourishing his club, uttering the most threatening and abusive language against the Christians, and demanding that the body should be thrown into the sea. The missionary never saw such a specimen of savage fury as the man exhibited. His brother, Waihit, who was a Christian, endeavoured in vain to quieten him, but at length he succeeded in getting him outside the premises, when he became quiet. Mr. Geddie now requested the heathen party to consult quietly as to what they would do. They could not agree among themselves as to what part of the sea the body should be taken to—whose canoe should be employed in conveying it out to sea—or who should go and seek a canoe. By this time night was drawing on, and the heathen were getting tired and wished to go home, and so one of them jumped up and proposed that they should all go and leave the Christians to do with the body what they pleased; and upon this they all retired outside the fence. Mr. Geddie, fearing after-troubles to the Christians, addressed the heathen, telling them it was with them to say what should be done with the body.

Several replied, "Bury."

He then asked, "Is this the wish of all?"

There was no opposition; even Maurita was silent. So the body was borne to the grave, the heathens themselves accompanying it, along with the Christians. A short service was conducted, the body was laid in the grave, and thus the first Christian burial took place in Aneiteum.

A Heathen Samaritan

In Erromanga.

CHRISTIAN native teachers were placed in the island of Erromango a few months after the murder of Williams and Harris. Two of these were named Lasalo and Tarielo, who soon found themselves in a state of

destitution. In addition to this they were taken ill and must have perished had not God provided for them in a manner as remarkable as that in which he maintained the prophet of old by the brook Cherith. There was one man, a native of Erromanga, whose name was Vorevore, who was moved with pity for the friendless, destitute strangers. Day after day, and week after week, this man brought them regular supplies of food; and by his instrumentality their lives were sustained. Vorevore used to steal quietly down to the hut in which the teachers lived, lift up the thatch, and hand them in their daily supply. It was necessary that he should go about his work of mercy unobserved, as he was acting against the orders of the chiefs. It would appear as if they had intended to leave the teachers to perish for want; and great must have been their wonder as to how their lives were sustained. If this was their design, it was mercifully defeated. Vorevore's food held out as long as it was needed. For five months he ceased not to make his daily visits. What were the motives under which he acted, it is difficult to conjecture. Whatever view we take of the matter, it is certainly very remarkable that a poor untutored savage should have so acted. That he should have pitied the teachers at all, was remarkable for an Erromangan; but that he should have *so* pitied them, as at the risk of his own life to provide for them for so long a time, seems inexplicable on any other supposition, than that he was acting under an influence not of man. He who feeds the fowls of the air, and clothes the grass of the field, had His gracious eye upon those who were His witnesses in that land of darkness, and He touched with pity the heart of the savage, and inspired him with the needful courage and resolution.

Searching and Finding

In Foo Chow.

AN old man came to the Rev. Mr. Wolfe at his mission in Foo Chow, and wanted to be baptized. When he made application and was received, he told the story of his life, which touched all those who heard it. When he

reached the age of twenty-five, he came to the conclusion that idolatry was vain and could do him no good. He was ill at ease, and searched for relief to his mind with an earnest purpose. In despair, one morning, as he was walking behind his house, in a field, he saw a glorious ball of fire jump up out of the East, and he fell down and worshipped the rising sun, saying:—

"O Sun, take the load from my heart."

Again, in the evening, as the sun was going down behind the hills, he said,

"O Sun, before you go, leave a blessing behind thee, and take the burden from my heart."

For two years he worshipped the sun, but he was as much in a state of unrest as ever. He then appealed to the moon, and for twelve months persevered in crying—

"O, moon, save me."

He next turned to the glittering stars, but they brought no comfort. In the state bordering on despair, he threw himself on the ground, and said,

"If there be a Ruler above the stars reveal thyself to me."

But no voice came from the Ruler, and he went on his weary course in the world, till he became an old blind man, bearing a heavy burden in his heart, which weighed him down. One day he heard a commotion in the streets, and asked what it was all about. They told him it was a strange man preaching. He went immediately to hear the foreigner preach. The missionary was describing the Great God above, who created the heavens and the earth, and he went on to tell his hearers of His love to man, and how He had sent His Son into the world to save them, and pardon all their sins. The old man listened with the most intense eagerness, and was deeply affected. At last he could not hold his tongue, and jumping to his feet, exclaimed—

"That is just what I want!"

The people said, "He is mad. Put him out."

"I am not mad," he cried out, "but I know what I want, and have been praying for all my life."

When he came to Mr Wolfe to be baptised, he said—

"I have found what I wanted. Now to-night I am standing by this fount, about to be received into the church of Jesus Christ, and I can say with Simeon, Lord now let thy

servant die in peace, for I have found my Saviour, and the burden is taken away from my heart."

A Chinese Rag-picker,

A Secret Disciple.

THERE are many Chinese disciples, poor, unknown, and with little courage, and yet known to God. One of these was discovered by Chang-yu-ch-wen, the keeper of one of the public buildings of Tien-tsin, who had been for many years a Christian, and a member of Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie's Sunday-school class. He observed for some days in succession a man engaged in picking up stray bits of rags and paper in the neighbourhood of the hall, and entered into conversation with him. He found the rag-picker at first somewhat reserved in his manners, and in answer to the common Chinese question—

"How much money do you make daily by this work?" he replied indefinitely,

"Oh, enough to live upon."

But Chang felt his interest in the man aroused, and continuing the conversation by and bye discovered that the stranger, who also bore the common Chinese name, was about forty years of age, and had land in the country belonging to him. He was asked,

"Why are you away from home?"

"Oh," he answered, "I left home because they persecuted me and would give me no rest."

"How is that?" he was asked.

"I was going to the meetings of a religious sect," he explained, "and they tried to stop me, then; because I would not stop going, they were constantly swearing at, and tormenting me in every way. At last they would give me no food to eat. I am not a member of the church of which I speak, I am only a believer in its doctrines. Finally I felt I could bear it no longer, so I decided to leave home just as I

was, without any money, so that I could escape from their persecution."

"Can you read?" asked Chang.

"No, not a character."

"Have you learned the catechism?"

"No," the rag-picker replied, "but I know that I am a sinner, and have heard that the Lord can save me, and I believe."

"Why!" exclaimed Yu-ch-wen, "I am a believer, too; I am a Christian. You should come with me to our church on Sundays," and so the stranger was brought to the Sunday class and became an attentive listener to Dr. Mackenzie's words. In future conversations it was discovered that the man had a friend in Tien-tsin, a neighbour from his own country-side, and this friend had offered him a situation, with his food and a yearly wage. But the wanderer would not take it; he said he had some occupation, but his real reason for refusing the offer was, that he feared he would not be able to attend the church if he accepted it, and he was afraid to confess that he was a Christian. He refused another offer, except he was allowed four days in the month to attend to a private matter. When asked if he was not surprised that he should be left so poor while others had all they needed, he replied,

"Ah, this life is not for ever."

This was a secret disciple of Jesus who was not of strong courage, but he had readily given up his all for freedom to worship the Lord in whom he believed.

Livingstone
And the Chief Sechele.

LIVINGSTONE when in Africa at one time attached himself to the tribe of Bakwains. The Chief's name was Sechele, and he was a remarkable man, as were his father and grandfather before him. The first time Livingstone held a public religious service Sechele listened

to him with much attention. On receiving permission to ask questions regarding what he had heard, he inquired if Livingstone's forefathers knew of a future judgment. On receiving an affirmative answer and a description of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, before whose face the heaven and the earth shall flee away, he said—

"You startle me, those words make my bones shake; I have no more strength left in me. But my forefathers were living when yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner. They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going."

So eager was Sechele to learn to read that he acquired the knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence at Chonnane. After he was able to read, nothing gave him greater pleasure than getting Livingstone to listen to his reading the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book, and he would frequently say—

"He is a fine man, Isaiah; he knew how to speak."

Sympathising with the difficulties encountered in converting his people, he offered to convert them in a body; and could hardly be made to understand Livingstone's objection to making Christians in a wholesale manner through the agency of whips made of rhinoceros hide. Thinking of the difficulties in the way of being baptised and making an open profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, more especially as regarded the number of his wives; the putting away of all whom, save one, would get him into trouble with their relatives, he would frequently say—

"Oh, I wish you had come into this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs."

At his own request Livingstone held family worship in his hut, in the hope that it might induce his people to become attached to Christianity. But as the country was at that time suffering from a long-continued drought, which was attributed to the Chief taking up the new religion, few attended save the members of his own family. Speaking of the influence of the example of a chief in all other things, he said bitterly—

"I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me."

When he applied for baptism the missionary asked him, since he knew his Bible, and his duty as laid down therein, how he was to act? He went home and sent all his superfluous wives to their parents, with all their goods and chattels they had been in the habit of using, intimating that he had no fault with them, but that he only followed the will of God. Crowds attended to witness the baptism of Sechele and his family, many of them shedding tears over what they termed the weakness of their Chief in forsaking the ways of his forefathers. Livingstone's influence with him was always great, and raised the tone of morality among the people.

A Last Case of Strangling

In Aneiteum.

AMONG the many revolting practices which prevailed in the New Hebrides, none was more universal than the strangling of widows and mothers. They clung to this practice with a most determined pertinacity, and the fact that the strangler was the woman's own son, if she had a son old enough; if not, her brother, if she had a brother; and if she had neither son nor brother her next of kin, was not the least revolting thing connected with the practice. In some cases it was done by a daughter. The missionaries set themselves most resolutely against this cruel and degrading custom, and none so more successfully than the Rev. John Geddie. He lived to see the last case of strangling that occurred. It was of a peculiarly revolting character, a meet winding up to so inhuman and horrible a practice. It took place in March, 1857, at an obscure inland village, a great distance from the mission stations. Between three and four years had passed since a case occurred, and the missionaries and the Christian party were resting in the conviction that there would be no more strangling in Aneiteum. It was on the occasion of the death of a child; the father and uncle of the child strangled their *own mother!* The whole Christian

party were startled and filled with indignation when the strange news reached them. The Chiefs determined at once to punish the guilty parties. They assembled accordingly from all parts of the island, at the place where the deed was committed, and after tying the criminals hand and foot, spoke to them of the awful wickedness of the deed they had committed. They were heathens, and pleaded the darkness of their hearts, and their ignorance of right and wrong. As a punishment their long hair was cut off, their houses destroyed, and a fine imposed. Mr. Geddie had previously taken a promise, that no injury should be done to their persons. They seemed thankful to escape with so lenient a punishment. The heathen of the place, though greatly terrified at such an august meeting in their land of the chiefs of the island, were much and favourably impressed by their visit, and have declared their determination to give up heathenism and embrace Christianity, and have requested that a teacher may be sent to them without delay. The chiefs and people are decidedly of opinion that strangulation will never more be practised in Aneiteum.

How Martyn Became a Missionary.

HENRY MARTYN was the son of a Cornish miner and became a senior wrangler of Cambridge by the energy of his mind and determination to become an educated man. Up to a certain period of his life he determined to enter the law as a profession, preferring it to the ministry, chiefly because, as he confessed he would not consent to be poor for Christ's sake. When twenty years of age a higher and holier ambition seized him, and he resolved not only to be a minister of the Gospel but to devote his life to the work of God amongst the heathen. This choice was mainly determined by two things, first by an observation of the Rev. Charles Simeon, to whose ministry at Cambridge he had attached himself. This observation had reference to the

wonderful benefits which had resulted from the labours of a *single* missionary (Dr. Carey) in India, and the young graduate could not divest his mind of the impression which it made. It haunted him day and night. Soon after this he was led to read an account of David Brainerd, who had devoted a short but noble life to the evangelization of the Red Indians; and this memoir not only confirmed his growing resolve to dedicate himself to missionary work, but often guided and cheered him afterwards, amidst his arduous labours in the East. Most truly may it be said that he became what Brainerd often wished to be,—"a flame of fire in the service of his God."

The Scriptures in China

In the 9th Century.

IT is believed that the Scriptures were translated in the reign of Tai-tsung about the beginning of the seventh century, and it is certain they were known by the Emperor in the ninth century. At that time an Arab, called John Wahab, visited Chang-gan, the capital of China, and had an interview with the Emperor who showed him a series of portraits with descriptions underneath. As the Arab looked on the portraits he recognised they were those of the prophets, and began to mutter prayers which caused a movement of his lips. The Emperor seeing this asked why he did so—

"I was praying for the prophets" said the Arab.

"How do you recognise them?" the Emperor asked.

"By means of their distinctive characteristics" was the reply. "Thus there is Noah in the Ark, who was saved with his family when the most high God sent down the waters and the whole earth, with inhabitants, was submerged, only Noah and his company escaped from the deluge."

"You have guessed right as to Noah" said the Emperor with a laugh, "as to the submersion of the whole earth we do

not admit the fact. The deluge could only have embraced a portion of the earth, it neither reached our country nor India."

John Wahab feared to refute the Emperor, and continued, "There is Moses and his rod, with the children of Israel."

"That is true" said the Emperor, "but Moses appeared on a narrow stage and his people showed themselves ill-disposed towards him."

"There is Jesus on an ass," the Arab went on to say, "surrounded by His Apostles."

"He appeared but a short time on the scene," responded the Emperor, "His mission scarcely lasted more than thirty months."

The Arab went on to pass in review the different prophets, which were all known by his celestial majesty, who exhibited a knowledge which could only be derived from the Sacred Scriptures. From this incident it is most evident the Bible, in part at least, was early known by the Chinese, and accounts for many facts which occurred in the intercourse of Christians with this strange people.

Paton Defying Tannese Sorcery.

DURING a war between hostile tribes the Rev. John G. Paton held a service in the village island, where morning after morning the tribes assembled. He declared that if they would believe in and follow the Jehovah God He would deliver them from all their enemies and lead them into a happy life. There were present three Sacred Men, chiefs of whom the whole population lived in terror—brothers or cousins, heroes of traditional facts, professors of sorcery, and claiming the power of life and death, health and sickness, rain and drought, according to their will. On hearing Mr. Paton these three stood up and declared they did not believe in Jehovah, nor did they need his help, for they had the power to kill his life by Nahak sorcery if only they could get possession of any piece of the fruit or food that he had eaten. This was an essential condition of their black

art; hence the peel of a banana, or an orange, and every broken scrap of food, is gathered up by the natives lest it should fall into the hands of the Sacred Men and be used for Nahak. Being thus challenged Mr. Paton asked God's help and determined to strike a blow against this evil power. A woman was standing near with a bunch of native fruit in her hand like our plumbs. He asked her to be pleased to give him some and she holding out her hand said—

"Take freely what you will."

Calling the attention of the assembly to what he was doing he took three fruits from the bunch and taking a bite out of each, he gave them one after another to the three Sacred Men and deliberately said in the hearing of all—

"You have seen me eat of this fruit. You have seen me give the remainder to your Sacred Men; they have said they can kill me by Nahak, but I challange them to do it if they can, without arrow or spear, club or musket, for I deny that they have any power against me or any one by their sorcery."

The challenge was accepted, the natives looked terror-struck at the position in which he was placed. The ceremony of Nahak was usually performed in secret—the Tannese fleeing in dread, but Mr. Paton lingered and watched their ritual. As the three chiefs arose and drew near to the Sacred Trees to begin their ceremonial the natives fled in terror crying—

"Missi, away! Alas, Missi!"

Amidst the wavings and incantations they rolled up the pieces of the fruit from which he had eaten in certain leaves of the Sacred Tree into a shape like a waxen candle; then they kindled a sacred fire near the root and continued their mutterings gradually burning a little more of the candle-shaped things wheeling them round their heads, blowing upon them with their breaths, waving them in the air and glancing wildly at the missionary as if expecting his sudden destruction. He urged them again and again, crying,

"Be quick! Stir up your gods to help you. I am not killed yet, I am perfectly well."

At last they stood up and said—

"We must delay till we have called all our Sacred Men. We will kill Missi before his next Sabbath comes round. Let all watch, for he will soon die: and that without fail."

"Very good," was the reply, "I challenge all your priests to unite and kill me by sorcery or Nahak. If on next Sabbath I come to your village in health you will all admit that your gods have no power over me, and that I am protected by the true and living Jehovah."

For every day throughout the remainder of the week the conchs were sounded and over that side of the island all their Sacred Men were at work trying to kill him with their arts. They failed, for next Sabbath dawned upon the preacher in his usual health and strength and the so-called Sacred Men baffled. They accounted for this because that Mr. Paton himself was a Sacred Man, and that his God being the stronger had protected him from their gods. Addressing the crowd the Christian Missionary declared,

"Yes, truly; my Jehovah God is stronger than your gods. He protected me and helped me, for He is the only living and true God, that can hear and answer prayer from the children of men. Your gods cannot hear prayers, but my God can and will hear and answer you, if you give your heart and life to Him, and love and serve Him only."

Two of the Sacred Men became fast friends of the missionary, and the whole incident did much to shake the faith of the people in the power of Nahak.

South Sea Islander

On Speaking Chips.

WHEN Mr. Williams was in Rarotonga a circumstance occurred which gave a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. He had come to work one morning without his square, and he took a chip and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send him that article. He called a chief who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him—

"Friend, take this; go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

The Chief was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought he had lost an eye. Giving Mr. Williams an inexpressible look with the remaining eye, he said—

"Take that!—she will call me a fool and scold me if I carry her a chip."

"No," the missionary replied, "she will not; take it and go immediately, I am in haste."

Perceiving him to be in earnest he took it, and asked—

"What must I say?"

Mr. Williams replied, "You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said, "How can this speak? Has it a mouth?"

He was desired to take it at once, and he obeyed. On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest; whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said—

"Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house, and, catching the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand, and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms could reach, and shouting as he ran—

"See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk?"

Titus Coan:

Pentecost at Hilo.

TITUS COAN began his ministry about sixty years ago on the shore belt of Hawaii. He preached with great simplicity, made no effort to excite, but rather to allay excitement. He depended on the Word, borne home by the Spirit, and the Spirit wrought mightily. Some would cry out—"The two edged sword is cutting me to pieces." The wicked scoffer who came to make sport dropped like a log and said, "God has struck me." Once while preaching in the open field to two thousand people a man cried out,

"What shall I do to be saved?"

And prayed the publican's prayer; and the entire congregation took up the cry for mercy. For half an hour Mr. Coan could get no chance to speak, but had to stand still and see the Salvation of God. The high priest of Pele and custodian of her crater shrine, who by his glance could doom a native to strangulation, on whose shadow no Hawaiian dared tread, who ruthlessly struck men dead for their food and garments' sake, and robbed and outraged human beings for a pastime, this gigantic criminal came into the meetings as did also his sister, the priestess, and even such as they were made to experience the power of the word of God. With bitter tears and penitent confession, the crimes of this ministry of idolatry were unearthed. He acknowledged that what he had worshipped was no god at all, and publicly renounced his idolatry and bowed before Jesus. These two had spent about seventy years in sin, but till death maintained their Christian confession.

Villages Turned Christian

In Tinnevelly.

THE Rev. Mr. Rhenius went from Madras in 1820, to superintend mission operations in the Tinnevelly district. The people in this district were less under the spell of Hindooism than elsewhere, and with little difficulty renounced their idols, and many of their vicious courses, and placed themselves under Christian instruction, yet in the history of this mission, whole villages became Christian. An idea of the extent of this mission may be gathered from the fact that at this period the mission-field had six districts, each containing fifty to sixty villages, and each district having a missionary, with forty to seventy catechists and teachers under his superintendence. About the period of the Bishop of Madras' visit there was a singular event in one of the villages. A number of families applied to a catechist for instruction, which, when the Brahmin heard, he convened the villagers, and told them that he did not wish parties and divisions in his village, and that they should either remain as a body under the old religion, or as a body join the new religion. He further declared that if they embraced the new religion he would offer no opposition, and that they might turn the temple into a prayer-house.

The result was the devil-temple became a prayer-house to the living God. Nor was this a mere spasmodic zeal, for multitudes joyfully endured persecution for their faith. They further proved their Christianity by forming religious and benevolent societies, that they might support the widows of catechists, relieve the sick and infirm amongst themselves, and maintain Christian readers to carry the Gospel throughout the district. They also instituted a church-building fund, and upon this principle, that each should give the best days' income throughout the year to that fund with as much more as he should feel able or disposed to contribute. There was one beautiful martyr-trait in the history of a Syrian convert who had been won from the deepest degradation, and on being stabbed to the heart by a Syrian, as he boldly and affection-

ately preached the Gospel, fell to the ground with this prayer carrying his latest words, "Lord lay not this sin to his charge." In 1845 the Bishop of Madras reports, "as belonging to this district, more than 18,000 souls who had renounced idolatry and placed themselves under Christian instruction, since the date of his former visit in January, 1841." "Thus," says he, in four and a half years the Christian community in Tinnevelly has doubled itself"—the increase during that period being equal to the total increase of the fifty-four preceding years.

Xavier—China—And Death.

IN the year 1553, the saintly and lofty Francis Xavier, reached he island of Sancian on his way to China, He had passed through gigantic toils in India and Japan, but a hungry dissatisfaction rose within him until he had declared the name of Jesus to the millions of China. Many difficulties arose before him, but he perseveringly strove to overcome them, and he seemed to be on the eve of attaining his desire. From the little islet he strained his eyes and gazed on the rocky head of the land he yearned to penetrate, and waited impatiently for a junk to carry him over the intervening waters. He meant to land under cover of the darkness of night. He anticipated being seized and cast into prison; but so also were Paul and Silas at Philippi, and a great revival arose out of that persecution. God could still make the wrath of man to praise Him; and if nothing else could be done, some seed could be sown in the hearts of Chinese prisoners, which would produce a bounteous harvest when he was laid low. But the All-wise Ruler, who had inspired the idea, and would reward the devotion, yet did not permit the realisation of the purpose. While he waited for the vessel to take him over the waters, he was smitten down with a raging fever. He lay upon the beach, with the bleak winds of a bitter winter driving around him. In his delirium his soul seemed to be filled with apostolic fervour, and he cried out "*Amphius amphius*," wider, further. As the fever

Red Indian Babies.

abated his strength failed, and he lay facing the last dread foe. His face shone with more than earthly radiance, and he wept with holy joy, crying out "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded." Thus triumphantly he passed from the bitterness of an earthly winter, to the eternal summer in heaven.

A Savage Island Chief.

WHEN the missionary ship, the "Messenger of Peace," called at what Captain Cook called Savage Island, they took on board an aged chief who was a specimen of those whom they desired to save. He was a terrible-looking old man, about sixty years of age, tall in person, with high cheek bones, and a forbidding face, he was enough to startle any one, the more so as his whole body was smeared with charcoal. His head and beard were long and grey, and the beard was plaited and twisted together, and made to hang from his mouth like so many rat's tails. He wore no clothing except a small band of cloth round his waist, which he used as a sling for his spear or anything he wanted to carry. The moment this strange-looking creature got on deck he began to dance about and shout at everything he saw. It was useless trying to get him to talk, for he would not stay still for a single moment, but moved from place to place. Some of the native Christians tried to wrap a little clothing round him, but in a towering passion the old savage tore it off, threw it upon the deck, and stamped upon it with his foot, saying as he did so—

"Am I a woman, that I should be covered up with that stuff?"

He then set to work to shew them what a brave fellow he was, by dancing a wild war-dance, poising and shaking his spears, running to and fro, leaping and yelling like a madman. Next he made the most horrible grimaces, stretching open his mouth, gnashing his teeth, staring until his eyes seemed as if they would come out of their sockets, and finishing up

by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth, and gnawing it with all the ferocity of a wild beast. Through the whole of this performance he kept up a loud and hideous howl. When a mother-of-pearl ornament was given him, he was frantic with delight. Much to his own relief he soon found himself back on land. Such were the men with whom missionaries had to do, and by the Gospel they preached, they turned the lions into lambs and the savages into saints.

Olubi, Idolater and Preacher.

THE REV. DAVID HENDERER and his wife carried on a mission in Ibadau with success. Among those who were led to renounce their idolatry, was Olubi, who had a remarkable history. His mother was a priestess of the god Igun, and had dedicated her child from its birth to the service of the idol, Atbatala. Young Olubi inherited his mother's fervent enthusiasm for the gods of her nation, and was very indignant when he first heard the Gospel preached in the streets of Abeokuta.

"This white man preaches that we must give up our idols," said Olubi. "If I were a war-chief like my uncle Ogbonna, I would kill him; and if ever he comes into my street, I will do so myself."

Not long after, Mr. Müller preached under a tree close by the house in which Olubi dwelt. But poor Olubi had injured himself in the service of his idol, and was now lying a helpless sufferer, where he could both see and hear what was going on outside but could not interfere. For several days he was thus compelled to hear the preaching, and at last he thought, "After all, it is nothing so very bad that he is saying."

As soon as he got better, he somehow felt inclined to go and see more of the white people's worship. He went to the mission school, and was so delighted with what he heard, that he told his mother he meant to go there again. She threatened, and beat him, but he persisted in attending, and began learning the Lord's prayer. A short time afterwards

the great annual festival took place, and, in accordance with their custom, as specially dedicated persons, Olubi and his mother spent seventeen days in performing acts of worship and offering sacrifices in the idol temple. But before it was all over, young Olubi was disgusted with the whole affair, and declared to his mother,

"I am sure that I shall not be with you next New Year at Atbatala's house, for I shall follow the white man's fashion."

His mother was very angry, and for days would give him neither bread nor cowries, but his father-in-law was kind to him, and was even induced to go with the lad to the mission church. The boy attended school regularly, and became a true Christian, in spite of his mother's constant and strenuous opposition. But the zeal and conscientiousness which in his early years Olubi had devoted so fervently to the service of Atbatala, were now sanctified to the service of Christ. Very earnest were his prayers, that his mother might be brought into the fold, and these prayers were answered. She came to the mission church; the gospel message found its way to her heart with convicting power; and casting away all the symbols of superstition, she forsook Igun and Atbatala, and became a worshipper of the true God. Both she and her husband became regular communicants, and her son Olubi, with his Christian helpmeet, Susannah, did good service for the Ibadau Mission.

Emancipation of the Slaves

In Jamaica.

THE power of the Gospel over the most degraded negro slaves is exemplified by the way they received the boon of emancipation. When the island was formally ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Madrid in 1670, the place of the native Indians was taken by Africans, imported by Spaniards, and during the eighteenth century over half a million were brought over to suffer as heirs of the curse of Canaan. The history of these slaves, their poverty, misery,

degradation, wretchedness, is among the blackest annals of the race; and when the facts became known in Great Britain, the popular heart of English free-men demanded their liberation. On the 1st day of August 1834, the emancipation began to take effect in the freedom of the children of the slave families; but the midnight of July 31, 1838 was to usher in the complete liberation of the whole slave community; and on that night, led on by William Knibb and James Philippo, fourteen thousand adult slaves, and five thousand children, joined in prayer to God as they waited and watched for the hour, twelve midnight, which was to terminate slavery in Jamaica. As Rev. J. J. Fuller says—who was himself a child of slavery, and there present—every coloured man on the Island was on his knees that night. A mahogany coffin had been made, polished and fitted by carpenters and cabinet-makers of this slave population, and as became the great occasion, a grave was dug. Into that coffin they crowded all the various relics and remnants of their previous bondage and sorrow, the whips, the torture-irons, the branding-irons, the coarse frocks and shirts, and great hats, fragments of the tread-mill, the hand-cuffs—whatever was the sign and badge of seventy-eight years of thraldom—they placed in the coffin and screwed down the lid. As the bell began to toll for midnight, the voice of Knibb cried—

"The monster is dying—is dying." Until, when the last stroke sounded from the belfry, Mr. Knibb cried—

"The monster is dead, let us bury him out of sight forever."

And the coffin was lowered into the grave; and then the whole of that throng of thousands celebrated their redemption from thraldom by singing, with choked utterance, the doxology.

This was the way these black slaves, made free by the gospel, took vengeance on their former masters—not by deeds of violence, lust, rapine or murder; but by burying the remnants of their long bondage, and the remembrance of their great wrongs, in the grave of oblivion. Where did these once debased Africans learn such magnanimous love, except of Him whose greatest miracle was His dying prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A Little Child

Teaching an Indian.

IN many cases the influence of young people has been used to promote the Gospel in lands where it was not known by the mass of the people. When Mr. Money resided in the Mahratta country in India, as his daughter, not more than three years old, was walking out with a native servant they came near an old Hindu temple, when the man stepped aside and made his "salaam" as they call it, to a small idol at the door. The child in her simple language said—

"Saamy, what for you do that?"

"Oh, missy," said he, "that is my god."

"Your god, Saamy! Why your god no see, no hear, no walk; your god stone, my God see everything."

Mr. Money residing for some time there, Saamy continued to worship at the temple and missy to reprove him; but when they were about to leave India the poor heathen said—

"What will poor Saamy do when missy go to England? Saamy no father, no mother!"

"Oh, Saamy," the child replied, "if you love my God, he will be your father and your mother too."

He promised to do so. She then continued, "you must learn my prayers and offer them to my God."

He agreed to this and she taught him the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and her morning and evening hymns. Some time after this he desired to learn English that he might read the Bible, and he became at length a serious and thoughtful Christian.

A Faithful Job in Rewa.

A TONGAN, whose life had been spent in Fiji, where he had grown up a heathen, in the closest intimacy with the chiefs and people of Rewa, became ultimately converted and received at baptism the name of Job. He soon

learned to read and write and was zealous in trying to do good. He had frequently been in the King's house and had taken advantage of the opportunities thus afforded him to talk about the Christian religion to the large parties which assembled there. One day in order to bring about a conversation, the King complained about Job's planting, saying that there was no need for Christian people to do that. Job in contending for the necessity of industry, referred to the Bible.

"Oh," said the King, "how should you know anything about books, you have never come from Tonga, or England, but have dwelt in Fiji all your life."

"That's true," rejoined Job, "but I can read a little and thus I know something."

Other chiefs said—

"It's a strange thing that when a man joins the *Lotu*-Christian religion, he becomes wise quickly, and contends the *Lotu* is quite true and Jehovah the only God. How is it?"

"They read," said the King, "and thus know; or else they ask the missionaries."

"But how is it that they do not fear us?" asked one of the chiefs.

"Oh," replied the King, "they do not fear to die; they give themselves up to their God, and life or death is good to them. But this is not the case with us. When we are sick we ask where we shall go that we may live. We then run to one place and to another that we may get strong. But these *Lotu* people are otherwise."

On another occasion they asked Job if he had not become a teacher. He said that he had not, but would gladly tell them what he knew about religion.

"Ah," said the Chief, deridingly, "it is like food without seasoning, when Tongans who have been living with us become teachers, and talk to us about the *Lotu*, as Job here and Isaac and others."

"What I know I have learnt," Job replied, "while I have been residing on the other side of the river with the Christians and the missionary; and because I have love in my heart towards you I come here and talk to you. Formerly we ate, drank, sailed, slept and dwelt together, and therefore I come to tell you what I now know. It would be wrong

were I to conceal from you what I have discovered, and you would be injured by remaining in ignorance. I leave with you what I have already said. When I hear any new thing during the present year I will come and tell it you."

"The *Lotu*," said the King with great emphasis, "makes all our land to move!"

The King was right. That Gospel "which had turned the world upside down, had come hither also" and already its power in Rewa was felt.

Livingstone's Self-sacrificing Heroism.

AFTER Dr. Livingstone returned home for the second time he had not unnaturally anticipated spending the rest of his life in the bosom of his family. By his accounts of his wonderful travels he had created a deep interest in Africa and a great desire to know more about the unknown country which lay between the lakes of Tanganyika and Nyassa. There was one man on whom the eyes of all men were turned as its explorer, and that was Livingstone. He was waited upon by Sir Roderick Murchison, who said to him—

"My dear Livingstone, your disclosures respecting the interior of Africa have created a profound excitement in the geographical world. We of the Geographical Society are of the opinion that we ought to send another expedition into the heart of Africa, to solve the problem of the watersheds between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika lakes, for when that is settled all questions about Central Africa will be definitely resolved. Whom could you recommend to take charge of it as a proper man?'

Dr. Livingstone recommended a gentleman well known to both. On being applied to this gentleman refused, and at the refusal Sir Roderick was much distressed. He called again on Dr. Livingstone to announce the non-success of his efforts and said—

"Why cannot you go? Come, let me persuade you."

"I had flattered myself," said Dr. Livingstone, "that I had much prospective comfort in store for me in my old days. And pecuniary matters require looking after for the sake of my family, but since you ask me in that way I cannot refuse you."

"Never mind about the pecuniary matters," said Sir Roderick. "It shall be my task to look after that; you may rest assured your interests shall not be forgotten" The generous offer of his old and tried friend put the missionary at his ease, as to the welfare of his family and he began at once with his usual promptitude and energy to prepare for his departure upon his expedition. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, sent to ask him what honour or reward he would like the government to grant him. Livingsone quite unmindful of himself answered—

"If you will stop the Portuguese slave trade you will gratify me beyond measure."

A second time the Prime Minister sent to ask him if anything could be done for himself, and his answer was—

"No, I cannot think of anything."

In this spirit of self-abnegation the great traveller took his departure on his third and what proved to be his last expedition. His self-sacrifice and heroism were worthy of the greatest martyrs on behalf of the Gospel and humanity.

Stanley Teaching Mtesa

About Angels.

THE Emperor of Uganda had a most ingenious turn of mind, and desired H. M. Stanley to teach him all sorts of things, and especially the sciences of Europe. The traveller was anxious to enlighten Mtesa, and talked to him and his chief men about the secrets of nature and the works of Providence, the wonders of the heavens the air, and the earth. As the talk went on it drifted from mechanics to divinity, and in the course of the extemporised lectures,

Stanley happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and all those around him were greatly excited. When they calmed down a little, Mtesa said,

"Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men know everything, and are skilful in all things. A great many Arabs, some Turks, and four white men have visited me, and I have examined and heard them talk, and for wisdom and goodness the white men excel all the others. Why do the Arabs and Turks come to Uganda? Is it not for ivory and slaves? Why do the white men come? They come to see this lake, our rivers and mountains. The Arabs bring cloth, beads, and wire, to buy ivory and slaves; they also bring powder and guns; but who made all these things the Arabs bring here for trade? The Arabs themselves say the white men made them, and I have seen nothing yet of all they have brought that the white men did not make. Therefore, I say, give me the white men, because if you want knowledge, you must talk with them to get it. Now, Stamlee, tell me and my chiefs what you know of angels."

The question propounded by this Mahommaden Emperor was a difficult one, and Stanley's answer would not have satisfied many European divines. Remembering, however, St Paul's confession, that he was all things to all men, he attempted to give a vivid description of what angels are generally believed to be like, and with the aid of Ezekiel's and Milton's descriptions, he believed he succeeded in satisfying and astonishing the King and his court. Mtesa after this became greatly interested in the teachings of the Bible about angels as well as other matters.

A Farmer's Incredulity

About Africaner.

THE Dutch farmers were hard to believe in the conversion of Africaner, the noted chief, whom they looked upon as having been past redemption, and also as the murderer of Moffat, the missionary. He was denounced

as an irreclaimable savage. At one farm a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling which existed, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. The farmer was a good man in the best sense of the word, and was ever ready to show kindness to Moffat and his friends. The latter required to call at the farm to secure some water, and the African chief was with him. When within a few yards of the farmer, who came out to meet him, Moffat stretched out his hand and expressed his pleasure at seeing him again. He, however, did not respond, but put his hand behind him, and asked rather coldly—

"Who are you?"

"I am Moffat," answered the Missionary, and expressed his surprise that he should have forgotten him.

"Moffat!" he rejoined in a faltering voice; "it is your ghost!" and moved some steps backward.

"I am no ghost," said Moffat.

"Don't come near me," exclaimed the farmer, "you have been long murdered by Africaner."

"But I am no ghost," he said, feeling his hands as if to convince the farmer and himself of his materiality, but his alarm only increased.

"Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones," and he continued to gaze at him to the no small astonishment of those around. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying—

"When did you rise from the dead?"

As he feared Moffat's presence would alarm his wife, they went back to the waggon left behind, and on the way they talked of Africaner. Moffat assured him by saying—

"He is now a truly good man."

I can believe almost anything you say," he replied, "but *that* I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world, that would make the *eighth*." After a pause he continued,

"Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die, and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle."

Moffat then pointed to his companion and said—

"This, then, is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, looking intensely at the man as if he had dropped from the clouds.

"Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed.

Africaner, who had been sitting on the ground, arose, doffed his old hat, and and making a polite bow, answered—

"I am."

The farmer seemed thunderstruck, but when he had assured himself of the fact that former bugbear of the border stood before him, meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed—

"O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

Mackay Burning the Devil

In Nyni.

MR. A. M. MACKAY, the missionary to Uganda, visited Nyni in Central Africa. When there he purchased a great and most potent charm, and after giving all the crowd a serious lesson on the worthlessness of such an idol, and the power and love of God above, he asked them what was in the charm. "The *lubare*-spirit," some said, while others said they believed it all a lie, and that there was no lubare-spirit in the thing.

"Will it burn?" he asked.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "the *lubare* does not burn."

"Is not this charm mine?" Mr. Mackay asked; "Did I not buy it?"

"Yes, it is yours," they all replied.

"Then can I not do with it what I like?" he further asked.

"Oh yes," was the response.

"Very good," said the Missionary.

Taking out of his pocket a small lens, he made a fire in a moment with the sun's rays, and bidding his little boy gather a bundle of dry wood, of which there was a large amount lying on the beach, there was soon a brilliant blaze.

"Can your great witches make fire out of the sun like I have done?" he asked.

"No! no!" they shouted.

"Then you see I am cleverer than those gods you worship," he went on to say.

"Yes, you make magic," they said.

"Well, you say there is magic in this charm I have bought?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered.

"Well, let us see," said Mr. Mackay, putting at the same time the great charm into the heart of the fire, which reduced it to ashes in a few moments. Half the bystanders ran away in horror, the rest standing round, hoping every moment that some terrible judgment would come upon him for his sacrilege.

"Now the devil is dead," he said, "and you all see that I have told you the truth, that there is no saving power in charms, and that God alone can save us."

"You are a god," some said; others said, "you are a devil."

These benighted ones had both words; but they feared and worshipped the devil more than God. Many were led to lose their faith in charms and fix it on God and His Gospel.

A Huahine King,

A Nursing Father.

WHEN Messrs Tyerman and Bennet, in their visit to the Southern Islands, held a large missionary meeting previous to their departure for the Marquesas Islands, at which several persons offered to accompany them as Missionaries, to introduce the Gospel where it was at present unknown; after some offers of this kind had been accepted, Hautia, the regent of the island, who was virtually King, and held valuable hereditary possessions upon it, and received large contributions to support his royal state, both from chiefs and people, rose; his noble countenance betrayed much agitation of spirit, and he hesitated for a while to unburden his mind in words.

At length with an air of meekness and humility, which gave inexpressible grace to the dignity of the high-born highland chief, he said,

"I have a little speech, because a thought has grown up in my heart, and it has grown up also in the heart of Hautia Vahine (his wife). But perhaps it is not a good thought; yet I must speak it; and this is our thought: If the missionaries, and the deputation, and the church of Huahine, think that I and my wife would be fit companions for Anna and his wife, to teach the good Word of God to those idolatrous people, who are as we *were*, and cause them to become as we *are* here, and in Tahiti, and Eimeo, and Raiatea, and Borabora, we should be rejoiced to go; but perhaps we are not worthy, and others may be better suited for the blessed work; yet we should love to go."

This declaration produced a most extraordinary sensation throughout the whole assembly, as the speaker had given good evidence of his true Christianity. When, however, it was represented to him that his usefulness where he was in the church, as the superintendent of the schools, and in the exertion of his influence among his subjects, was far more extensive than that of any other person could be; and that though it was well that this thought was in his heart, yet he could not on their accounts be sent, he was deeply affected, and replied—

"Since you say so, perhaps it is the Lord's will that we should not go to the Marquesas, but stay in Huahine; perhaps we may serve Him better here. Be it so; and yet I wish that it had fallen to me and my wife to go."

John Hunt
AND
Fijian Cannibalism.

WHEN JOHN HUNT, the devoted Wesleyan Missionary, went to the Fiji group of islands he was surprised to find the people in a far worse condition than he had imagined. Cannibalism was rampant and gloried

in. It was not only a custom but a sacred religious rite, and the children that were allowed to live were trained to dishonour and devour the human form divine. Mothers gave their babes a taste of the horrible feast, and not only dead bodies, but living captives were given over to young children as playthings, on which to practise for sport the art of dissection. It became a pride to Fijian chiefs to boast of the number of human bodies they had eaten; and Ra Undreundu's pile of stones, in which each stone stood for one such victim, contained nine hundred! All the life of these people, civil and religious, was inwrought with the destroying and devouring of helpless victims. The building of a hut, the launching of a canoe, the burial of the dead, and events of far less moment, were the signals for a banquet on human flesh. When the youngest son of the king Tuithakau was lost at sea, sixteen women were strangled and then burned in front of the mission house, notwithstanding Mr Hunt's entreaties that they should be spared. Amid this people Mr. Hunt laboured against the expressed desire of his friends in the cause of missions. Captain Wilkes of the American navy besought him to look out for a more promising field. But the servant of Christ answered—

"I have heard a divine voice saying unto me, 'fear not, for I have much people in these islands,'" and stayed.

Three years at Somosomo, where the inhabitants were the worst of all, sufficed so to change the horrid life about him that at least a bloodless war was waged, a large canoe launched, and a great feast held for weeks, without one human sacrifice, and this last without the direct interference of the missionary. Among the inhabitants of this city of demons, God had much people that feared his name, and endeavoured to walk in the way of his commandments.

A Heathen and Christian Coronation in Madagascar.

NO better illustration of the difference between idolatry and Christian religion than that of two coronations which took place in the island of Madagascar. This island has unenviable celebrity as the scene of a persecution

of which Nero might have been ashamed. When Ranavalona I. mounted the throne, murdering all rivals—the "bloody Mary" of Madagascar, treacherous as Judas, selfish as Cleopatra—from 20 to 30 thousand victims fell annually a prey to her cruelty. Her chief amusement was a bull fight, and it was said that half of the population perished under her bloody sceptre. At her coronation she took two of the national idols in her hands, and said,

"From my ancestors I received you. In you I put my trust, therefore support me."

And these idols, in robes of scarlet and gold, were held at the front of the platform to overawe the multitude. We pass over an interval of years. In 1868, thirty-nine years after the coronation of Ranavalona I. and seven years after her death, Ranavolona II. was crowned. For the first time, Madagascar had a Christian, as well as a constitutional ruler. He who would see the marvellous transformation in this island need only contrast the coronation of these two queens, one on the 12th of June, 1829, and the other on the 3rd of September, 1868. At this latter ceremony, the symbols of pagan faith were nowhere to be seen. In their place lay a beautiful copy of the Bible, side by side with the laws of Madagascar. Over the queen was stretched a canopy, on whose four sides were as many Scripture mottoes: "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Good-will to men," "God be with Us." Her inaugural address was interwoven with the dialect of Scripture, and now it was idolatry and not Christianity that became a suppliant for toleration;—and all this, seven years after the death of the bloody Mary, whose thirty-two years had been a reign of terror! Astrologers and diviners were no longer to be found at court; Rasoherina's sacred idol was cast out of the palace; Government work ceased on Sunday; Sunday markets were closed, divine worship held in the court. The Madagascar New Year was changed from an idolatrous festival to a Christian holiday, and the queen's address declared, "I have brought my kingdom to lean upon God, and expect you, one and all, to be wise and just, and to walk in His ways." One month later this Christian queen and her prime minister were publicly baptized by a native preacher, in the very court-yard where the bloodiest edicts had been promulgated.

Coincidences in Prayer

For Tahiti.

THE history of the missionary work in Tahiti shews that the preachers of the Gospel laboured for fourteen years without seeing the slightest fruit of their labours. At the precise time in missions to Tahiti, when the labours of fourteen years seemed wholly in vain, when the tireless toil, faithful witness and unsparing self-denial of the early missionaries seemed like blows of a feather against a wall of adamant—when as yet not a single convert had rewarded all this long labour, and abominable idolatry and desolating warfare seemed to reign—one of the clearest signs and greatest wonders of God's power was seen in the South Seas. The directors of the London Missionary Society seriously proposed abandoning this fruitless field. But there were a few who felt that this was the very hour when God was about to rebuke unbelief and reward faith in His promise and fidelity to duty. Dr. Haweis backed up his solemn remonstrance against the withdrawal of missionaries from the field by another donation of two hundred pounds; and Matthew Wilks, the pastor of John Williams, said:

"I will sell my clothes from my back rather than give up this work."

Instead of abandoning the mission, it was urged that a special season of united prayer be appointed that the Lord of the Harvest would give fruit from this long seed-sowing. The proposal prevailed; letters of hope and encouragement were sent to the disheartened toilers at Tahiti; and the friends of missions, confessing the unbelief that had made God's mighty works impossible implored God to make bare his arm. Now mark the coincidence. Two vessels started, unknown to each other, from opposite ports—one from Tahiti bound for London, the other from the Thames bound for Tahiti, and crossed each other's track in mid-ocean. That from the South Seas bore the letters from the missionaries, announcing a work of God so mighty that idolatry was entirely overthrown; and the same ship bore also the very idols which a converted people

Eastern Water Carriers.

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had surrendered to the missionaries. That other vessel from London carried to the missionaries the letters of encouragement that bade them hold on to God and gave pledges of increased prayerfulness and more earnest support. Here was not only an answer to prayer, of the most wonderful sort, but the promise was literally fulfilled: "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

First Girls' Boarding-School

In Ceylon.

WHEN the missionaries first went to Ceylon, out of a population of three hundred thousand not a single woman or girl could read. The parents were ready to send their sons to school but not their daughters.

Seeing this, one of the missionary ladies wished to commence a boarding-school for girls. She wished to have the native girls separated from the influences of their heathen homes, and brought under daily Christian influences. But none of their people would send their daughters to her. One day there were two little girls playing in the flower-garden in front of the missionary's house at Oodooville. Ceylon is in the tropics, only nine degrees north of the equator. In North Ceylon there are two seasons, the *wet* and the *dry*. The dry season lasts nine months, and during that time there is scarcely any rain; but in the wet season, November, December and January, it rains nearly every day, and sometimes falls in torrents—between nine and ten inches have been known to fall in twenty-four hours. While these two little girls were playing, there came on a heavy shower of rain, and as they had not time to go home, they ran for shelter into the missionary's house. It continued to rain all that afternoon and evening, and the little girls became hungry and began to cry. The missionary lady gave them bread and bananas. The younger girl ate but the older girl refused to eat. After a time, when the rain ceased a little, the parents went to look for their daughters. They had

supposed they would be in some neighbour's house, but found them in that of the missionary. When they heard that the younger one had eaten, they were very angry, for they said, "She has lost caste." They found fault with the missionary lady, and the mother said, "You have given my child food, and it has broken caste and is polluted, and now we shall not be able to arrange a marriage for it. What shall we do? You may take the child and bring it up." The missionary lady had been wishing for native girls to come to her, whom she might educate in a boarding-school, and here was a mother actually saying she might take her daughter, so the missionary lady thought that perhaps this was the Lord's way of enabling her to start the boarding-school. She took the little girl, fed and clothed her, and began teaching her the 247 letters of the Tamil alphabet. She sprinkled a little sand on the floor of the veranda, and taught the child to write letters in the sand. By-and-by, some of the playmates of this little girl came to see her, and when they saw her writing the letters in the sand, they thought that this was some kind of new play, and they also wanted to learn. The Tamil children have good memories, and in a very short time they committed to memory the 247 letters of the alphabet, and were able to read. Their parents, seeing this, and that the little girl was well cared for and happy, soon began to entrust more of their daughters to the care of the missionary lady. This was the beginning of the Oodooville Girls' Boarding-School, which was, perhaps, the *first boarding-school for girls* in a heathen land, having been commenced in 1824.

Kapiolani,

A Hawaiian Female Chief.

KAPIOLANI, of the Hawaiian Islands, was the most noted among female chiefs, and had large landed possessions. When first seen by the missionaries she was seated on a rock oiling her person, and was found to be dark-minded, superstitious, intemperate, repulsive. Yet,

when the Gospel touched her heart, this degraded daughter of heathen kings was found attending the place of prayer, becomingly dressed, dignified in deportment, devout and meek, but resolute and courageous. She received the messengers of the Lord at her house with the courteous cordiality of Lydia, and with them planned for the improvement of her own people in condition and character with the ardour and candour of Catherine of Sienna. Like Catherine, she was inspired with the heroism of a reformer. From the sanctuary of Keave, the sacred house of deposit, she bore away the royal relics which were worshipped with divine honours, and hid them in inaccessible caves near the head of the bay in the side of a precipitous rock.

When Charles S. Stewart, chaplain of the United States ship of war, "Vincennes," was leaving Kaawaloa at midnight, she insisted on going with him to the shore, that with warm handshake and many tears, she might accompany him to the ship, as Ephesian elders did with Paul. This heroic woman, with her husband, strove to uproot the most tenacious idolatrous notions and customs. Without counting costs to herself, she put down murder and infanticide, theft and Sabbath-breaking, lust and drunkenness, and sought to reform morals and religion. And when, in 1841, she died, had no other gem for the crown of the great Conqueror been dug up on Hawaiian soil, this woman's conversion sufficed to prove that the Gospel is, as truly as in Apostolic days, God's power into salvation. One act of her life will ever stand out in conspicuous pre-eminence. She knew that the famous crater of Kilanea was believed by the people to be the residence of the awful goddess, Pele. The superstitious hold of this goddess upon the people must be broken. And she determined to lay hold upon the very pillars of this temple of the Hawaiian Dagon and bring down this superstition into ruin. In 1825 she made a journey of a hundred miles to this volcanic crater, and there openly defied this false deity at her throne and shrine. She not only refused to offer even the sacred bean as a propitiatory offering or in any way avert or appease the wrath and power of Pele, but she made the crater ring with the praises of Jehovah, as she sang hymns to the only true God. She had made the journey on foot with numerous attendants, who were awe-struck at the open

indignity with which she defied the dreaded goddess. And those who know with what awful terrors such pagan deities are clothed in the common mind, and with what tenacity these superstitions continue to hold even professed converts, can imagine what holy courage faith must have begotten in this Hawaiian heroine.

A Chief and his Charms

In the Cameroons.

CHARMS have great influence in the Cameroons, but the Gospel has greater. The Rev. J. J. Fuller records how he stood at his door and saw one of the chiefs coming toward him. He was a great man, a man of position in his country, but the only covering he had on was the fibres of the plantain tree combed out, and on his head a great cap with parrots' feathers. He had a great bullock horn hung across his breast, and he walked as stately as a monarch. Several of the princes were following him, all of them dressed in the same way. Mr. Fuller called to this man as he passed the door, using his name, "Mikani," but he only looked round, and would not answer. He was called again, but would not answer; and yet a third time, when one of his followers turned and said to Mr. Fuller,

"What do you want?"

"I only want to speak to him and ask him a question," was the reply.

The man said: "He will not answer you. He has just been taking the sacred oath, and has sworn that for nine days he will not speak to anybody except by signs. At the end of the nine days he will go back to the place where he came from, and after that he will converse as of old."

It seemed of no use to trouble him any more, but after the nine days were over, Mr. Fuller went to his house. He was sitting at the door, and this bullock's horn that he had worn across his breast was hanging across the threshold of his door. His visitor looked at it, and then looked at him, and said,

"Do you mean to tell me that a big man like you, in such a position as you are, believes in such a foolish charm as that?"

The man was rather insulted.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Why! look at that! Do you mean to say that such a thing has any power in it? Let me take my penknife and open it, and I will shew you what is in it."

There was nothing there but some red clay, parrots' feathers, dogs' teeth, pieces of the skins of animals, some of his own hair, and a little bit of his own toe-nail.

"Do you mean to tell me that you believe in that stuff?"

He answered: "Believe it? Yes! If I have that horn hanging at my door, no witch dare to come into my house. If she came, before she crossed the threshold of my door she would be dead."

Mr. Fuller again remonstrated:

"You do not believe such rubbish, do you?"

"I do! And the reason why you missionaries all die, is that you come into this country, and the witches know that you have nothing to keep off the power of their witchcraft, and so they kill you; but they will not come near me, because they know that I have got a charm that will stop them."

Six months after that time, Mr. Fuller was sitting in his study and heard the drum that tells of death. He knew what it meant. When a chief dies, the sound of that drum tells the tale, and the missionary has to be immediately on the move to prevent cruelty. He took his hat and started up, and got to the chief's hut.

"Mikani, who is dead?"

He hung his head down for a minute, and then said,

"One of these princes that were with me on that day."

"Why," said Mr. Fuller, "you told me that the man that had got that charm would not die. Did not that prince wear one of these horns?"

"Yes."

"Did he not have a cap?"

"Yes."

"Was he not protected by that same charm? Then, how is it that he is dead?"

The poor savage hung his head for a moment, then lifting

it up he looked full into the missionary's face and was silent. Finally, he stretched out his hand and took hold of the horn as it hung across the door, and removing it from its place flung it across the road, saying,

"I will try your way."

"Where is he to-day?"

Go to the Cameroons and you will see a native minister there, preaching the Gospel; but on the right hand of that native preacher sits a gray-headed man, and the very look of that man's face tells us of his inward peace and happiness. *He is the same man.* He has tried and found that there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus Christ.

How an Indian Warrior Became an Abstainer.

THE Rev. G. R. Young, Missionary to the American Indians, records how Sigenook of Manetonwaning became an abstainer. He was a great warrior and orator, but unfortunately became so fond of the white man's whisky that he became a terrible sot. He was a man of gigantic strength, and had an ungovernable temper when drunk. So dangerous was he, that when he began to drink, the only way of safety was for his attendants to ply him with drink until he became insensible. Then only did his companions feel safe from his knife and tomahawk.

One day, when he was in one of his drunken stupors, a Canadian Indian agent, knowing Sigenook's good qualities when sober, thought he would by a novel method try to reform him. The plan he adopted was this: Obtaining a quantity of rope, he very securely bound hand and foot the helpless, drunken man, and then left a little miserable, feeble, decrepit boy to watch over him while he slept, with orders that just as soon as the Indian awoke he was to hasten to him with the news, but by no means was he to tell the chief who had bound him.

After some hours Sigenook awoke, and was of course furious at finding himself bound. He angrily demanded of the boy who had dared to bind such a mighty warrior as he was. The little lad gave him no answer, but at once hobbled away to the white man with the news that the chief was awake. The gentleman hurried over to the furious man, who was making the most desperate efforts to escape, but all in vain. The not over-conscientious white man told him that the helpless little boy had bound him, and that he had lain for hours exposed to the derision and contempt of the whole village. Then he gave him a great lecture on the disgrace and degradation a great warrior such as he professed to be had brought on himself by thus lowering himself below the brutes to gratify his vile appetite, and thus make himself so helpless that he could not even protect himself from insult and annoyance.

Sigenook's pride was humbled; he was greatly mortified at his humiliation and disgrace in the eyes of his own people, and before the whites, and he then and there resolved that he would never again be found in such a condition. When released, he at once took the pledge of total abstinence, and was ever afterwards true to his resolution.

Moses Levi,

Blessed by a Stolen New Testament.

THE colporteur of Pastor Gurland of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, in the province of Courland, Russia, was ill-treated by some fanatic Jews, and robbed of fifty New Testaments. He was anxious to prosecute the robbers, but was advised not to do so, but to leave the matter in the hands of the Lord. He was not satisfied with this advice, and was determined to bring the thieves to justice. Pastor Gurland said to him—

"Be perfectly quiet, the Word of the Lord needs no protection."

He agreed at last to let the matter rest, and think no more

about it. Six weeks passed away, when one evening two men called upon the Pastor—in the middle of the night—one a gray-haired man, and the other a younger man. The old man began thus—

"My name is Moses Levi. I am a business man and president of the synagogue. About six weeks ago, in my blind zeal I beat your colporteur and robbed him of fifty New Testaments, thinking I had done a meritorious act; but have been severely punished for it; and, on the other hand, blessed by it. When I brought the books to the rabbi, who, like myself, knew nothing of their contents, we rejoiced together, and fixed the next day for their destruction. We had a long talk, and got angry over the missionaries and their misleading books. In the meantime it became dark. Leaving the rabbi's house I stumbled and fell over the parcel of New Testaments, and received such a blow that I could not lift myself up again. A doctor was sent for, who declared I had broken my leg, and I had to be carried home. The doctor was a Christian, and said—

"'My dear Moses, this is the finger of God. In the Book you intended to destroy you will find the best medicine for your body and soul.'

His words reached my heart, and I had no rest. Next day I sent for the books, but they had been destroyed. After a while the good doctor brought me a copy he had received from you. This was a great joy to me. I read it repeatedly. My eyes were opened. I saw a new world. I did not recognise myself. I began now to see the true covenant God of Israel in Jesus Christ the promised Saviour, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification; and said to Him, 'My Lord and my God! I will pay fourfold the value of the books, and will confess publicly the Lord Jesus Christ before friend and foe.'"

"Amen!" responded Pastor Gurland, embracing the old man to his heart. "Amen. This is of the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

How Hill Arrians of Travancore Got their Teacher.

IN the hill districts of India there are to be found wilder races of people than are found in the plains. Among the most notable of these are the Hill Arrians, who inhabit the higher slopes of the Western Ghāts.

During a missionary tour the Rev. Henry Baker met three or four fine-looking men different from the races in the plains, both in the contour of their faces and method of wearing their clothes. These men went away, and some months after they returned with others, and begged him to go and open schools for them. He hesitated, and they returned again and again—

"Five times," said they, "have we been to call you. You must know we know nothing aright; will you teach us or not? We die like beasts, and are buried like dogs; ought you to neglect us?"

"Cholera and fever," said another, "carried off such and such members of my family; where are they now?"

They stated they wanted no pecuniary help, they had plenty of rice. They wished to serve God and not to be oppressed by any one. They offered to make over their lands as a proof of their sincerity, and waited about, determined to have Mr. Baker in their hills. He eventually promised, and after some trouble and fatigue he reached the place. On entering the village of Combukuthie he observed some piles of wood at the angles of a small level piece of ground. He inquired what they were for,

"Oh," answered one, "this is where we meet for games, marriages, disputes, and the like. We are to have a meeting directly it is known you are come, and the piles of wood are to give the assembly light. Soon men were heard shouting from one place to another far away up along the hill-sides.

"He is arrived. Come all!"

By nightfall, some two hundred men and lads, the representatives of eight hundred, had assembled, the piles of wood were lighted, and with the moon also to aid, the conference was

held. Mr. Baker then told them that he had at last come at their request, and it was to tell them a message he was entrusted with. Some centuries ago the people of England had the same rites and hero-worship as they had; that the Druids taught the Britons just such ideas as their Pusaries did, but that at last a Book was brought to them which told of God —what He was, how powerful, yet the Father of His trusting children, and that He had sent this Book. Further, he said the God-fearing people of England had sent him with this Book to teach them the same glad tidings. They wished to see the Book, and they were shown portions of the New Testament in the Malayalim language, and were assured that it was faith and love to God which made man happy here and in heaven. Numberless simple but very practical questions were asked on the atonement, fall of man, sin and future punishment. They occasionally talked among themselves, some making objections, others proposing a trial of the regulations the missionary had proposed, and a few thought the rules for the Sabbath and daily learning were too severe. Long after midnight the headman of the village said,

"We have talked enough; where are the teachers we are to have?"

"I will send them," said Mr. Baker, "but we must ask God's blessing first. He must help, or our counsels will come to grief."

All knelt by the light of the blazing piles, and after a few words of prayer the assembly dispersed. Three teachers were sent among these simple people. The mission had its trials and difficulties. It has been carried on with vigour ever since, and in 1885 the converts among the Hill Arrians numbered upwards of two thousand souls.

A Christian Lady

In a Chinese Palace.

THERE were Christians in Cæsar's household, and these found their way to the palaces of those who did not acknowledge the authority and claims of Jesus Christ. The Rev. John Wherry tells of one such, who became a regular

attendant of the Presbyterian Church at Pekin. At first, accompanied by a servant, she came and went so quietly as to attract but little attention, but soon became known as Madam Siao, a lady in attendance on the favourite wife of King Knug. Making the acquaintance of the ladies of the mission, she began to add to her Sabbath visits frequent week-day visits. She determined to learn to read, that she might study for herself the New Testament and other Christian books. Employing a servant as a teacher, she carried some of these books into the palace. It soon became known that she looked with favour on the new doctrine, and the matter was brought under the notice of the Prince. But he also in his intercourse with Western powers knew something of Christianity, and knowing no evil in it did not wish to interfere. Encouraged by this gracious treatment Madam Siao ventured to present her books to her mistress, Princess Knug, who accepted and read them with strong impressions of their truth. Their contents soon became the subject of earnest conversation and discussion, the result being, that twelve of the inmates of the palace avowed their rejection of idolatry and their acceptance of the Christian religion as the true one. These twelve were accustomed to meet together for Christian worship on the Sabbath, and the latest advices state that the little company was steadily increasing.

A Chinese Opium Eater Changed.

THE value of medical missions are seen in many cases where medical men have been called upon to attend to the body, the patient has got medicine for the soul. Dr. A. W. Dowthwaite gives an interesting case of an opium eater who attended the hospital at Wenchow. When this man came to the hospital he began to study the Scriptures, and continued day after day and late on at night to read the Bible; and when he left the hospital he said nothing to the doctor about any change of mind or religious views; but he

went straight home and took the family gods, incense pots, the candlesticks and everything pertaining to idolatry, and pitched them into the back-yard. His mother was amazed, and his two brothers came round and begged him with tears not to ruin them and bring disgrace upon his family by such a rash act. His mother was almost mad with distress; but he persisted, and said in reply to all their remonstrances—

"No! I have heard about the true God, and know that these gods are false, and they are not to be worshipped any more. So long as I am in this house there will be no more idolatry."

His neighbours and friends came in and in vain besought him to repent. At last they concluded he must be mad. One old gentleman, a member of the clan, on being appealed to, said,

"Brethren, you say this man is mad. He is not. I know all about it. He has been in the hospital and that foreign devil has given him a pill and that pill has changed his heart, and he has no longer a Chinaman's heart but a foreign devil's heart. Now," he continued, "we can do nothing with this man; but we must leave him alone for some time until the effects of the medicine has worn off, and then we may reason with him."

This advice satisfied them for a time, but after a few days they came again and found to their astonishment that not only had the man persisted in this practice of destroying the gods, but his mother and his two brothers had consented to renounce idolatry and become Christian, for they had heard of the true God. The people were astonished at this. They asked—

"How can you account for this? We know that this man has been to the opium hospital and he has had a pill; but his mother and brothers have not been there."

"I know all about it," replied the wise old man. "Do not you see, he not only took a pill himself, but he brought some home with him and put them into the water-pot; and all who drink of the water will come under the influence of the drug. Now." he said, "lest anybody else should be poisoned, let us go and empty the water away from the pot," and they smashed the large pot that held about twenty gallons, lest anybody should drink of the water. This, how-

ever, did not stay the spread of the truth, for the old opium smoker, his mother and brothers, became members of the Christian Church, and opened a room in their house for the preaching of the gospel.

Moravians in Berbice.

TWO missionaries from the United Brethren, of the name of Lewis Dachne and John Guettner, visited Berbice and formed a little settlement called Pilgerhut, in the neighbourhood of the Indians. They prosecuted their work with energy and zeal, and no wilderness appeared too frightful, no road too dreary, no savage home too remote if they might hope to win one soul to the knowledge and love of Jesus. The savages who came merely to see them spread far and wide through the surrounding country the report of what they had heard; and, in consequence, numbers came to Pilgerhut from places at a remote distance, where they were impressed with the great truths of the gospel and joined the congregation. Even from among the wildest of the Indian tribes, there were several whose hearts were softened at the foot of the cross and who became followers of the Redeemer. It was the love of Christ to sinners, as manifested in his suffering and death, that touched them so deeply. One of them thus addressed the missionaries:—

"I have been a heathen, and know how the heathen think; once a preacher came and said to us, 'There is a God;' we replied, 'Are we so ignorant as not to know that? Return where thou camest.' Another afterwards came amongst us, and bad us neither lie, nor steal, nor get drunk.

"To him we said: 'Fool! dost thou think we want to be told that? Teach thy own people; for who are greater liars, thieves and drunkards than they?'

"At last brother Ranch came to my hut, and spoke to me of the great love of God, who gave his son to die; for which love he shed his blood a ramson for poor sinful man.

"And when he had spoken thus, he lay down on a board, wearied with his journey, and fell fast asleep. 'What kind

of man is this?' thought I. 'There he sleeps: I might slay him, and cast his body to the tigers, and who would regard it. But this gives him no care or concern.' At the same time I could not forget those words of his. They ever came back to my mind, and even when I slept I dreamed of that blood of Christ shed for us; These were good tidings such as I had not known. I spoke of them to the other Indians and thus by the grace of God an awakening began among us. I say therefore, friends, preach Christ our Saviour, and His sufferings and death, if you would have your words to gain entrance among the heathen."

Jesuits

As Early Chinese Missionaries.

AMONGST the early Christian missionaries to China was the Italian Jesuit Valignano, who long stopped at Macao on his way to Japan, beheld afar off the shores of China still closed to the Gospel He cried, "Oh rock! rock! when will thou open?" and being anxious to carry his aspirations to a practical issue, he inclined two of his companions—both men of remarkable character and abilities—to try to storm the impregnable fortress. The attempt succeeded, owing to the united determination and earnestness of the agents. They disguised themselves as Buddist priests, and then posed as literati of China, with the result that ere long one of them, Matthew Ricci, was appointed to an important literary post in Pekin, and became a favourite with the Emperor. However otherwise he seemed to be employed, he never failed to labour indefatigably for the establishment and spread of his faith. He spent twenty-seven years thus, and in 1610 he died, deeply lamented by his fellow labourers and by the Christian community which had been formed under his guidance. He left upwards of three hundred churches behind him as monuments of his zeal and prudence. He was followed by others of a kindred spirit, men of cautious and sagacious habit of mind, but of

fixed purpose. These were skilled in science, and various knowledges, and as learned philosophers had conceded to them an eminence which would have been denied them as Christian propagandists. They arranged the calendar of the year, directed the casting of cannon, negotiated treaties with other nations; but through all they kept before them as their real and sole mission the diffusion of Christianity. They proclaimed their message in Pekin and the imperial court. They cast their shield over their humbler brethren labouring in various distant provinces, and cities, and they continued to open the gates of the country for the steady admission of fresh helpers from time to time. Through these gates many passed into what would have been a closed empire.

Stanley's Farewell

To Livingstone.

AFTER H. M. STANLEY discovered the great missionary Dr. Livingstone, he had to leave him to prosecute his travels and return home. On the 14th March, 1872, Mr. Stanley departed for the coast and left the brave old hero at Nuyanyembe, who was to await there the sending of carriers and some further stores for his future journeys. The parting of those two who had been made friends in the centre of Africa, could not but be a serious task to both. They had met unexpectedly, and they were to separate perhaps, and as it turned out, never to meet again. Dr. Livingstone gave Mr. Stanley a convey a considerable distance, and the moment came when they must part.

"Now, my dear doctor," said Stanley, "the best friends must part. You have come far enough, let me beg of you to return back."

"Well, I will say this to you," rejoined Livingstone, "you have done what few men could do; far better than some travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done to me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell," said Stanley.

They wrung each other's hand and the younger had to tear himself away before he unmanned himself—but Susi and Chumah and Hamoydah—the doctor's faithful fellows, they must and did shake and kiss Stanley's hands before he turned away. This act of kindness and gratitude brought tears into Stanley's eyes, who once more said to Livingstone—

"Good-bye, doctor—dear friend."

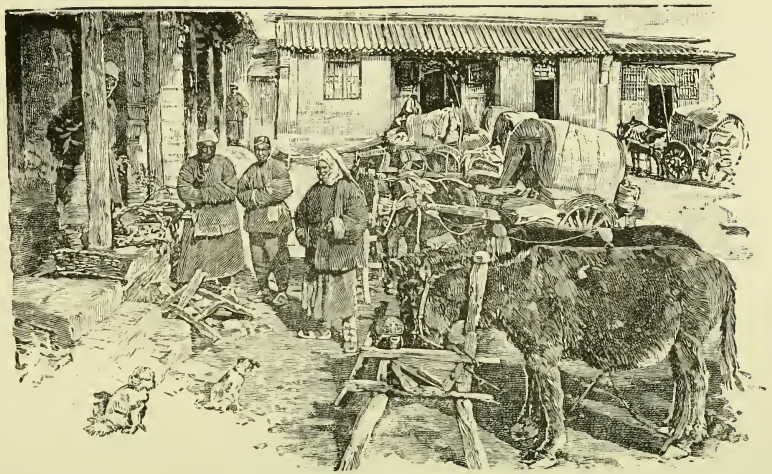
"Good-bye!" said the doctor, and they parted, never to see each other more in this world. With what feelings each turned to their respective journeys we are not told, but part of them can be imagined.

Samoan Teachers Wonderfully Preserved.

THE native teachers in Samoa had a hard time of it, and many a time their lives were in danger. Some indeed were murdered, and others escaped in a most miraculous manner. Of the last was the deliverance experienced by Noa and Tannga, from the murderous design of Matuka, the chief of the Isle of Pines, who had murdered his own teachers, and had been striving to accomplish the destruction of those on the neighbouring islands also. A party, consisting of Matuka's sons and others, crossed to New Caledonia for the purpose of destroying those innocent men. On the day which they had fixed for the perpetration of the barbarous deed, a party of nine or ten went to the house of the teachers. Noa, one of them, was at the door. A man named Uaise, a nephew of Matuka, who appeared to be the leader of the party, abruptly accosted him, with the design, no doubt, of provoking a quarrel, and preparing the way for the accomplishment of their object.

"When," said he, pointing to some graves near the house, "when will these men live again? You say they will live again; when will they live again?"

"It is true," replied Noa, "they will live again; when the



A Chinese Hostelry.

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Son of God comes at the end of the world, they will live again, and all who ever lived will live again, and be judged; the righteous will live for ever in heaven, in the presence of God, but the wicked will be cast into everlasting fire."

"You are liars," replied Uaise, "they will not live again; how can they live again? Their bodies are gone to corruption; their bones are separated from each other; how can they live again?"

Taunga, the other teacher, who was in the house, heard the conversation, and came out, and invited the party in. They complied with the invitation, and Taunga addressed them, reiterating and enlarging upon the statements of Noa respecting the resurrection and the judgment. The natives also reiterated the charge of falsehood.

While Taunga was still talking with them, four men, three of whom were sons of Matuku, came running into the house armed with hatchets. One of these took his station in front of Noa, and close to him; and another stationed himself behind Taunga. The address was of course at an end. One of the ruffians seized Noa's right arm with his left hand, and raised his hatchet above his head to strike the fatal blow. The other, who was by Taunga, also raised his hatchet over the head of the intended victim. The teachers bowed their heads, lifted up their hearts to God, and calmly resigned themselves to His will. All was ready. It appeared as if the deed were done; hope was extinct. It seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could avail. Buma, a son of Matuku, who stood over Taunga, nodded to Naise, on whom the issue appeared to depend whether they should strike. By some sign which was understood, he replied, "No." The scale was turned; the arm of the murderer was arrested by an unseen hand, and the party dispersed, leaving the teachers with feelings somewhat resembling those of a primitive servant of God, and in circumstances in which they might almost have adopted his language, "Now I know that God hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod."

Paton Destroying Superstition

Concerning the Bible and Tracts.

WHEN the Rev. John G. Paton was in the New Hebrides two Inland Chiefs came running to the Mission House breathless with perspiration. One of them held up a handful of half-rotten tracts, saying—

"Missi, is this part of God's Word, the sacred Book of Jehovah? or is it the work, the words of the book of man?"

After Mr. Paton had examined them he replied,

"These are the works, the words and the book of man, not of Jehovah."

"Missi," he asked again, "Are you certain that it is not the Word of Jehovah?"

"It is only man's work and man's book," was the reply.

"Missi," continued the Chiefs, "some years ago Kaipai, a sacred Chief and certain Tannese went on a visit to Aneitytum, and Missi Geddie gave him these books. On his return, when he showed them to the Tannese the people were all so afraid of them, for they thought they were the sacred Books of Jehovah, that they met for consultation and agreed solemnly to bury them. Yesterday some person in digging had disenterred them, and at once our Inland people said that one dead Chief had buried part of Jehovah's Word, which made Him angry, and that He had therefore caused the Chief's death and the plague and the measles. Therefore they were now assembled to kill the dead Chief's son and daughter, in revenge! But before that should be done I persuaded them to send these books to inquire of you if this be part of Jehovah's Book, and if the burying of it caused all the diseases and death."

Mr. Paton assured him that these books never caused either sickness or death to any human being; and that none can cause sickness or death by sorcery; and that burying these tracts did not make Jehovah angry, or cause evil to any creature—

"You yourselves know" said Mr. Paton, "the very ships that brought the measles and caused the deaths; and you

killed some of the young men who were landed sick with the disease."

"Missi, I am quite satisfied" declared the Inland Chief, "no person shall be put to death over these books now."

They went off, but immediately returned, saying,

"Missi, have you any books like these to show us? And will you show us the sacred Book of Jehovah beside them."

The missionary showed them a Bible and then a handful of tracts with pictures like those they had brought; and offered them the Bible and specimens of these tracts, that they might shew both to the people assembled. The tracts they received, but the Bible they refused to touch. They satisfied the Inland people and prevented bloodshed on account of the tracts which had been buried.

Richards Preaching the Law And Gospel.

WHEN the Rev. Henry Richards was in the Congo he devoted himself for a long time to the teaching the truths of the Bible concerning the creation and the fall. Four years he pursued this course, thinking it was necessary to give the people an idea of the Old Testament before beginning with the New. Those who heard him remained as much heathen at the end of this time as when he first went among them. He was advised to preach the law, for that convinced of sin. So on reaching Banza Manteke, the first thing he did was to translate and expound the ten commandments. They said the commandments were very good, but claimed that they had kept them; and the plainest and most personal application of the decalogue made no apparent impression on the hearers. So two more years passed away, and the people were no better. He began to be hopeless of doing them any good. At last in his discouragement he began to study the Scriptures anew for himself, feeling that there must be a mistake in his preaching or lack in his living. In the Apostolic days souls were converted,

why not now? Surely the Gospel had not lost its power. If in the days of the Acts of the Apostles heathens turned from idols to serve the living God, why should not these heathens do so in Banza Manteke? He studied the Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles and began to see the commission given by Jesus Christ to his followers is not "Go into all the world and preach the *law*," but preach the *Gospel*. This was the turning point in the work of this lonely and disheartened missionary. Ever after he preached the Gospel and success attended his labours, until all the people around Banza Manteke had abandoned their heathenism! More than one thousand names were enrolled in a book of those who by their walk and conversation had given evidence of their real conversion.

Bishop Crowther,

A Living Argument.

ON one occasion, when Bishop Weeks of Africa was travelling in England, a gentleman in the same railway carriage began to attack him as a friend of foreign missions. In the course of the conversation the gentleman said,

"What are the missionaries doing abroad? We pay them pretty well, but hear little about them or their movements. I suppose they are sitting down quietly and making themselves comfortable."

There sat beside Mr. Weeks another traveller as black as any of the natives of the dark Continent, and himself an unmistakable negro. He waited patiently until the stranger had exhausted his tirade against missions, and then making a sign of silence to Mr. Weeks, undertook himself to reply to the strictures of the critic.

"Sir," said he, "allow me to present myself to you as a result of the labour of the missionaries whose work you have been depreciating." Pointing to Mr. Weeks he continued, "I am an African, and this man was the means of my having

become a Christian, and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian man."

The man who had thus impulsively assaulted Christian missions looked upon the black man beside him with the look of mingled embarrassment and amazement. He could not be mistaken; there was a genuine typical African, yet that man had addressed him in the elegant language of an educated and accomplished Englishman; he had felt all the refining power of the Gospel, and there were in the very tones of his voice and in his whole manner the unmistakeable signs of a Christian gentleman. The accuser of the missions sank into a reverie. He had no more to say as an objector. And when he resumed conversation it was in a different tone. That black man was none other than Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterwards consecrated as the first native Bishop of the Niger! himself a living proof that the Gospel had not lost its wonder-working power, even upon the most unlettered and degraded races of men.

Lewis Danchne

Attacked by a Serpent.

IT is recorded of a Moravian missionary labouring in Guiana, on the continent of South America, that he had a fearful encounter with a boa-constrictor, a serpent of the largest class, and narrowly escaped with his life. Feeling ill one day, the missionary resolved to go into his hut and lie down in his hammock. Just as he entered the door, a boa-constrictor lowered itself from the roof, and entwined itself round him. He struggled manfully with it, and the creature bit him three times; but happily the bite of this kind of serpent, though painful and dangerous enough, is not poisonous like that of several others of a smaller size. The chief danger from the boa-constrictor lies in the fact that it is in the habit of strangling its victim. This seemed to be the aim of the ugly creature that attacked the missionary on this occasion. At last it twisted itself so firmly round his

neck that he almost relinquished the hope of deliverance. And fearing it might be supposed that the Indians had murdered him, he had the presence of mind to write on the table with a piece of chalk, "A serpent has killed me." When the words of Christ suddenly coming to his mind that His disciples should tread upon serpents and not be hurt, the poor man was inspired with new vigour, and began again to struggle with his terrible enemy. After some time, exerting all his strength, he succeeded in tearing it loose of his body, and in casting it out of the hut, and so by the good providence of God, made escape to his friends, who soon came and despatched the ugly monster.

A
Wonderful Answer to Prayer
In the Friendly Islands.

WHEN the Wesleyan Mission in the Friendly Islands began to extend its influence all around, and the work had become somewhat established in Tonga, it was considered exceedingly desirable to commence a new station in the Haabai group. As the expense involved in this new enterprise would be considerable, the missionaries did not feel at liberty to move forward till they had obtained the sanction of the committee in London. They therefore sent home a full statement of the case, and anxiously awaited the answer. Month after month passed, but no intelligence came and the missionaries were perplexed to know what to do, especially as the chief of Haabai, earnestly desired a missionary, and had already built a chapel at Lifuka, the capital of the group.

At length the question was solved in a manner quite unexpected, but which clearly showed the hand of Divine Providence. A small box or packet was one day washed on shore at Tonga, near to Nukualfa, and was picked up by one of the natives. It was immediately taken to the missionary, the Rev. N. Turner, and on being opened it

was found to contain the long expected answer of the Missionary Committee, giving permission for the commencement of a new station in Haabai. The anxiety of the missionaries was thus relieved, and the work was commenced without delay. The vessel which bore that package containing the precious letter, a schooner from Sydney, had foundered at sea, and all on board were lost. It is said that neither vessel nor crew, nor any of the goods with which she had been freighted, were ever seen or heard of again. The package containing that letter alone, the messenger of mercy to a people waiting for the law of the Lord, guided by Him "whom winds and seas obey," escaped the general wreck, and was cast on shore at the right place, and at the right time, to relieve the minds of the missionaries, and to authorise them to go forward in the name and strength of their Divine Master.

The Garrows of Assam

Open to Christianity.

UP among the mountains of Assam, in a region where a white man was a wonder, and where a white woman had never been seen, lived a tribe known as the Garrows. For forty years they had remained an unsolved problem to their English rulers. Fond of making raids into the plains, and securing bloody heads as proofs of their bravery, fond of beads and brass ornaments, and of puppies roasted alive, but not fond of much clothing; knowing nothing of God, worshipping the stars, the rivers, the spirits of the hills; sacrificing liquor, rice, flowers, white cocks, sometimes beautiful fat bulls, and on very great occasions human beings, but hardly knowing to what they sacrificed them; enjoying no feast so well as one eaten from the skull of an enemy—they were a class of subjects the English Goverment preferred to ignore, except when they forced themselves upon its consciousness by their plundering raids. The way was opened for the introduction of the gospel

among these wild mountaineers in a very remarkable way. Two Garrows, Omed and Ramkhe, who had enlisted into the British army as sepoys, were awakened by tracts left at Gowalpara by an English missionary.

"Is there no missionary for *my* people?" was the first question asked by Omed after his conversion.

There was none. Months passed, and the Garrow converts grew stronger in the faith, and with their increasing knowledge, their love for their countrymen became intensified. At length, in 1864, they were liberated from military service, and went at once as missionaries to their heathen countrymen, the wild Garrows of the hills.

"I am glad to see any one who is willing to attempt the the reformation of those blood-thirsty savages; I hope you will succeed," said the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to one of the missionaries in a tone indicating the profoundest incredulity. Soon there came an appeal for help from eight Garrows awakened by the preaching of Omed and Ramkhe, the two converted discharged sepoys. This led to the appointment, first of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and afterwards of Messrs Bronson, Stodart, and Comfort, and to the commencement of a good work among the Mirkers, as well as the Garrows. At the close of 1869, there were five Garrow churches, with a membership of 176 native converts, as the result of this small beginning.

Difficulties of Translating
The Scriptures.

NONE but those who have experienced them can fully appreciate the difficulties connected with reducing to a written and grammatical form the barbarous languages spoken by different tribes in heathen lands, and of translating the Scriptures into them. We have an illustration of this in the following little incident:—

The Rev. T. S. Grimshawe once stated at a public meeting that he had met Mr. Colemeister, who had laboured as a

missionary among the Esquimaux for thirty-four years, and had translated the four Gospels into the Esquimaux language. Among a variety of interesting questions which Mr. Grimshawe put to him, he inquired as to a point of some curiosity and difficulty respecting his translations. Knowing how imperfect barbarous languages generally are, and how inadequate to express any abstract idea, Mr. Grimshawe requested him to say how he translated the word "Saviour." Mr. Colemeister said,

"Your question is remarkable, and, perhaps, the answer may be so too. It is true the Esquimaux have no word in their language to represent the Saviour, and I could never find out that they had any direct notion of such a Friend, But I said to them, 'Does it not happen sometimes when you are out fishing, that a storm arises, and some of you are lost and some saved?'

"They said, 'Oh yes, very often.'

"'But it also happens that you are in the water and owe your safety to some brother, or friend, who stretches out his hand to help you.'

"'Very frequently.'

"'Then what do you call that friend?'

"They gave me in answer a word in their language, and I immediately wrote it against the word Saviour in Holy Writ, and ever afterwards it was clear and intelligible to all of them."

Thus the missionary has to feel his way as best he can, amid many difficulties, and in this department of his work as well as in others, he has a special claim upon the sympathy and prayers of friends of the enterprise.

John Sunday, the Indian Chief.

AMONG the converts to the faith of the Gospel who were gathered into the fold of the Redeemer, in upper Canada, through the instrumentality of Peter Jones, was a young Indian Chief who was baptised by the name of

John Sunday, his native name having been Shawundais, which signifies, "thunder and lightning." He was soon afterwards employed as a class-reader and local preacher, and ultimately in the higher position of an assistant missionary. In this capacity he laboured for many years; and was the means of doing much among the people of his tribe.

In 1836 John Sunday paid a visit to England, and the friends of the missions were delighted with his simple statements in the numerous meetings which he addressed. Having gone to school for some time, he had learned to read and write, and he spoke very fair English. There was, moreover a spice of humour in his speeches which was calculated to amuse as well as edify his audience. The following extract may serve as a specimen. Concluding his address by an appeal to the benevolence of the people, previous to the collection, he said,

"There is a gentleman, I suppose, now in this house, he is a fine gentleman, but he is very *modest.* He does not like to show himself. I do not know how long it is since I saw him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time, when he ought to be going about doing good. His name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold are you here to-night? or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold; come out, and help us to do this great work, to send the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, *Mr. Silver*, he does a great deal of good in the world, while you are sleeping, Come out, Mr. Gold! Look at your brown brother, *Mr. Copper*, he is *everywhere!* See him running about doing all the good he can. Why don't you *come out?* Mr. Gold? Well, if you *won't come out* and give us yourself, send us your shirt, that is a *Bank Note,* and we will excuse you this time."

Christian Kindness

Overcoming Moslems' Enmity.

THE power of Christian kindness and consistency was exemplified in a striking manner in the town of Sheik Mohammed Syria. About 1862, a man named Ishoe el Kefroony, by reading a Bible that he obtained from a colporteur, became a Protestant Christian, almost before he knew it, and some time before he saw a missionary. Previously he had been a magician, and the most unlikely man in the place to be converted. When he heard of the missionaries at Tripoli he went to see them, and after the interview declared his faith, went home, burned his book of magic, and gave up the Greek Church, of which he had been a nominal member.

He was immediately put under the curse of the priest, and could only find friends among his Moslem neighbours whose sick he visited and doctored. The head man of the town, Yusif el Khoory, kept up an organised persecution against Ishoe. He hired men to root up his crops, cut off his water-supply, turn his cattle out of the pasture, and this not succeeding in bringing Ishoe back, he hired a notorious assassin who, with a company of the villagers, attacked him in the valley one night, and left him for dead. But Ishoe afterwards crawled home, bleeding and badly wounded, and did not recover from the murderous assault for sometime. For years after that he never dared to go out of his house alone after dark. He lived just below the town, under the brow of the hill. Organized mobs repeatedly surrounded his dwelling, and were only driven off with the aid of a few friendly Moslem neighbours.

Once these fellows were repulsed by seeing the gleam of Ishoe's rifle barrel, as he pushed it through a knot-hole in the door. Two or three times they threw down a part of his house. They destroyed crop after crop for him, and head after head of his cattle, until he was greatly distressed by his losses; yet he never lost an opportunity to speak for Christ and His Gospel. When matters be-

came a little more quiet, on one occasion, a few of the people applied to the missionaries for a Christian school, and Ishoe gave the use of a little house in the centre of the village for the purpose; but the old enemies soon stirred up the opponents, and they drove the school out of the village two or three times. Still they persevered. At length Christian kindness and patient perseverance on the part of Ishoe, and two or three other converts who acted with him, triumphed over every foe. The ringleader of the persecution Yusif el Khoory, had occasion for Ishoe's testimony as a witness in a lawsuit. He scarcely knew how to expect his compliance after the treatment he had received, but he nevertheless ventured to summon him. When Ishoe stood up in the court and testified to the truth, in favour of his avowed enemy, Yusif was fairly subdued, and from that moment he was converted into a friend. He not only discontinued his opposition, but began to aid the cause in various ways. The mission-school consequently prospered, converts were gathered in, a new school-house and place of worship were erected, Yusif el Khoory sending his masons to help to build it, and giving the stones for the window cups and sills. There these stones now stand, a testimony of the power of a gentle Gospel life in softening the stoniest of hearts, and turning away the wrath of the bitterest of adversaries.

THE
Abolition of Human Sacrifices
In Old Calabar.

THE Presbyterians have for many years had a prosperous mission on the Old Calabar, one of the numerous mouths of the mighty River Niger.

One of the most honoured and successful of the missionaries was the Rev. William Anderson, of the United Presbyterian Church. He went out originally to Jamaica but was transferred to this field of labour in 1848. The story of how human sacri-

fices were abolished in the Old Calabar shows Mr. Anderson's resolute and zealous disposition. In February, 1850, two of the Duke Town chiefs died, and, as usual on such occasions, human sacrifices were being offered, although, on account of the work of the missionaries, with rather more than the customary secrecy. Mr. Anderson heard that one of the wives and seven of the slaves of one of the dead chiefs had been killed, while in the household of the other chief nine slaves had been strangled and buried with their master. In addition to these atrocities, 12 or 14 miserable wretches were lying bound in a yard awaiting a similar fate.

Mr. Anderson, in the absence of the Rev. H. M. Waddell, the originator of the Calabar mission, made an earnest attempt to prevent the sacrifice of any further lives, and heated with the earnestness and determination which merited the victory, which was ultimately achieved, he set out to visit King Archibong, who, on his appointment, had promised to be a good friend to Queen Victoria, and to "ring big bell in market place every God day." He told the King that the white men would hold them responsible for the murders. The King was silent with regard to the deaths of the previous victims, but he promised there would be no more killing that day. Anderson, after this qualified success, visited others of the head men among the natives, and accused them of the murders. Attempts were made to evade the charge, but on finding that Anderson was in earnest, and fearing the consequences, one of the chiefs exclaimed,

"If God spare me, two years don't pass before this bad fashion break off; but we can't do things all in a day."

Not content with scaring the chiefs, nor with a mere protest against these frightful enormities, Mr. Anderson organised a great palaver in the church, and got the King and the chiefs agreed on the 10th February to pass a law that human sacrifice should be abolished, and that life should not be taken but for crimes committed. This was done, and the power of religion once more vindicated itself as benevolent in its nature and powerful in its influence.

A Heathen and Christian Meeting.

THE distinction between the Africans who had received the Gospel and those who had not was brought out most clearly when Rev. Dr. Moffat was in South Africa. One Sabbath at the mission station the native Christians were gathered together in the house of God, quietly seated at the Lord's table. It was a solemn and happy season both to the devoted missionary and his flock. Tears of joy rolled down the sable cheeks of several of the communicants when they thought of their low and lost condition, as worshippers of stocks and stones and idols.

While these Christians were thus engaged a party of heathens had gathered near the chapel. They were arrayed in their war dresses, and spent the time in dancing, shouting, croaking, grunting, and uttering such sounds as are heard only in pagan lands. Just as they were making the air ring with their discordant sounds, the little Christian band within the sanctuary were singing a translation of Watts's hymn.

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?"

The scene was animated as it was new; in one place hymns of holy joy were ascending to mingle with the hallelujahs of the heavenly world; at about two hundred yards' distance, Satan's motley group were vociferating their discordant grating sounds. Just at this time thick clouds covered the sky, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain descended in torrents, compelling the heathen to take shelter in their huts. Meanwhile the Christians sat still around the table of the Lord, and prayed that their heathen brethren might be brought to share in these feasts of joy and love. When the service was ended, a young chief exclaimed—

"These poor sinners thought to have disturbed and silenced us with their dances and songs, and in this way to have done us evil, but instead of that they have really done us good."

"How so?" asked Mr. Moffat.

"It made me," said the young chief, "more thankful than I otherwise would have been, for it brought forcibly to my mind what I once was, and what God has in mercy done for me by the power of the Gospel." This opposition illustrates how God makes the wrath of man to praise His name.

Livingstone Liberating
A Slave Gang.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a practical missionary, and attended to the bodies as well as the souls of men. Like all his brothers in the cause of Christ he did good when he had opportunity. When on his travels in Africa, he came across a gang of slaves being driven to the coast. It consisted of a long line of manacled men and women and little children. The black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and the rear of the line, some of them blowing exulting notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to think that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English—Livingstone and his party—they darted like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that they were scarcely seen. The chief alone remained, and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped. He was a well-known slave and had for some time been the missionary's attendant. On being asked how he obtained these captives, he replied he had bought them, but the slaves themselves said, all save four had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy.

Being left entirely in Livingstone's hands, knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept

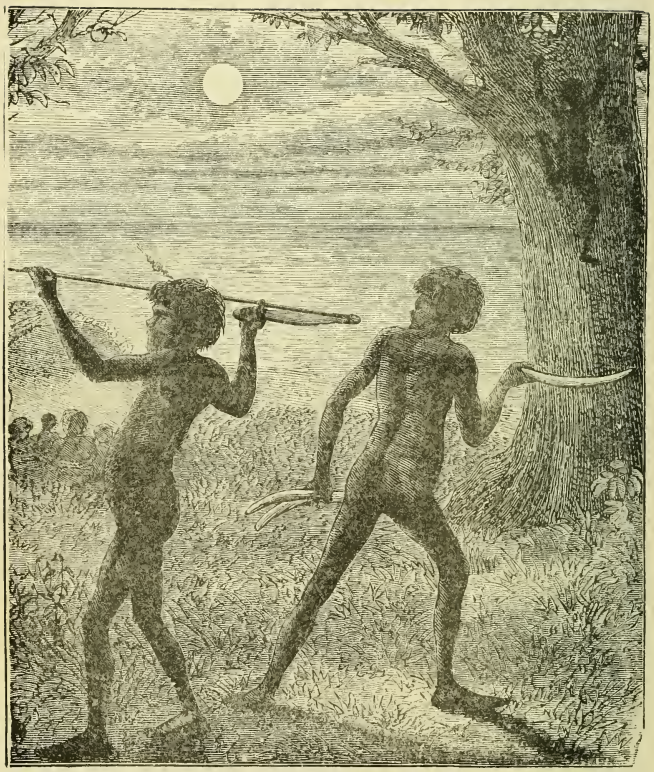
in by an iron rod which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in Bishop Mackenzie's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and prepare a good breakfast for themselves and their children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but after a little coaxing they went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots, with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances of many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children of four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, asked the liberators—

"The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat, what sort of people are you?"

Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was dispatched with an axe because he had broken down with fatigue. The number liberated was eighty-four, and on being told they were at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain with the mission, they chose the latter, and were treated with kindness and told the story of redeeming love.

Varain, a Fijian Chief.

ONE of the most remarkable converts to Christianity in Fiji, under the Rev. John Hunt was Varain, who had long acted as human butcher. He had long been convinced of the truth of Christianity, but was prevented from making a public confession of it by his connection with Seru, the chief of Ban. He had long acted as the human butcher of this young chief, who was the Napoleon of Fiji. Varain learned to read during the early part of the year: and, what is still more important, he began to pray. Often would he retire into the woods to entreat God, to have mercy on his soul. He was, in fact, so fully convinced by his need of a Saviour, that the name of Jesus became very precious to him. If he found, in the course of his reading, a passage



Australian Natives.

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which referred to the love of Christ to sinners, he would kiss the book for joy and thankfulness. Varain would talk about nothing but religion, either to heathens or Christians. He was obliged to go to war, but it was entirely against his will. The Lord protected him in a remarkable manner. On one occasion he was ordered to attempt to set fire to a town, and had to approach very near to effect his purpose. He was perceived by the enemy, and a musket ball passed close to his head. He immediately fell on his knees to thank God for his deliverance, not merely from death, but from hell, which he feared much more than death, and which he fully believed would be his portion if he died without making a public profession of Christianity. He felt that praying while he still remained a heathen would not do, but that he must take up his Cross and follow Christ, as His professed disciple, before he could hope for salvation.

This conviction induced him at length to inform the Chief of Bau that he must become a Christian. The chief, as might be expected, endeavoured to dissuade him from taking such a step, at any rate at present, this, however, only led Varian to exhort the Chief to join him. Seru, the Chief, knowing the firmness of the man, said no more, and thus gave an unwilling assent to what he evidently disapproved. When Thakombau, the king, heard of Varain's conversion, he was very angry, and resolved not to lose his greatest warrior without a struggle. When first informed of the event, the king said in an angry tone,—

"Have you seen him pray?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Tell him, then, to go to God for his food; he shall have none from my hands. He has not hearkened to my speech; I told him to wait a little, and then we would become Christians together. Tell him to remain at Viwa. He is not to come to Bau any more or receive riches from me." When the message was delivered to Varain, he replied,

"I do not want riches, I want to go to Heaven more than to receive riches and go to hell. The lands are the Lord's. If he sees fit, I shall not want food. If I am hungry, it will be but for a little time before I die and go to Heaven, and I shall never be hungry there."

The next day the King sent to demand the riches which

Varain had obtained by his conversion! "They belong to us. Why have you become a Christian? What have we done that you have become angry with us, and left us?" Varain sent back the following answer:—

"You well know that I receive no riches by becoming a Christian. You ask, why have I become a Christian? My reply is, to save my soul. It is not because I am angry with you; but I was afraid to wait longer, lest I should die and lose my soul!"

This important event occurred in 1845, and from that time forward Varain gave evidence of a real change of heart and witnessed a good confession in the presence of many adversaries. His fellow-chiefs were awed into acquiescence to his new course of life, and they also ultimately embraced Christianity. Varain, moreover, became a great help to the missionaries in the arduous work in which they were engaged in the earlier stages of that wonderful reformation which has taken place in Fiji. He was remarkable for his simple piety, earnest zeal and Christian consistency. He was, moreover, mighty in prayer; and there is reason to believe that by his influence and counsel he was instrumental in winning many souls for Christ, whilst at the same time he made steady progress in the knowledge and love of God.

A Heathen Madagascar Father.

THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS, of the London Missionary Society, in his account of his work in Madagascar, relates the following shocking instance of infanticide, which illustrates the depravity of human nature, and what it is capable of becoming when it is in the darkness of heathendom.

A man and his wife,—quite a young couple,—lived as tenants of an Englishman named Young, on the estate of Kukuwaw, situated in the centre of Waiakea Bay. They had one child, a fine little boy. A quarrel arose between them on one occasion respecting this child. The wife refused to accede to the wishes of the husband. He in revenge rose,

caught up the child by the head and the feet, broke its back across his knee and threw it down on the ground in expiring agonies before the poor agonised young mother. Struck with the atrocity of the act, Mr. Young had the man arrested, and brought for judgment before the King Tamehameha, who was at that time at Waiakea, and requested that he might be punished. But the king inquired:

"To whom did the child he has murdered belong?"

"It was his own son," replied Mr. Young. "Then," said the king, "neither you nor I have any right to interfere; I cannot say anything to him."

Verily, those who could think and act as this father and king did are in darkness. What a difference is here revealed between the laws of heathendom and of those countries where the Bible is read and believed in!

Martyr Boys in U.-Ganda.

MWANGA, king of U.-Ganda, was a feeble-minded ruler, and his mind was filled with vague fears regarding his kingdom, and he was led to look upon the missionaries as his enemies. Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, and who wrought with Bishop Hannington, was charged with sending his friends to U.-Soga, there to collect an army, while he stole the hearts of the people in U.-Ganda from their king. Mwanga was enraged to find all his pages, with the exception of two or three, were pupils of the missionaries; he complained to them that they had ceased to respect his majesty, that they counted Jesus as their king, and himself not much better than a brother.

Matters soon came to a crisis. Mr. Mackay had obtained permission again to cross the Lake, and was proceeding with some of the mission boys to the post, when he was forcibly arrested by the order of Katikiro. The instrument employed was one Mujasi, captain of the body guard, who had once been sent on an embassy to General Gordon at Khartoum, and not meeting from that great governor the distinguished consideration he thought that his own highness merited, had

returned with a perfect hatred of all white men, and a deep-seated loathing for their religion. He was rejoiced at this opportunity of showing his contempt for the Christian teachers, and used them with the utmost rudeness, dragging them forcibly before the Katikiro. They only averted the utter destruction of the Mission premises by a timely present to the authorities.

Their boys, however, had been seized upon the pretext that as Christians they were joining with the white men against the king. They made the utmost efforts to obtain their release, but all to no purpose. Three of the younger were at last returned to them, but the other three were shamefully tormented and done to death. The lads who escaped described the scene to their teachers. They were taken with Kakumba and Mr. Ashe's company, and also Serwanga, a tall fine fellow who had been baptised. These three were then tortured, their arms were cut off, and they were bound alive to a scaffolding under which a fire was made, and so they were slowly burned to death. As they hung in their protracted agony over the flames, Mujasi and his men stood around jeering, and told them to pray *now* to Isa Masiya—Jesus Christ, if they thought he could do anything to help them.

The spirit of the martyrs at once entered the lads, and together they raised their voices and praised Jesus in the fire, singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound. The hymn sang was one of the hymns which had been translated with the musical language of U.-Ganda, and begins in English thus—

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing my soul His praises due;
All He does deserves his praises,
And one deep devotion too.
For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe."

What a triumph! One of the executioners, struck by the extraordinary fortitude of the lads and their firm faith in another life, came and asked that he also might be taught to pray. The martyr boys of U.-Ganda did much by their lives, but they did more for Christ and the gospel by their deaths.

By their faith and song in death they strengthened the Christians and led many to inquire the way of salvation.

Richard Broadman's Providential Deliverance.

AMONG the first Missionaries sent to America by John Wesley was the Rev. Richard Broadman, who had been the subject of a remarkable deliverance before he left home. Mr. Broadman preached one evening at Mould in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Park Gate. After riding some miles he asked a man if he was on the right road for that place. The answer received was—

"Yes, but you have sands to go over, and unless you ride very fast you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide."

It then began to snow to such a degree that he could scarcely see a foot of the way, and he could not ride as fast as he desired to do. He got to the sands and pursued his way over them for some time; but the tide then came in and surrounded him on every side, so that he could neither proceed nor turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular cliffs was impossible. In this situation he commended his soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time after he saw two men running down the hill on the other side of the water, and by some means or other they got a boat and came to Mr. Broadman's relief, just as the sea had reached his knees as he sat on his horse. They took him into the boat, the horse swimming by their side till they reached the land. When in the boat one of the men said—

"Surely, sir, God is with you."

"I trust he is," answered Mr. Broadman.

"I know he is," the man replied, and then told him,

"Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke the dream made such an impression upon me that I could not rest. I went and called upon this friend and desired him to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However I

begged him to go with me to another hill at a short distance, and then we saw your distressing situation."

When they got on shore they went to a public-house and told the story of the wonderful deliverance, when the landlady said—

"This day month we saw a gentleman in your position of danger, but before we could hasten to his rescue he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we thought, that his horse would swim with him, but they both sunk and were drowned together."

Mr. Broadman was deeply impressed by this incident in his life, and proved his gratitude to God by his labours in the mission field.

Religious Ignorance

Of the Esquimaux.

THE question as to whether all men have an idea of a Supreme Being has often been discussed. Whether they have or not is difficult to determine, but one thing is settled, and that is, that there are some inhabitants of the earth who are grossly ignorant of all matters pertaining to religion. Among these are the Esquimaux, as Captain Ross found in a conversation he had with one of their number called Govick. He came on board Captain Ross's ship, who asked him if he had any knowledge of a Supreme Being, but after trying every word in his own language to express the idea, he could not make him understand what was meant. It was distinctly asserted he did not worship the sun, moon or stars, or any image, or living creature. When asked what the sun, moon and stars were for, he answered, "to give light."

He had no knowledge or idea how he came into being or of a future state, but said that when he died he would be put in the ground. Having ascertained that he had no idea of a Supreme Being, Captain Ross proceeded to inquire if he

believed in an evil spirit, but he could not be made to understand what it meant.

The word "angekok," which means conjurer or sorcerer, was then pronounced to him in the South Greenland Esquimaux language. He said—

"We have many of them, that it was in their power to raise a storm, or make a calm, and to drive off seals, or to bring them; that they learned this art from old angekoks when young. And we are afraid of them, and they had generally one in every family."

Finding that Govick had a nephew called Otooniah, about fourteen years of age, who was an angekok, Captain Ross took him into his cabin and questioned him as to how he learned his art. He said he had learned it from an old angekok, and that he could raise the wind and drive off seals and birds. This was done by words and gestures; but the words had no meaning and were not addressed to anything but the wind and sea. In his incantations he received no assistance from spirits good or bad. When the uncle and nephew were told there was an omnipotent, omnipresent and invisible Being, who had created the sun and land and all things therein, they were surprised and eagerly asked where He lived. When told He was everywhere they evinced much alarm, and became impatient to get away. Thus these children of perpetual winter had no idea of God, but possessed the powers of believing in Him when made known, as well as being elevated by the Gospel of His Son.

William Burns Plundered

In China.

THE Rev. William Burns, Free Church Missionary in China, had a hard life of it, and encountered many dangers and difficulties in the spirit of love and trust. In the course of a journey in the interior he was lying awake one night in anxious thought, when suddenly he became aware

of two muffled figures approaching his bedside, with blackened faces and stealthy steps. They stood over him with naked swords held to his breast.

"Do no violence, my friends," he said calmly, "and you shall have all."

Accordingly the robbers released their victim, but took with them all he possessed, save only the contents of a loose bag, which seemed to contain nothing but useless papers. Beneath these papers, however, lay a few shreds of under garments, of which the poor missionary contrived to make for himself an outlandish costume, in which he found his way back to the sea-coast and thence to Hong-Kong, waiting under cover in the boat until the return of a messenger supplied him with the means of appearing among his friends in a more appropriate garb. While the thieves were plundering the apartment they came upon a strange article, the use of which they could not divine. This was a hone for the razor. One of the fellows had the audacity to come with it to Mr. Burns to ascertain its use, when the good man patiently taught the robber the mode of sharpening the razor upon it. The next morning, when his landlord came to his plundered guest to condole with him in his sufferings, the only answer he received was,

"Poor fellows, let us pray for them."

Williams on Infanticide

In Polynesia.

INFANTICIDE is common in heathen lands and prevailed in Tahiti all but universally. George Bennet, Esq., when visiting the Rev. John Williams, attended a meeting where three women were making European garments under the direction of the missionary's wife. Mr. Williams said to Mr. Bennet—

"I have no doubt but each of these women have destroyed some children."

Looking at them with an expression of surprise and incredulity, he exclaimed,

"Impossible! such motherly respectable women could never have been guilty of so great an atrocity."

"Well," said Mr. Williams, "we will ask them."

Addressing the first, he asked, "Friend, how many children have you destroyed?"

She was startled at the question, and at first charged the missionary with unkindness in harrowing up her feelings by bringing the destruction of her babes to her remembrance; but, on hearing the object of the inquiry, she replied with a faltering voice—

"I have destroyed nine," the second, with eyes suffused with tears, said—

"I have destroyed seven;" and the third said she had destroyed five. Thus three individuals, causually selected, had killed one-and-twenty children! but had changed their views of such matters, and had become consistent members of a Christian church.

On another occasion, Mr. Williams was called upon to visit the wife of a chief who was dying. She had professed Christianity for many years, had learned to read and write, and was an active teacher in the adult school. On his entering her apartment, she called out—

"O Servant of God! come and tell me what must I do."

On inquiring the cause of her distress, she said,

"I am about to die, I am about to die! O my sins, my sins!"

Mr. Williams then inquired what the particular sins were which so greatly distressed her, when she exclaimed—

"Oh my children! my murdered children! I am about to die, and I shall meet them at the judgment-seat of Christ."

Upon this the missionary inquired how many she had destroyed, and to his astonishment, she replied—

"I have destroyed about sixteen, and now I am about to die."

After frequent visits, Mr. Williams, by the blessing of God, tranquillized her troubled spirit, as he and others did much to bring by the Gospel an end to this heathen practice.

Stanley on the Influence Of the Bible.

IN 1875, Miss Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, presented him with a beautifully bound Bible On a subsequent visit to Mtesa, he read to that chief some chapters out of the sacred book, and as he finished, it flashed through his mind as by inspiration that Uganda was destined to be won for Christ. Stanley was not permitted to take away with him that precious Bible. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words which he had heard, nor the startling effect they had upon him, and just as the traveller was turning away from his country to continue his explorations across the dark continent, a messenger who had travelled 200 miles came to him and told him with great earnestness that Mtesa wanted the book and it was given to him. The influence of that single book no human being can calculate, for to-day there are many thousands of Christians in Uganda, and numbers of them have proved their faith at the stake, under the knob-stick, and even under the torture of death.

Wesleyan Missionaries In a Fatal Storm.

ONE of the earliest of the Wesleyan Missions, was the one to Antigua, where they had a favourable reception. It sustained a most serious loss in 1826, its whole staff perishing at sea. Five agents, two wives, four children and two servants had gone to St. Christopher's to a district meeting. On their return they called at Montserrat, to land Mr. Hyde and his family. A storm arose afterwards, and the vessel was put back to Montserrat. After a few days they went on board the mail boat to make up for lost time. It was still a fearful storm, and, when within a few hours of

Antigua, which they hoped to reach shortly after sunset, the vessel struck on a reef near Sandy Island, fell on her side, and was fast filling with water. The masts were cut down, and the anchor was dropped, in the hope of temporary safety. The sea still rolled furiously. The passengers and crew clung to the bulwarks, nearly to the neck in water, until that part of the vessel sunk to the depths of the ocean.

Mrs. Jones was one of the descending party and would have perished, had not her husband succeeded in getting hold of her, and in continuing his hold until she was dragged back. The captain brought up the survivors to that portion of the vessel which was yet fast upon the reef, and likely to hold out the longest, and tried to comfort them, with the thought that at daybreak they would be seen from Goat-hill battery, and rescued. The waves dashed over them, and scarcely had they recovered from one shock when another came upon them. The day dawned, but their signals were not discovered. Their persons were not distinguishable from the reef over which the billows rolled; yet they distinctly saw individuals moving to and fro upon the neighbouring shore. Vessels passed by; but the noise of the waves drowned their piteous cries for help.

Amid all the terrors of that terrific scene, Mr. and Mrs. Jones busied themselves in preaching Christ to the imperilled and perishing company. The darkness of night again set in upon them. The water was now up to their breasts. They had neither meat nor drink. Still the sea rolled over them. They dared not sleep, lest the next wave should sweep them off the wreck. The second day was welcomed by singing the praises of their gracious Preserver. Again vessels passed to and fro, but their signals were not seen—their voices not heard. About noon Mr. Hillier, one of the mission band thought he might swim ashore, a distance of three miles, and secure help; but from previous exhaustion, he had only been a few minutes in the water, when he sank from the view of his anxious and excited companions. Some of the sailors seized pieces of the wreck and struck out in the hope of attracting attention but perished. Their bodies floating on the waters were now seen by the survivors.

Another night arrived to that diminished company, and

laid bare the joints of the wreck to which they were clinging. Another morning came, and, contrary to their expectations, found them still alive. The storm had greatly subsided. Mr. Oke another of the mission band, perished in the attempt to swim ashore. Mr. Jones, now the sole male survivor of the missionaries, became paralyzed, and died with this prayer: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." His wife held the body for a time, until the rolling ocean tore it from her grasp, and buried it out of her sight. In a condition which defies all description, Mrs. Jones was found by two humane gentlemen who had heard of the wreck and hasted to the rescue. They treated the solitary survivor with care and kindness until she was restored to feel her solitariness, and, yet more, to acknowledge the hand of God in her remarkable preservation.

Robert Young.

A Sabbath in Tonga.

THE Rev. Robert Young was sent on a visit to the Friendly Islands by the Wesleyan Conference, and spent a Sabbath in Tonga, the services of which demonstrated the hold of the Gospel had taken on the people. At half-past five in the morning the bell of the Chapel summoned the inhabitants to worship. It was a meeting for prayer, and attended by about three hundred persons. The king and queen were present, and both engaged in prayer. The former took a review of God's mercies to them as a people, contrasting their present with their former condition, noticing the arrival of the missionaries, together with the Book of God in their own tongue, and describing in grateful language, and with much hallowed feeling, the happy results they had realized. The queen in her prayer also gave thanks for the arrival of the Scriptures, and said the book was valuable not because of its paper and ink, but because it brought good tidings to sinners, and from Genesis to Revelations was full of the Saviour. The response from every part of the chapel to this part of her prayer told that she had

touched a tender chord, and elicited the grateful feelings of many a heart.

At eight o'clock the Sunday-school began, and the children were examined in the Conference Catechism, the result being highly satisfactory. At nine o'clock the bell was again heard, and in every part of the town the beating of the native drum announced that the hour had come for beginning the public worship of God. The people repaired to the chapel, and as they went the joy which sparkled in their eyes and beamed in their countenances seemed to say, "Lord we have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

The chapel was without benches and would accommodate on its matted floor six or seven hundred persons; it was much crowded, many also being seated on the grass outside. The singing was good, and when an abridgement of the Liturgy was read, the responses from every part of the sanctuary indicated deep and reverential feeling. Mr. Young preached and the people listened with great attention while the Glorious Redeemer and His claims upon their affection and service was set before them. Many hearts were moved and many sighs went up to Heaven. At two o'clock the Sunday-school re-assembled, there were thirteen classes, all squatted on the floor, each one forming a ring around its teacher, one of whom was the queen, who takes a deep interest in the rising generation. At three o'clock the public worship commenced, and the tribes again appeared before the Lord. Thus ended the services of Mr. Young's first Sunday in the Friendly Islands—a day of light and power and glory which can never be forgotten in time or in eternity.

Rev. James McMullen

And his Orphan Child.

ONE of the most affecting cases of affliction and bereavement in the mission-field was the sickness and sudden death by yellow fever of both the Rev. James McMullen, and his devoted wife, soon after their arrival at

Gibraltar in 1804. On landing at their appointed station, they found the fell disease raging among the wasted population with fearful violence. It had invaded almost every family, and there was scarcely a house in which there was not one dead. The missionary's child, a beautiful little girl, had scarcely breathed the tainted air when she was seized with the malady. On the 10th of October her anxious father, fatigued with constant watching by the couch of affliction, was himself prostrated with fever, and on the 18th he died.

Mrs. McMullen had borne up during these days of woe with wonderful fortitude, being sustained by her unwavering faith in the goodness and mercy of God; but at the hour which ended the life of her husband, she was herself smitten with the shaft of the pestilence, and followed him in a few days to the tomb. Contrary to all expectation, the orphan child survived, and as soon as possible, was sent under suitable care to England. In His kind providence the God of her parents gave her a home in the family of good Dr. Clarke. That fatherly man and his excellent wife brought up the little Gibraltar orphan-girl as their daughter, and had the satisfaction of seeing her rise into life well educated, amiable and pious. She at length became the wife of an eminent Methodist minister, the Rev. John Rigg, and lived to see her children the subject of divine blessing in providence and grace, one of her sons being Dr. J. H. Rigg, the Principal of a Wesleyan Training College. In this way God fulfilled his promise to be a Father to the fatherless, and He would watch over His own.

Rev. Matthew Lumb

Preaching through Prison Bars.

REV. MATTHEW LAMB was sent out by the Wesleyan Mission to St. Vincent, West Indies, at the end of last century, when slavery existed. The planters on the island at that time had begun to dread the propagation of liberty among the slaves, and through their influence a law was passed which rendered it necessary that every missionary

should be in the island one complete year and obtain a government licence to preach, before trying to do religious work among the negroes. Mr. Lumb not having been a year, put to his conscience prayerfully the question, "Shall I obey God or man in this matter?" and answered it by preaching the following Sunday at Kingston, and was in a summary fashion dragged to prison, the black people following him in hundreds and crying with loud lamentations. Fearing that the populace, in their excited state, might riotously attempt to rescue the prisoner, soldiers were set to guard him in jail. While the soldiers stood by the entrance of the prison, there came a poor old blind woman inquiring for "dear Massa Minister."

The men said to each other, "Let the poor old blind woman pass; what harm can she do?"

Thus she was allowed to enter the gate. On reaching the prison she groped along the wall till she found the iron-grated window of the missionary's cell, and putting her face to it, she exclaimed—

"Dear Massa Minister, God bless you. Keep heart, massa! So dem put good people in prison long time ago. Neber mind, massa! all we go to pray for you!"

Mr. Lumb declared afterwards that these encouraging words of the poor old blind woman were as balm to his wounded soul. When the tumult had somewhat subsided, and the soldiers had returned to the barracks, several of the people who lingered about were permitted to approach the prison window, where the persecuted missionary presented himself, and actually repeated the crime for which he was committed, by speaking of Christ and His salvation. Among the crowd stood a woman named Mary Richardson, who thus heard the Gospel for the first time. Many years afterwards, when the Rev. William Moister laboured in St. Vincent, this good woman sickened and died; and in her last moments she thanked God that ever she heard the missionary preach through the iron grating of his prison window.

"For that," said she, "was the word which came to my heart!" The servant of Christ can be confined, but not His Word. It will not return to Him void.

Pele, the Hawaiian's Goddess.

THE principal island of the group Hawaii, possesses the largest active volcano in the world, called by the natives Kilanea—the Strong Shaking Fire. It is situated on the flank of the mountain Manna Goa, at a height of four thousand feet. Part of the crater is occupied by a lake or sea of fire, called by the natives Halemaumau, or the House of Everlasting Burnings. This lake of molten fire is constantly changing its level, and is apt to overflow the precipitous walls which surround the pit. Sometimes the fiery flow would take a subterranean course, and spouting out, perhaps in the midst of a village, carry death and destruction with it on its fatal course. The natives, not understanding the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, came to worship that of which they could offer no explanation, and which was a cause of fear.

In this way the worship of the fiery goddess Pele originated. Wherever the power of the mighty volcano was known, the Pele was, above all the principal deities, worshipped. Although lesser gods might more immediately influence the every-day life of the natives, and received sacrifice when their assistance was to be invoked, or their wrath appeased, yet pervading the whole religion of the islands was the all-absorbing dread of the fearful goddess Pele, in whose power it was to gratify her vicious and vindictive temper by destruction of the homes, lands, and lives of all under her sway.

Her priests and priestesses were as rapacious as their mistress was vicious, and had little difficulty in working upon the ignorance of the natives. It was no shadowy or unseen power for whom they ministered. There, on the flank of their highest mountain, was the visible and fiery home of the one who terrorised over them; there was the seething cauldron of red-hot lava, ready to open its mouth and pour destruction on fields and villages, at the caprice of a whimsical and uncontrolled temper. In her fiery house, Pele was surrounded by attendant divinities, male and female, and of all shapes, wallowing in the flames, and dancing to the detonations and explosions in the crater. It

A Greenland Snow Village.

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was to keep her appeased that nothing which the priests demanded was refused, and they, as capricious as Pele herself, wielded practically the power theoretically possessed by the goddess. Yet to the power of Jesus Christ this goddess had to yield, for by the preaching of the Gospel, Mr. Coan was the means of the conversion of her chief priest, who at the age of seventy received the light of the true religion, which changed the whole current of his after life.

Black Jews Invulnerable.

THERE are great differences among those peoples among whom the preachers of the Gospel labour. Some readily receive the message of mercy, others receive it after much work and prayer, and others again are impervious and cannot be moved. One of the strangest peoples with whom the missionary enterprise have to do are the Falashas of Ethiopia, and are of the latter kind. They are black Jews, about two hundred thousand in number, living west of Jordan, who have as their holy writings the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. Undoubtedly they are not of pure Jewish descent, althought to some extent they are the children of Jewish immigrants, who, in the time of the great Dispersion, settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation—something not strange, as the Ethiopians are Semitic in nationality and language.

A prominent German writer thinks that they are mostly the descendants of early Abyssinian proselytes—*i.e.*, people who early, and before the introduction of Christianity, accepted the Mosaic system of religion, and who did not, like the majority of the Abyssinian people in the third century, adopt Christianity, but clung to their old faith. Their religious literature does not seem to be very extensive. Halevy, the French Orientalist, published a few years ago a collection of their liturgical formulas in Hebrew translation, entitled "Les prières des Falashas." Missionary attempts were made among these peculiar people by the Jesuits as

early as the seventeenth century, but with little success, and the recent endeavours of the Basle Evangelical Society have also been without tangible results.

A Heroic Act

By Princess Kapiolani.

AMONG the many notable converts to Christianity in Hawaii, was a Princess Kopiolani of Hawaii, who, on being thoroughly convinced of the truth of the new religion, strove hard to awaken in the people an interest in the faith she professed. Having given up somewhat intemperate habits, and chosen one from among her husbands to be her lawful consort, she announced her determination to pay a visit to the volcano of Kilauea, and defy the goddess Pele in her own domain. The district in which she lived in southern Hawaii was one seldom visited by foreigners, and the people still retained a strong liking for the religion of their fathers, and here the priests and priestesses of Pele still wielded great power. The brave Kapiolani, therefore, determined to show them how powerless the supposed goddess was, and once and for all to uproot their belief in Pele.

Finding that all attempts to dissuade her from the undertaking were in vain, eighty persons determined to bear her company. As she approached the crater, a priestess of the insulted goddess met her, and threatened the most awful vengeance of the goddess if she persisted in her intention. Full of courage, however, the chieftainess went on, until, reaching the edge of the crater, she led the way down the path leading to the boiling cauldron. She then plucked some ohelo berries, sacred to Pele from time immemorial, and ate them without previously offering some to the goddess, as worshippers of Pele were in duty bound to do. After having thus defied the goddess she walked calmly across the bed of cooled lava, until she arrived at "the House of Everlasting Burnings," the fiery lake of Halemaumau. Here she tossed blocks of lava in the molten waves, and defiantly desecrated

the very home of the goddess. All this time the party who had accompanied her were gazing in speechless wonder, expecting every minute to be overtaken by the vengeance of the goddess, to be swallowed up quickly by an earthquake, or to be suffocated by the fiery vapours. Here, turning on her companions, she said in calm clear tones,

"My God is Jehovah. He it was who kindled those fires. I do not fear Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah saves me while breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and love Him. The gods of Hawaii are vain."

Then after singing a hymn in this very home of the gods, she returned with her followers in safety to the edge of the crater. She afterwards dismissed the priests and priestesses of Pele with the solemn admonition to worship their so-called goddess no more.

Strange Heresy of John Beck.

MATTHEW STACH was sent out to Greenland as a missionary by Count Zinzendorf and the Herrnhut Brethren, and was much depressed by reason of a violent outbreak of small-pox and general debility. Early in 1735 he had the gratification of welcoming his old friend and fellow-labourer Frederick Boehnisch, who in spite of all the discouraging accounts that had been received, had never swerved for a moment in his desire to devote his life to the Greenland Mission. Accompanying him—for the Moravians in their missionary work generally followed the early example, and went forth two and two—was John Beck, a few years older than Boehnisch and Stach, but full of ardour and capable of any amount of self-sacrifice. It was later in life, in his case, than it had been with his colleagues, that he was brought to religious decision. When it became known that he was a follower of Christ, a charge of heresy was brought against him, and for want of any better plea, the charge was based upon the fact that he no longer frequented the ale-house.

"This is a strange thing, indeed," he replied, "when I lived as a heathen, no man minded; but now, as soon as I live like a Christian, you bring it against me as a crime."

Nevertheless he was brought to trial; evidence was adduced that, in addition to the first charge, he had been found at prayer-meetings, and had sought to take others there too, and he was convicted and thrust into prison.

But John Beck was a man of mettle, and he thought he could do better than waste the golden hours of his early manhood in a cell. He succeeded in getting out of his dungeon; he scaled the high walls of the prison yard, and jumped without injury to the ground. Soon afterwards he was missed, and blood-hounds were set upon his track; but he managed to escape his pursuers, and reached the colony of Herrnhut in Lusatia in safety. Scarcely had he told his tale than he witnessed a scene which took a strong hold of his imagination. It was the simple religious service in which Christian David and Matthew and Christian Stach were "set apart" for the Greenland Mission. He greatly admired the quiet heroism of those simple men, and longed that he might some day be counted worthy to join them. His wish was gratified. Both Stach and David had urged that he should be sent, and now the Greenland missionaries had the joy of counting him as a fellow-worker with them. A noble worker he was. He translated the Gospels into the Greenlanders' language, which produced a deep and lasting impression on many minds for good, and fitted natives to be preachers of the Gospel which had blessed their own souls.

Christian Rudolph's
Suffering and Deliverance.

CHRISTIAN RUDOLPH and his wife, after twenty-six years of missionary labour in Greenland, bade farewell in 1804 to the scene of their successful efforts, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Copenhagen. For three weeks after going on board the ice in the harbour pre-

vented the captain from setting sail, but at length he got into the open, and steered towards Uunarsoak, which was said to be free from ice. He had not been out for more than three days, however, when a storm from the south-west overtook them, and drove the ship into the very midst of fields and mountains of ice. It soon became clear that destruction would be inevitable; no ship could live in such a sea, no ship could resist those frozen masses which threatened to cut her to pieces. Soon there was a crash,—planks were started, the water was pouring in, and there was a rush for the boats. One party after another succeeded in reaching a vast field of ice, and amongst them Rudolph and his wife, who had been the last to leave the ship. Then they tried to reach the shore, but there were too many for the boat, and they steered towards the nearest island, a mere rugged mass of naked rock.

As they were trying to land the provisions they had taken from the wreck, a violent wind carried the boat away, with eight of the crew on board, and dashed it to pieces among the rocks. The survivors found themselves in the horrible position of being on uninhabited land, cut off apparently from all succour, without food or covering, and in the midst of a terrific storm of blinding rain and sleet.

For two days the captain and most of his crew remained upon the island. There was nothing but certain death before them if they continued there; there was, however, the chance of being saved if they could leap from block of ice to block of ice across the sea which divided them from the shore. They resolved to make the attempt; but Rudolph and his wife, and one other, had no strength left for such an effort; they could only beg that if the captain or any of his crew should reach a place of habitation alive, they would seek to have succour sent to them.

Day by day passed, and no help came, they had nothing whatever to support them but water, which they drank from holes in the rock. Hope began to die, and as the days passed by, their fear that the captain and his men had perished in their hazardous attempts, settled down into a conviction. The end did not seem far off; they were exhausted with cold and hunger and watching, but they waited patiently the will of God, and passed the lonely hours in singing those hymns which they had loved to teach the Greenlanders.

At length eight days had passed, and on the evening of the ninth day, as Rudolph's wife rose up to take one last look round the horizon, she saw a sight which thrilled her with joy. Coming towards the island, and evidently in search of them, were two Greenlanders in their kajaks, or their canoes. Almost too feeble to stand, she and her husband crawled to the top of the rock, and waved to their deliverers, and the signal was recognized. All that day the Greenlanders had been in search of them, but were on the point of giving them up as dead. They brought with them the intelligence that the captain and all the crew, save one, had reached the shore in safety, but were greatly enfeebled by the perils they had undergone. Two days afterwards, when Rudolph and his wife were on their way to Lichtenau, the Moravian missionary settlement, they were met by a boat sent out by the missionaries to convey their bodies for interment, all hope of their being found alive having been abandoned. For a year they tarried with the brethren at Lichtenau, and then, a favourable opportunity occurring, they set sail again for Copenhagen, where they arrived in safety.

Waihit of Aneityum

And his Questions.

WAIHIT was the first native convert in Western Polynesia who left his own island to become a foreign teacher, and for that purpose he went to Futuna. Before his conversion he was a cruel savage, who delighted to annoy the medical missionary, Dr. Geddie, and steal from him whatever he could lay his hands on. When he went to Futuna a general meeting was called, and hundreds of volatile savagery were there ready for anything. Dr. Geddie wished to attend the meeting, but Waihit said:

"No! these men wish to raise a quarrel with you, and evil will come of it. You will stay in the house and pray while I go and meet them and defend the worship. The four young men whom you have taught to read the catechism will go with me."

As soon as Waihit and his band appeared the heathen orators began their speeches, and in the usual manner, with violent gesticulations. They charged the missionary with all the evils they could think of, especially the displeasure of the spirit gods whom they continually propitiate to avert calamity, disease and death. When the orators sat down exhausted, Waihit was asked what he had to say for the missionary. His youthful companions whispered that they could not speak before all the old men. He replied:

"You have got the Question Book; ask me the questions, and I will give the answers before all the people."

These five Christians stood up and the best reader began:—

"How many gods are there?"

Waihit answered in a loud voice, "One only."

"Who is the true God?"

"Jehovah, He is the true God, and beside him there is none else."

"What is God?"

"God is a spirit. He has not got a body like us."

"Does God see us or not?"

"Yes, God sees every one of us."

"Does God hear our words?"

"Yes, God hears every word we utter."

"Does God know our thoughts?"

"Yes, God knows all our thoughts."

When they had got thus far, question and answer, before the great crowd—who had been amazed at *the calm composure* of Waihit and his companions, instead of an excited reply—Tikau, the leading opponent, a fierce-looking man, highly decorated with red paint, shouldered his war club and said to his followers:

"Who can answer these words? Let us be going;" and in shorter time than it takes to tell, the agile savages were following the leader, every one to his own home. A favourable impression had been made, and shortly after this, children, parents, and grand-parents could be seen sitting side by side, learning to read portions of the Word of God, in a language that had for the first time been reduced to writing.

Moffat's Courage

In the Hour of Danger.

FROM the first Moffat thoroughly identified himself with the savage people of Bechuana. Regardless of their filth, and fearless of their ferocity, he went and lived alone among them. During a time of severe drought, when the heavens were as brass and the earth as iron, the cattle were dying rapidly, and the emaciated people were living on roots and reptiles. The rain-makers were consulted. They attributed the cause of the drought to the prayers of the missionaries, and to the bell of the chapel, which they said frightened the clouds. The chief soon appeared at the missionaries' door, spear in hand, with twelve attendants, and ordered them to leave the country, threatening violent measures if they refused. Mrs. Moffat, with a baby in her arms, stood by, watching the result. Looking the chief straight in the face, Moffat calmly replied:

"We were unwilling to leave you. We are now resolved to stay at our post. As for your threats, we pity you; for you do not know what you do. . . If resolved to get rid of us you must take stronger measures to succeed, for our hearts are with you. You may shed my blood, or you may burn our dwelling; but I know, you will not touch my wife and children; you will surely reverence the grey head of my venerable friend (pointing to Hamilton, whom he modestly styled the 'father of the Bechuana Mission.') As for me, my decision is made. I do not leave your country."

Then throwing open his waistcoat, he stood erect and fearless.

"Now then," he proceeded, "if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me, my companions will depart."

Turning to his attendants, the chief said:

"These men must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something of immortality."

All danger was now past. The intrepid missionary had

got access to their hearts, and they were, for the time at least, subdued.

Christian Friedrich Schwartz

Dedicated to God.

THERE was grief in the comfortable and well-to-do home of Father Schwartz, of Sonnenburg, in the Electorate of Brandenburg. His wife lay a-dying. By her side was a little child who had been born to her in 1726, only a year or two before. At the bedside stood her Lutheran pastor and her sorrowing husband; and it came to pass that as her soul was departing, she gathered up all her remaining strength, and, pointing to the babe, said in the spirit of the words of Hannah, the old Testament saint,

"For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. Take him," said the dying woman, "I have dedicated him to the Lord; and, if he show any aptitude for the Christian ministry, I charge you to foster it. This is my wish."

From his earliest years Father Schwartz inured the child to habits of self-denial and simplicity; told him the story of his consecration, and trained him in the principles of the Lutheran faith. At the age of eight he was sent to the grammar school at Sonnenburg, where masters of varying temperament seem to have first excited and then chilled his religious emotions. He made good use of his time; acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and, at the age of sixteen, was removed to a higher school at Cüstrin. Here he was away from his father's eye and influence, and, left to himself, was drawn into the dissipations of student life, though happily preserved from open sin. To have seen him at this time, no one would have thought that he could ever become what eventually he became. But Divinity was shaping his ends, however much he might rough-hew them.

A daughter of one of the syndics took an interest in the lad. It was not a romantic love affair, or a sentimental attachment of any kind, but simply the desire of an earnest Christian girl to save a young life from frivolity—which is often only another word for ruin. His father had been educated at Halle, Schwartz was preparing for that university; but she wanted to interest him in Dr. Francke, the excellent and eminent professor—the man who, it will be remembered, recommended Liegenbalg and Plutschau for the mission work at Tranquebar. The syndic's daughter lent young Schwartz a history of Franeke's famous Orphan Houses, and so interested did he become in the perusal that he determined to finish his studies at Halle. The kind-hearted Francke took him in hand at once, lodged the lad at his new Orphan House, gave him a Latin class to teach, and evening devotions of the household to superintend. But, more than this, he introduced him to the veteran Schultze, who, after twenty years' labour in India, was at Halle superintending the printing of the Tamil version of the Bible, which Liegenbalg and he had translated. No one could be brought under the influence of Schultze, and remain unimpressed with the fervour of his Christian zeal. Young Schultwartz caught the enthusiasm of the old hero of the Cross, and before long there was borne in upon his mind the conviction that for him, too, India was the appointed field of service.

At length he went back to Sonnenburg, laid the matter before his father, and told him what had then become the great desire of his heart. The good old man asked for three days to consider, and spent those days alone in prayer; then he tranquilly bade his son—

"Go forth with a father's blessing, and win many souls for Christ in the far-off land to which God had called him."

The son went forth and became the founder of the Tanjore Mission, and wielded an influence which extended far and wide, and was ever exercised on behalf of Christian religion and the well-being of man.

Earl Cairns on a Belfast Sweep.

THE late Earl Cairns, when Lord Chancellor of England, manifested his interest in foreign missions in many ways. In his last appeal on behalf of the cause, delivered in Exeter Hall, he urged the solemn considerations not so much of duty as of privilege. In this work, he said, we entered into partnership with God. Every shilling given to missions and every effort or prayer offered on their behalf, were expressions of fellowship in God's eternal purpose and work, and this was the reason why the altar so sanctified the gift. In enforcing this the Earl told a simple but striking story. In Belfast there was a little boy, a chimney-sweep. He happened to be attracted by missions, and contributed to a mission-box, a sum which was not inconsiderable for a chimney-sweep—the sum of twopence. One afternoon a friend of this boy met him going along the street in an unusual condition, for his hands and his face were washed, and he was dressed in very good clothes. And the friend said to him:

"Halloa! where are you going?"

"Oh," he said, "I am going to a missionary meeting."

"What are you going to a missionary meeting for?"

"Well," said the sweep, "you see I have become a sort of partner in the concern, and I am going to see how the business is getting on."

The sweep had wisdom and he carried it into practice.

Schmitt, the Moravian,

And the Tiger.

THE Mission Station at Grunekloof, about forty miles from Cape Town, was in a neighbourhood infested by wolves, which entered the yards of the people, and made havoc among their cattle. One day, Bonaty and

Schmitt, two of the Brethren, set out with about thirty Hottentots to hunt and destroy the wolves. When about an hour's ride from the settlements, they discovered and wounded a wolf, but the animal made its escape among the bushes. They pursued it for some time, but not being able to trace its hiding-place, the two missionaries resolved to return home.

They had only left the Hottentots a short distance, when the latter cried out that they had discovered the wolf in a thicket near at hand. Schmitt immediately rode back to their assistance, but Bonaty remained behind, as he had not his gun with him. When they were in the midst of the thicket, the dog started the animal. Those within did not see what it was, but those without exclaimed it was a tiger, and ran off, leaving the missionary and one of the Hottentots in the middle of the bushes, and perfectly at a loss by what side to make their escape, lest they should come directly upon it. They therefore proceeded slowly, with their guns pointed, designing to shoot the animal the moment it should make its appearance.

On a sudden the tiger sprang upon the Hottentot, pulled him down, and began to bite his face. The distance of the place from whence the animal made his spring to that on which the Hottentot stood, was full twenty feet, and the bushes from six to eight feet high. The enraged animal flew like a bird through the air, with open jaws, and lashing tail, and screaming with the greatest violence. Schmitt, who was close at hand, prepared to shoot the tiger; but the motions of the Hottentots and of the animal in rolling about, and struggling together, were so rapid that he was afraid to fire, lest he should kill or injure him whom he sought to save.

Immediately, however, the tiger let go the Hottentot, and made a spring at himself. His gun being of no use at such close quarters, he threw it down, and, in order to shield his face, held up his arm, which the animal instantly seized close to the elbow with his jaws. Schmitt, however, was still able with the same hand to lay hold of one of the tiger's fore-feet, while with the other paw the animal continued striking his breast and tearing his clothes. Happily both fell in the struggle in such a position that the missionary's knee rested on the pit of the tiger's stomach. He, at the same time, grasped the animal's throat

with his right hand, and kept him down with all his might. His face now lay directly over the tiger, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, convulsive cries; while his starting eyes seemed, like live coals, to flash with fire. As his strength was fast failing, Schmitt called to his companions to come to his assistance; while, on the other hand, the rage and agony of the tiger supplied it with extraordinary energy. On hearing his cries, the Hottentots ran to his assistance, and one of them snatching up the loaded gun which lay on the ground, shot the tiger through the heart. When the tiger had thrown down the Hottentot, Schmitt might easily have made his escape as his companions had done, but he had the heroism to remain, and not allow the poor man to lose his life, without at least an effort to save him.

Dr. G. L. Mackay.

Heroism in Tamsui.

DR. MACKAY began his work in the Island of Formosa, at a place called Tamsui in 1872, and received much opposition. On a visit to the above-named place he received a message to the effect—

"Now, you barbarian, with your followers, must leave this village to-morrow morning, or keep indoors for three days. We are worshipping our ancestors, and cannot allow any outsider to remain and witness our rites."

This was a matter of serious moment, and was made a subject of prayer, and it was decided to reply to the warning as follows:—

"We will neither stay in the house three days nor leave the village in the morning; we depend on the power of our Master to protect us."

The whole village was shortly in a state of great excitement, some suggesting one measure and some another. Most of them proposed that those Christian intruders should be taken out and beaten, but others opposed this. The morning came, and Mackay said to his students:

"I do not want you to get into trouble, but I am going to stay here for life or for death."

Every one of them determined to remain with their leader. After breakfast they walked through the village. The people stood in groups, angry and excited. A number of them had broken pieces of bricks in their hands, and stones were piled in heaps for their use. Only one stone, however, was actually thrown; it was evidently intended to strike one of the students, and was thrown by one of the aborigines.

On the third day Mackay and his band went to where the chapel stood. Fifty or sixty came to hear what he had to say, and some spoke in a friendly way. On the fourth day they seemed ashamed of their former conduct, and the savages in the island soon claimed Mackay as their kinsman, and also as their great-grandfather. They said that their people had no cue, and as he had none, he must belong to the same race as themselves. In this place a chapel was built as the meeting place, from one hundred to three hundred of a congregation. Heroism of the Christian sort has a charm, and seldom fails to gain the victory.

Ba-ba, the First Printed Book

In Tahiti.

REV. WILLIAM ELLIS received a printing press when in Moorea, and at once set to work to put it into use. Pomare II., the king, was much interested in the type, and was anxious to try his hand at the work of composition. The first book to be printed was the spelling-book, which the Tahitians called the Ba-ba. So Pomare, composing-stick in hand, began with the capitals A B, and got through the alphabet; then set up the same in small letters, taking each letter out of its own compartment in the type case, and finished the first page with a few lines of single syllables. He was delighted with his work, and was eager at once to print the page; but when it was explained to him that not until the other pages to complete the sheet had been set could this be done, he arranged that he should again be

summoned when the sheet was finished. For nearly three weeks he had to wait, but almost every day he came to see how things were going on.

At last the first sheet was finishedand pulled off. Pomare was attended by only two of hischiefs, but crowds of natives, who having heard of what was to happen had gathered about the doors. These made way for him. The door was then closed, and one of the windows darkened, so that he might not be overlooked by the people outside. He carefully examined the form as it lay on the press, and was told exactly how to go to work. The printer's ink-ball was placed in his hands, and he struck it two or three times upon the face of the letters; he then placed a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment; this was covered down, turned under the press, and Pomare pulled the handle. It was all a mystery to him and his companions. What would that pull do? All rushed to see, and lo! there were the letters black, large, and clear. The king was a successful printer!

The sheet was shewn to the crowd outside, who, on seeing it, raised a great shout of surprise and joy. The spelling-book, printed by the king, was followed by a catechism, the Gospel of Luke, and by-and-bye the complete book of Scriptures in the Polynesian tongue. This small beginning has grown into a literature and wielded an influence no one can properly estimate.

The Williams Tragedy

At Erromanga.

WHEN John Williams visited the Samoas for the last time, seeing the great progress made in civilization and Christianity, he had a great ambition to visit the New Hebrides. Against the earnest solicitations of his wife and friends he embarked on the *Camden*. They reached Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, on the 20th November, 1839. Soon a canoe with three men paddled up to the *Camden*, from which a boat was lowered, and Mr. Williams, with Captain Morgan, Messrs. Harris and Cunningham, and four sailors,

seated themselves. Conversation was tried with the three natives, but not a word of the language could be understood, it being one of the Melansian dialects. The boat was pulled into a creek, and beads, with a small looking-glass, were thrown to the natives on shore, who appeared to be very shy. When, however, signs were made asking for water, they immediately procured it, whereupon the missionary party waded ashore. The natives ran away, but when Mr. Williams sat down, some of them ventured nearer, and at last brought some cocoa-nuts, opened, for him to drink. When he offered them his hand, they would not take it, but shrank away, and there is reason to believe that this fear was caused by the recollection of barbarities perpetrated on their countrymen by the crew of a vessel that had previously visited the island.

With the view of winning their confidence, Williams called to the captain to send him some cloth out of the boat, and this he divided among the people. Somewhat incautiously, it may be, Mr. Harris walked forward to the bush, and Williams, who was surrounded by a group of boys, to whom he was repeating the Samoan numerals, in the hope that they might recognise the names of the figures, followed in his track. Mr. Cunningham, who did not like the looks and manners of the savages, expressed his distrust to Williams, but his remark was apparently not heard.

Only a few minutes passed, when Cunningham, stooping to pick up a shell, was startled by a horrible yell, and to his distress, saw Mr. Harris rushing along, pursued by a native. Cunningham fled for his life, and called on Williams to do the same. It was a moment of great terror. Harris lay on the shore, beaten down by natives who were armed with clubs; Cunningham fled to the boat, the whereabouts of which he knew, but which was out of sight of Williams, who made straight for the sea, intending, probably, to swim off, and let the boat pick him up. Williams was a stout, heavy man, and immediately he started to run a native rushed furiously after him. The beach was steep and stony, and just as he reached the water he fell. He was now hopelessly in the power of his pursuer, who dealt him several blows on his head and arms. Twice Williams dashed his head under the water to avoid the club with which the savage who stood over him was ready to strike the instant

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he rose; then a crowd of savages came up yelling, and beat him over the head, while a whole handful of arrows were stuck into his body. Cunningham, meanwhile, had reached the boat in safety, and, with Captain Morgan, used frantic exertions to come to the assistance of Williams. It was too late, however; before they had got half the distance of the eighty yards that separated them, his dead body was being dragged by the savages along the beach, and they could see the rippling water red with the blood of the noblest man that had ever gone to those far-off Isles of the South Sea, laden with blessings for the ignorant and outcast. When the appalling news became known among the islands, there was the most intense excitement, which spread universally, and called forth expressions of esteem and regret, such as had never before been expressed for any missionary. The *Camden* at once steered for Sydney, from whence a vessel of war was immediately despatched to Erromanga to endeavour to recover the remains. Only the skull and bones were left, and these were conveyed to Samoa, where Mrs. Williams received them, standing calm in her sorrow, but surrounded by multitudes of frantic mourners.

"Our father, our father," cried the wailing masses in their wild poetic grief; "he has turned his face from us; we shall never see him more; he that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh, cruel heathen! they knew not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!"

Kapaio's Murderous Arm

Made Powerless.

THE Rev. John Geddie was a Minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Nova Scotia, but in obedience to an irrepressible yearning he determined to go where Providence might direct to make known to the benighted heathen the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. He was led first to Samoa and then to the Island of Aneiteum, where he laboured with great success and amid many dangers.

One of his greatest enemies was named Kapaio, a thorough savage, and notorious for his wickedness. He was a virulent hater of all white men, and opposed the cause of missions with zeal. This savage had a deadly hatred of Mr. Geddie, and was ever on the watch for an opportunity of taking his life. It seems a wonder that he did not succeed, for he lived not more than half a mile from Mr. Geddie's residence. At the time, however, when his enmity was at its height, Mr. Geddie, knowing that his life was in danger from various parties, was not in the habit of going far beyond his own premises. This was the case for about two years, and terminated with the attempt to burn his house, which brought matters to a crisis, and revealed the relative strength and influence of the heathen and Christian parties in such a way as gave the latter the ascendency from that time forward.

Kapaio, seeing that he was not likely to find an opportunity of accomplishing his object by waiting at a distance, determined on another plan. He came several evenings after dark to Mr. Geddie's garden, armed with his club, and hid himself under a bush in the hope that Mr. Geddie would go outside the house. He was a strong, powerful man, and one well-directed blow from him would have been sufficient. Mr. Geddie went outside one night, and passed close by the bush under which Kapaio was concealed. Now the critical moment had come; the long-desired opportunity was found. Kapaio grasped at his club that he might spring upon his victim and pull him to the ground; but lo! his hands forgot their cunning—they were powerless—a strange sensation came over him—and all thoughts of injuring the man of God were at an end.

Perhaps his own conscience was the sole agent employed in arresting his murderous aim, and expelling the thoughts of murder from his heart. But who can fail to mark the gracious hand of the Keeper of Israel in securing the safety of His servant? *His* eye was upon him, and He effectually interposed for his deliverance. This apparently had a most serious effect on Kapaio's mind. To the surprise of all he commenced to attend religious services. He did so to watch the conduct of the missionaries, whom he regarded as liars, but he found it so different from his own that he became convinced of the truthfulness of the Christian religion and

the falsity of his own. Kapaio ultimately became a member of the Church.

Descent of a god in Madras.

WHEN Miss Alice Phillips was doing Zenana work in Madras she witnessed the descent of a god through an old woman. The mistress of the house had been very ill, and she believed her ill-health was the work of some god whom she had offended. She wished to consult him as to how he was to be atoned.

To enable her to know the god's intention he had to be called down to earth and questioned. In one of the rooms three men were squatting on the floor playing Indian instruments, and imploring the god to descend. The room in which they sat had nothing in it but two large pots, illuminated from within and decorated with flowers heaped with offerings of rice, betel, and cocoa nuts. This was the altar of the god.

After the music had gone on for a short time the old woman stepped out and stood before the altar. For five minutes she stood motionless, the men continuing to tom-tom, and pray the god to favour them by descending. Suddenly the old woman began to shake slightly, then the shaking increased till her whole body moved up and down. She swung herself round from side to side, lifting her arms above her head with each turn of the body. After these strange gymnastics she sat down and twisted her head round and round over a plate of rice. At this point the master of the ceremonies asked the god:

"Why did the illness come upon the woman?"

The god hissed through the old woman, which meant that he was extremely angry. He became so furious that he ascended again to his own place, leaving the old woman in her right mind.

After more music and fresh offerings, the god descended and entered the woman again. He had the same effect upon

her as at the first time, only more violent, so violent, indeed, that she danced around the court, her face set, her eyes closed, her hair hanging about her face. The god was again asked:

"Why has this sickness happened to this woman?"

By and by the answer came, "Because she did not go to a temple on a certain hill last year to worship me, nor did she give me any offerings of money."

"What must she do to atone for her sins?"

"She must give me half of every piece of the money she gets; she must also have the heads of her daughters and sons-in-law shaved and the hair given to me."

At this sentence the sick woman appeared and begged the god to make the punishment less severe.

"I am poor," she said; but the god would not be moved with entreaties, so the victim made a low salaam and said his will should be done, but the god would not let her off so easily. He said:

"You have vexed my brother-in-law and must call on him to know his wishes."

So saying the god disappeared and the old woman was left standing, exhausted and panting pitiably. Such is a specimen of the terrible superstition with which missionaries have to contend in India even at the present day, and such the woeful condition of ignorance in which thousands upon thousands are in. They sadly need the light of the Bible and the salvation of the Christ it makes known.

Stanley's Commission

To find Livingstone.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone went on his third and last expedition he penetrated so far into unknown regions that he was lost to the world for a long time. An expedition was organised at Zanzibar to go in search of the great explorer. At last Mr. James Gordon

Bennet, of New York, resolved to send out in search of the missionary, and when staying in London sent for Henry M. Stanley to undertake the work. The interview is thus described by Mr. Stanley: He went into the Grand Hotel, London, knocked at the door of Mr. Bennet's room:

"Come in," a voice said, and he entered and found Mr. Bennet in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked,

"My name is Stanley," was the answer.

"Ah, yes! sit down, I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennet asked:

"Where do you think Dr. Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know," answered Stanley.

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be and he may not be."

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him," said Mr. Bennet.

"What!" exclaimed Stanley. "Do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Bennet. "I mean that you shall go and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and get what news you can of him, and perhaps the old man may be in want. Take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best, *but find Livingstone.*"

Wondering at the cool manner of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom, in common with almost all other men, Stanley believed to be dead, he asked:

"Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?"

"What will it cost?" Bennet asked abruptly.

"Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3000 and £5000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2500."

"Well I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that draw another thousand; and when that is spent draw

another thousand; and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on, but *find Livingstone.*"

After some further conversation Stanley asked if he was to go at once. Mr. Bennet then detailed what he expected him to do, and added:

"Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar, but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all; good-night, and God be with you."

The two men then parted.

The Moravians

And the Red Indians.

IT is alleged by high authority that the Indians cannot be converted. The readiest answer to this impious and profane absurdity is, that they have been converted. A large body of Indians had been converted by the Moravian missionaries, and settled in the West, where their simplicity and harmlessness seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity.

During the revolutionary war these settlements, named Lichtenan and Guadenhutten, being located in the seat of the former Indians contests—were exposed to outrage from both parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the whites, and having adopted their religion and virtuous portion of their habits, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness, and destroy them as allies of the whites. Subsequent events enable them to compare the red and white man, and determine which is the savage. A party of two hundred Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indian town. The Christian Indians conducted themselves, in this trying extremity, with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation with refreshments to their approaching foes, and told them that by the word of God they were taught to be at peace with all

men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection.

And what replied the savage, fresh from the wilds, and panting for blood? Did he mock to scorn the meek and Christian appeal? Did he answer with the war-whoop, and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could be expected from an Indian? Yet such was not the response of the red warrior. He said he was on a war party, and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood; but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm.

"Obey your teachers," said he, "worship your God, and be not afraid. No creature shall harm you."

Patii, the Priest

Destroying his Idols.

MR. NOTT, the missionary to Morea, was on a visit to a chief to whom he had been preaching. As he left the chief he was followed by a priest named Patii, who had charge of the idol temple in the district in which the missionaries were living. This priest had been listening to Mr. Nott's sermon, and now seemed anxious to speak to him about something. To his great surprise Patii said:—

"To-morrow evening I shall burn the idols under my care."

"I am afraid you are jesting with me" replied Mr. Nott, "you know that we wish to have idols burned, and you speak thus because you think it will please me. I can scarcely believe what you say."

"Don't be unbelieving" said Patti, "wait till to-morrow and you shall see."

After this they talked all the way home about Jesus Christ and his salvation. When Mr. Nott met his brethren he told them what the priest had said. They were filled with gladness, at the same time they doubted whether Patti would dare to carry out his purpose.

Patii, however, meant what he said, and with the help of some of his friends was busily occupied collecting wood near the sea-shore. In the afternoon he split the wood up and then piled it in a great heap near the temple in which the idols were kept. By evening a large crowd had gathered together, for everybody had heard of what the priest was going to do.

Just before sunset Patii ordered some of his helpers to light the fire. Then going into the temple he brought out the idols. This he had done often before, but for a very different purpose. He had no words of praise for the idols now; nothing to ask in their honour. Spreading them in a row he stripped off the fine fibre and mats with which they were bound, and tore off the red feathers by which they were adorned. Then taking the idols one by one in his hand and calling out its name, giving a short history of its supposed power, and saying how sorry he was that he had ever worshipped such blocks of wood, he threw them into the flames.

Just as the sun went down the last of Morea's heathen gods was burnt to ashes by the very man who had been their keeper, but had found out they were no gods but helpless logs of wood.

First Martyrs' Church

In Madagascar.

IT was arranged to erect stone churches in memory of the martyrs in Madagascar who suffered during the terrible persecution which raged for years in the island. The first of those was opened with great rejoicings by the entire Christian population, and even by many heathen it was felt to be a truly festive day.

From early dawn they began to gather around the edifice, eager to secure a place on an occasion so memorable. Little parties of Christian villagers made their way across the western plain; coming in from the southward, where many churches lie; or from the north, where, in the sacred village

of Ambohimanga, the man, Ratsilamgia, who should have been chief guardian of its heathenism, is now the teacher of its Christian church. Streaming along the public roads of the city, the many processions, headed by their singers, mounted to the noble platform of rock on which the Church of Ambatonakanga stood. The building held eleven hundred people, but over four thousand had gathered around it; the doors were opened at eight; sixteen hundred managed to squeeze in, and the remainder waited in patience for five hours more, to get their turn in the afternoon service.

Ratsilamgia was one of the earliest Christians in the island; a man of great ability, of noble, long-tried character. He was a convert in the old chapel that stood on that very ground. For years he was hunted for his life; but the Lord kept him. His noble wife, a true martyr, died in chains; but, hid in hollow walls, in holes of the rock, in solitary huts and cowhouses, he marvellously escaped. And when at last, like the rest of the "slain" church, after long silence, he walked once more through "the streets of the city," his "enemies beheld him" in wonder. There he stood in the face of day, honoured and known, the native pastor of the church, and the appointed tutor of the Queen's adopted children.

African Simplicity

And Generosity.

NO people are more susceptible of gratitude for favours, or more affectionate towards their teachers, than the Africans. This was seen when the Rev. Mr. Beal, Missionary to West Africa, returned to his station after a short absence. He was welcomed by a large number of people who came to express their pleasure at his return, saying, "Massa stay long, Missis stay long this time." He was told that a great number of Missionaries had come, there having been a fresh arrival. Then one observed:

"Ah, white man he no fear dead (death) like black; if he see danger so, he can't go; but white—this come he die;

t'other come again. Ah true, white he love we poor black too much; hope God will spare them life."

Another said, when gathering a few pence for the society, and one or two began to make some demur.

"What, you go grudge two or three copper? Society send missionary here many year to we. Mr. Reuner come, he die; Mr. Greber come, he die; Mr. Davie come, he die; Mr. Bates come, he die; and plenty more for we;" and with a great deal of energy he added, "What you can think about? Black can do this fashion? We can send we child—he die; we can send t'oder one again? No, neber."

Professor Drummond's

Servant Moolu.

WHEN Professor Drummond visited Africa he had three "faithfuls," as he called them, and one of them was named Moolu.

When Sunday came round a service was held—a piece of very primitive Christianity. Moolu, who had learned much from Dr. Laws, undertook the sermon, and on one occasion discoursed with great eloquence on the Tower of Babel. The preceding Sunday he had waxed equally warm over the Rich man and Lazarus, and his description of the Rich man in terms of native ideas of wealth—"plenty of calico, and plenty of beads"—was a thing to be remembered. Though mission-blacks as they were called in Natal and the Cape, are a byword among the unsympathetic, Professor Drummond never saw Moolu do an inconsistent thing. He could neither read nor write, he knew only some dozen words of English. Until seven years before he had never seen a white man, but he could be trusted with all his master had. He was not what some would call pious; he was neither bright nor clever; he was a common-place black; but he did his duty and never told a lie.

The first night of Professor Drummond's camp, after all had gone to rest, he was roused by low talking. He looked

out of his tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest; and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre, conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was repeated, no matter how long the march was nor how tired the men. Moolu's life thus gave him a right to minister to his brethren.

In recounting this fact Professor Drummond adds, "I believe in Missions; for one thing, because I believe in Moolu.

Dr. Duff's Farewell to Bengal.

THE Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff spent upwards of thirty years of his life in missionary work in India, and in July, 1864, he was laid low by disease and had to abandon the field. Before he left India he was presented with many addresses, among which was one from a society which represented all educated non-Christian Bengal. The spirit of the old soldier of the Cross is seen in his reply. He eloquently pointed out that, strong as were the claims of science and philosophy, nothing but Christianity could account for missionary enterprise. He painted his bright hopes of India's future, and concluded by saying,

"Wherever I wander, wherever I roam, wherever I labour, wherever I rest, my heart will still be in India. So long as I am in this tabernacle of clay I shall never cease, if permitted by a gracious Providence, to labour for the good of India; my latest breath will be sent in imploring blessings on India and its people. And when at last this frail mortal body is consigned to the silent tomb, while I myself think that the only befitting epitaph for my tombstone would be,—

'Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful guilty creature, but saved by grace through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

Were it by others thought desirable that any addition should be made to this sentence, I would reckon it my highest earthly honour, should I be deemed worthy of appropriating

the grandly generous words, already suggested by the exuberant kindness of one of my oldest native friends, in some such form as follows:—

'By profession a missionary; by his life and labours, a true and constant friend of India.'

Pardon my weakness; nature is overcome; the gush of feeling is beyond control; amid tears of sadness I must now bid you all a solemn farewell."

How Fung Che-pao,

The Shoe-maker, Found the Truth.

THE Rev. J. W. Stevenson, Missionary in China, was one day sitting with a native assistant at one of the tables outside a tea-house, talking with the guests and passers-by about the new doctrine. Fung Che-pao, who was standing at his shop door close by, listened and found that the drift of their conversation concerned a god whom they were urging those present to worship. Interested he joined the group.

"May I be instructed as to what manner of doctrine the foreigner is preaching?"

"Our message," was the answer, "concerns the one true God, who has made heaven, earth, and all things."

This was a strange and new idea. The shoemaker could not forget it. He had always been accustomed to think of the gods as merely deified men, and of creation as the outcome of a mythical process of evolution, such as intelligent Chinamen delight in discussing. This loftier conception of a Supreme Being, whose power had created all things, so commended itself to his mind that it led him to make further enquiries, and he was invited to come on Sunday to the Chapel and hear more.

Having an acquaintance who was in the habit of attending, Fung Che-pao began by accompanying him. But soon his interest deepened; he came of his own accord, and before long confessed himself a sincere and earnest Christian. As the

truth began to take possession of his mind, he was severely troubled about his idols and ancestral tablets. At first he thought of giving the latter, which he had so long reverenced, an honourable interment; but on futher reflection decided this would be making too much of them; so taking advantage of his wife's absence one day, he put them all into the fire, thus proclaiming his full change of views.

Chinese Prejudice Overcome

By Dr. Mackenzie.

THE Chinese have a most inveterate prejudice against everything which is foreign.

A marked instance of this occurred in the experience of Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie. One of the deacons of the native church was taken very ill. He got worse, and Mr. Jones, the missionary, told him that a new doctor had come from England who could possibly help him. The unwell deacon would not send for Dr. Mackenzie, and for twenty days he was getting worse. At last the doctor went unbidden, and found the man dying. He was in a burning fever and dreadfully emaciated. The doctor saw he could not live except the fever was stopped, and for this purpose he gave him a large dose of quinine.

In the evening they sent word that he was much worse. When Dr. Mackenzie went down the small room was crammed with friends, waiting to see him die, while his own family were pulling him about, thinking to prevent his going off. The man was delirious from the quinine. By some persuasion he got all the people out but the wife and son, and the man was left alone. He soon fell asleep. Next morning he was considerably better, and was soon able to walk about the room and enjoy his rice.

This was the way Dr. Mackenzie overcame the prejudice against foreign doctors, and ever after the natives had more confidence in him as a medical man.

Moffatt's Deliverer

And Her Testament.

WHEN Dr. Moffatt was in Africa he and his companion had travelled in the interior all day and night, weary and without food. They approached the village inhabited by the Corannas, who were savage and delighted in bloodshed and rapine. They were warned by an individual against entering the village; if they did so they would lose their lives. They went to the heights beyond the town, where they might remain during the night. They had been so long without food that they tied the fasting girdle tightly round them to prevent the gnawing of hunger. When they sat down they could not speak, they were so hungry, thirsty, and fatigued.

At last a person came and they asked for water, but it was roughly refused. Moffatt offered the remaining three buttons on his jacket for a little milk, and it was not granted. It was evident something was brewing in the minds of the people, and they had good reason to be alarmed. They lifted their hearts to God for protection and succour. As they raised their heads they saw a woman descend from the heights. She approached with a vessel, in her hand a bundle of wood. The vessel contained milk. Having set them down she immediately returned. Shortly after she came back bringing a vessel of water in one hand and a leg of mutton in the other. She sat herself down and cut up the meat. They asked her name, and if there was any relative of hers to whom they had shown kindness, but she answered not a word. They again asked her to whom they were indebted, and after repeating the question three or four times she at last replied:

"I know whose servants ye are, and I love Him who hath told me he that giveth a cup of cold water to one of His disciples shall in no wise lose his reward."

Her words seemed to glow, while she wept profoundly to see one of the servants of Christ. On inquiring into her history they found she was a solitary lamp burning in that village. On inquiring, she told them how she had kept the

light of God alive in her soul. She drew from her bosom a New Testament, and holding it up said—

"That is the fountain from which I drink; that is the oil that keeps my lamp burning in this dark place."

The New Testament was in the Dutch language, and was given to her when she left the school by a missionary. That book without a teacher had been the means of her conversion, and had kept alive her piety without any teaching save that of the Holy Ghost, or any Christian communion except that of God.

Dulaji Bhau Taught

Without a Preacher.

A MAN in the region of Ahmednuggur went to Bombay and took service in the family of a man who feared God, and who taught his servant to read, and gave him Christian books. Hearing of the sickness of a child, this servant went home, taking his books with him. He had an uncle there who could read, and who on learning that his nephew had books, obtained one and read it. He then read another and another till he had read them all. He read them a second and a third time, and the more he read them the more he loved them. And he said, "Here is truth."

God had taught him, through this simple and unexpected means. These books became his companions in the house and in the field. He began to talk of what he had read to his family and to the people of the town. But nobody would believe him; they had never heard of such things before, for no missionary had ever visited the place, neither had this man ever had a teacher except these books. But he soon began to say of his gods,

"These are stones, copper, brass, clay. They are graven by art and man's device. They are not the Maker and Preserver of all things. Why then should I bow down to these, and neglect Him? These can do neither good nor evil. God is always present, and able to help."

Surrounded by dense darkness, forty miles from Ahmednuggur, and none to sympathise with him, he cast away his gods of stone, and became a worshipper of the one true and living God. And now the people thought him mad.

He began to say of the shasters, "They are a lie," and of the Brahmins, "They are false teachers."

The Brahmins invoked upon him the anger of the gods; but he prayed to the true God, and confessed his sins, and sought pardon through the blood of Christ. He began also to keep the Sabbath. His wife and children, and grandchildren, his brothers and their children, all the people of the town, hated, jeered, and persecuted him. They said to him,

"Go to the people whom you have chosen. If not, then do as we do; walk in our ways." He replied—

"It is all dark, dark behind me; I cannot go back. It is all light, very light before. I must go forward. Your gods are false; your ways are false; I cannot go with you."

He was alone in his own house, and among his own people. He had never heard the voice of prayer, save *his own!* The cheering word "brother" had never greeted his ears. He stood, a solitary light in that dark waste of heathenism, and for six or seven years he had kept his light burning, by the grace of God, before he saw or heard of a missionary. At length Mr. Meunger, while preaching in a village some distance from Ahmednuggur, was interrupted by a person saying,

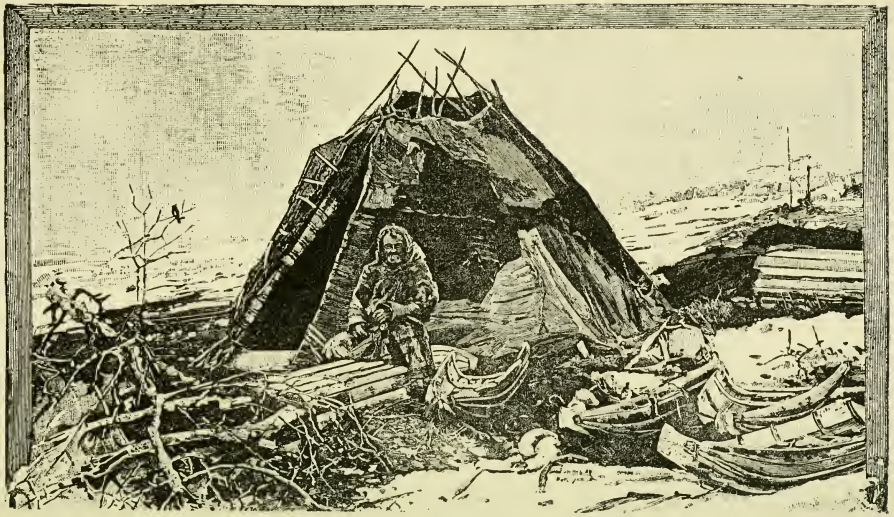
"My uncle, is a worshipper of this Christ. He has forsaken all, and now he prays only to Christ. He is night and day reading the books of Christ."

In great astonishment, Mr. Meunger inquired who the individual was, and where he lived. To which the man replied,

"He is Dulaji Bhau, and he lives in Misal Wadi, ten miles distant."

The missionary lost no time in searching him out, and to his great joy he found it even as it had been told him. The man was sixty-five or seventy years old, and in all the villages in that vicinity he was known and spoken of as a hater of the gods of the Hindoos, and a worshipper of the God of Christians.

Mr. Meunger preached in his village, and all the people, men,



Laplander's Hut and Sledge.

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women, and children, came to hear him, and the relatives of Dalaji seemed glad to know that he was right in the view of Christians, whatever the Hindoos might think of him. He had been taught by the spirit without a human guide, and he had heard the word with a living faith.

Vara, a Noted Chief

And Murderer.

VARA, chief of Aimeo, one of the Tahiti and Society Islands, had been a notoriously cruel and wicked man, and having, for his daring and blood-thirsty disposition, been employed as a *procurer of human sacrifices*, he had, of course, committed numerous deeds of a most horrible nature. On one occasion Pomare (then unconverted) ordered him to obtain a sacrifice immediately; and, as he started off, not knowing just where to go for a victim, *his own little brother* followed, crying after him; upon which he seized a stone, and with a blow upon the head, killed the boy, put him into a basket, and sent him to Pomare! When his mother bewailed the death of her son, Vara abused her and said,—

"Is not the favour of the gods, the pleasure of the king, and the security of our possessions, worth more than that little fool of a brother?"

So perfectly did this chief answer to the scriptural representation, "without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

Another office held by Vara was to rally dispirited warriors; and many a night has he spent in trying to rouse the savage spirit of the people, by assuring them, on the authority of a pretended communication from some god, of their success in an approaching battle. But this implacable and unmerciful heathen was made a *new creature* by the power of the Gospel; he received baptism at the hands of the missionary, and for many years was a humble and con-

sistent Christian. When at length he fell sick, and the hope of life was past, he was asked,

"Are you sorry that you cast away your lying gods, by which you gained so much property?"

Rousing from his lethargy, he replied,

"O, no, no, no! What! can I be sorry for casting away death for life? Jesus is my rock—the fortification in which my soul takes shelter."

The missionary said, "Tell me on what you formed your hopes of future blessedness."

He replied, "I have been very wicked, but a great king from the other side of the skies sent his ambassadors with terms of peace. We could not tell for many years what these ambassadors wanted. At length Pomare obtained a victory, and invited all his subjects to come and take refuge under the wing of Jesus, and I was one of the first to do so. *The blood of Jesus is my foundation.* I grieve that all my children do not love him. Had they known the misery we endured in the reign of the devil, they would gladly take the Gospel in exchange for their follies. Jesus is the best king; he gives *a pillow without thorns.*"

Soon after this, Vara was asked if he was afraid to die, when, with almost youthful energy, he replied,

"No, no! The canoe is in the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trump shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus!"

What but the *Gospel System* ever brought such a man to such a dying bed.

Punishment for Murder

In Rarotonga.

AFTER Christianity had been introduced into the island Rarotonga, Tahiti, and had been accepted by the King Makea and some of his chiefs, questions arose in relation to the punishment of criminals.

A murder was committed by a man, and the wife of the murdered man, and as there had been no law enacted for its punishment since the introduction of the gospel, the rulers did not know exactly what should be done. The natives knew that in England murderers were hung. The chiefs and the people from the three mission stations on the island met together to sit in judgment upon the criminals. They were sentenced to be hung and the day of their execution fixed.

The missionary, Mr. Buzacott, visited them and spoke of the greatness of their crime and of the punishment they deserved, and of their need of a Saviour. The man seemed sensible of his awful condition, but the woman was altogether unconcerned. The sentence caused great excitement among the people of one of the settlements, Arorangi, who said that if the execution took place at Avarua, the bad people of Ngatangüa would be revenged.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott were consulted, and advised the chiefs to grant a reprieve, and banish them to one of the uninhabited islands in the neighbourhood of Rarotonga, where they would find sufficient food to sustain life. Some objected to this because they might escape by the first ship that called. By request three white missionaries, Williams, Buzacott, and Pitman joined the chiefs in their consultatioms upon the subject. It was their unanimous opinion that deliberate murder should be punished by death; but yet in the present case it seemed unadvisable to adopt that course, and the brethren retired.

The chiefs thought that as Mr. Williams was about to depart with his family to Raiatea, he should be requested to take the woman and land her in Manuæ. The word murderer was tatooed upside down across her face. The letters were a faithful transcript of the copy written on a slate by Dr. Stephens; and although upside down the words could easily be read by Englishmen.

Mr. Williams' departure was delayed for a month, and during that time the woman was kept in prison at Avarua, and the man was given up to the chiefs and judges of Ngatangüa. They built a small house for him, and fastened him to a stake in the middle of it by a chain just long enough to allow him to go a few steps from his door. A policeman watched him day and night, while the parties who obtained

possession of his lands were bound to provide him with food and clothing. No suitable opportunity occurring for his departure, he was kept in this state for five years, when his health gave way and he was set at liberty. His subsequent conduct proved that punishment had led to thought, moral reformation, and endeavours after a Christian life.

Old Sandy's Subscription.

THE power of the Gospel is displayed in the way that the heathen give for its propagation out of their slender incomes.

This is illustrated in the case of Alexander Wake, or as he was generally called when advanced in years, Old Sandy. He was a native of Africa and had been brought to the island of Grenada, in the West Indies, as a slave, when quite a boy. He ultimately obtained his freedom and towards the end of his life lived in comparative comfort, being successful in his business, which was that of a native goldsmith. At one time he began to learn to write, with a view of qualifying himself to go back to his native land as a Christian preacher to his fellow-countrymen; but he found the task of learning too difficult, and in the end abandoned the idea and resolved to remain where he was and do as much good as he could. The old man not only spoke for God and Jesus Christ, he was also distinguished for his liberality in the cause of missions. Every week he contributed a shilling as he attended the class, and was ever ready to forward the good work in all its departments to the utmost of his ability.

On one occasion Old Sandy was induced to mount the platform and say a few words at a missionary meeting, and he made a very sensible and impressive little address. He closed his speech with the following characteristic words:

"My dear friends, me sall increase my subscription dis time. Last year me give one dollar; dis year me sall give four dollars; one dollar for ebery quarter of de world. No, stop! Perhaps, somebody will say, 'Old Sandy no lub Africa

more than other country!' so me sall give one dollar for Europe, one dollar for Asia, one dollar for America, and two dollars for Africa. My subscription is five dollars dis year."

Experience of the Moravians

In Greenland.

IN June, 1738, Rev. John Beck, a Moravian missionary in Greenland, was translating some parts of the New Testament, when the natives expressed a wish to know the subject on which he was writing. He read a portion of the Scripture to them, and gave a concise account of the creation of the world, the fall of man, and the work of redemption as effected by our Lord and Saviour. In discoursing on the latter point, he was enabled to speak with peculiar affection and pathos. He then read to them, from the Gospel of St. Luke, the history of Christ's agony in the garden. When he had ceased, one of the company, named Kayamak, stepped up to the table, and in an earnest manner exclaimed,

"How was that? Tell me that once more, for I do desire to be saved."

Expressions like these had never before been heard from a Greenlander, although five years of missionary labour had been performed among them, and Mr. Beck, with emotions of indescribable joy, endeavoured to set before his auditors the principal scenes in the life and death of Christ, and to explain the way of salvation through him. The other brethren also joined in testifying of the preciousness of Christ as a Saviour; and while a few disliked the subject, and withdrew secretly, others placed their hands on their mouths in token of astonishment, and earnestly solicited that they might be taught to pray. The desire which they manifested for religious instruction was such as had never before been witnessed in Greenland; and, when the people dispersed, they promised to come again, and to make their countrymen acquainted with the wonderful things they had heard. The

effect did not pass away, for Kayamak and his family became sincere Christians, and were admitted to the Church.

On his death-bed, in 1741, Kayamak exhibited great calmness and peace, and said to his afflicted relatives,

"Why do ye weep on my account? Are you not aware that when believers die they go to Jesus and become partakers of everlasting joy? As I was the first of our nation who was converted by his grace, he has determined that I should be the first to enter into his presence. He knows how to provide for you in my absence; and, if you remain faithful to the end, we shall surely meet again, and rejoice forever before the throne of God and the Lamb."

Rasalama, the First Martyr

In Madagascar.

AMONG the Christians who were confined for praying to Jehovah and Jesus in Madagascar was Rasalama, who had, by the falsehood of the officers, been betrayed into revealing the names of seven Christians who were her fellow-prisoners. A relative having expressed her surprise that she should have accused her friends, since the government, until she mentioned them, did not know of their praying. She was deeply grieved that she thus had been the cause of their arrest, and expressed her astonishment that the people of God, who had neither excited rebellion, nor stolen property, nor spoken ill of any one, should be reduced to perpetual slavery. When in prison Rasalama was put in irons and severely beaten. On the morning of 14th August, 1837, she was led forth to be put to death. She was just thirty, fair to look upon, and of gentle manners; and her face was lit with that bright radiance which springs from the conviction that God and heaven are very near. She walked with firm step; she was surrounded by the guards, and though going to die, she began to sing in a joyous tone the hymns she loved. Followed by a crowd, of which some hooted and some were lost in wonder, she passed through the

city towards the dreary ditch at the south end of which the capital is built, and which was strewn with the bones of previous criminals. Here, permission being granted her to pray, Rasalama calmly knelt on the earth, and committed her spirit into the hands of the Redeemer. As she did so the executioners' spears were buried in her body. Some of the bystanders mocked her, crying out,—

"Where is the God she prayed to, that He does not save her now?"

Others were moved with pity, and the heathen executioners declared—

"There is some charm in the religion of the white people which takes away the fear of death."

Though thus cruelly treated by wicked hands, no common honour descended on her that day. She was the first martyr of Christ's Church in the island of Madagascar.

Wilhelmina

The Hottentot Heroine.

AT the outset of their work the Missionaries in South Africa were greatly helped by a remarkable native woman, named Wilhelmina, the wife of a Hottentot, who had, with her husband, settled at the station. Some idea of her character and helpfulness may be gathered from the following incident: A feud had arisen between two neighbouring tribes. The defeated one sought the protection of the British Government. The other, which was believed to have been the aggressor, was punished by a fine of many head of cattle. Bowana, the chief, assumed that the missionaries had influenced the Government, and incited by Mapasa, his bloodthirsty son, plotted their destruction. Mapasa undertook to carry the project into execution, and proceeded with that view to the station. It had been previously arranged that, at a given signal, the missionaries were to be massacred, whereupon a general slaughter was to follow.

Ignorant of the meaning of the warlike head ornaments, the missionaries permitted a part of the warriors to enter their dwelling, and engage in conversation through the interpreter, Daniel, and then, on the assertion that he rendered the meaning wrongly, through one of Mapasa's own men, were proceeding to carry their project into execution, when, just at the right moment, Wilhelmina suddenly appeared. While working in the garden she had caught sight of the warlike equipment of the visitors, and trembled for the safety of her beloved teachers. Instantly her resolution was formed, and pressing through the group of savages, each of whom held his spear in his hand ready to strike at a word from the chief, she stood before them all, and with undaunted courage reproached Mapasa for appearing in such warlike fashion and with manifest evil intentions, she ordered Mapasa to depart at once. The fierce and cruel chieftain's son, completely overcome by her manner, instead of killing both the missionaries and the woman who dared to intrude on an assembly of men, withdrew peacefully with his men, and actually formally apologised a few days afterwards. Faith and love had made a noble heroine of lowly Wilhelmina, and it is needless to say that a deep feeling of gratitude to the Lord filled the hearts of the missionaries and their followers.

The Tahitians Desire

For the Scriptures.

THE Rev. William Ellis having learned the art of printing, had taken out with him to the Society Islands a printing press and types. These he used in the production of various books, amongst which was 3000 copies of St. Luke's Gospel. One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti with five men arrived. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and drawing their canoe on the sand, hastened to Mr. Ellis's dwelling. He met them at the door and inquired their errand.

"Luke, or the word of Luke," was the simultaneous reply, accompanied with the exhibition of bamboo-canes, filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they held up in their hands, and had brought as payment for the copies required. There being none ready, they were promised them on the following day, and meantime were advised to go and lodge overnight with some friend in the village. On looking out of his window about daybreak, Mr. Ellis saw the five men lying on the ground on the outside of his house. He hastened out, and learned that they had been there all night. On inquiring why they had not gone to lodge, as recommended, their answer was,—

"We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore after you left us last night, we determined not to go away till we had procured the books."

The sheets were soon put together. Each was furnished with a copy, two additional copies being also paid for, one for a mother, and the other for a sister. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, and put it in his breast. Wishing Mr. Ellis good morning, without eating or drinking, or calling on any one, they launched their canoe, hoisted their sail, and with joy steered to their own island.

Christian Indian's Work

And Trust.

THE Rev. Edgerton R. Young, a devoted missionary among the Indians of the extreme North Land, says, that while the white settlers far in the north were shut away from supplies by the prevalence of small-pox, an expedition was conducted by an Indian of the name of Samuel. The journey was perilous and long, and though he brought back all his force in good condition the strain was too much for him, and nervously prostrated, he soon died. His widow

in a short time was reduced in circumstances, and was very poor. When Mr. Young visited her, seeing her destitution, he said—

"Nanny, you seem to be very poor; you do not seem to have anything to make you happy and comfortable?"

She at once replied, "I have not got much, but I am not unhappy."

"Have you any venison?"

"No."

"Have you any flour?"

"No."

"Have you any tea?"

"No."

"Have you any potatoes?"

When this last question was asked the poor woman looked up, and said—

"I have no potatoes, for don't you remember at the time of the potatoe planting, Samuel took charge of the brigade that went up with provisions to save the poor white people; and Samuel is not here to shoot deer, that I may have venison; and Samuel is not here to catch mink and marten, and beaver and other things to exchange for flour."

She then added, "It is true I am very poor; it is true, since Samuel died we have been often hungry; and have often suffered from bitter cold; but, missionary, you have heard me say, Samuel gave his heart to God, so have I given my heart to God, and He who comforted Samuel and helped him, so that he died happily, is my Saviour; and where Samuel has gone, by and by, I am going, and that thought makes me happy all the day long."

This poor Indian woman had learned the secret of the Lord, and could trust even where she was not able to trace.

The First Book In Tannese.

THE first book ever printed in the Tannese language was by John G. Paton, who did the work of setting and printing with his own hands. When he left Glasgow for Tanna he received as a gift a printing press and font of

type from Mr. Thomas Binnie. He had already done some work in his new country he had never learned to do at home, such as house-building and the like, but he found book-printing a much more difficult task. By dogged perseverance he however succeeded at last. In his autobiography he says—

"My biggest difficulty was how to arrange the pages properly. After many failures I folded a piece of paper with the number of leaves wanted, cut the corners, folding them back, and numbering as they would be when correctly placed in the book; then folding all back without cutting up the sheet, I found now by these numbers how to arrange the pages in the frame or chess for printing, as indicated on each side. And do you think me foolish when I confess that I shouted in an ecstasy of joy, when the first sheet came from the press all correct? It was about one o'clock in the morning. I was then the only white man on the island, and all the natives had been fast asleep for hours! Yet I literally pitched my hat into the air and danced like a schoolboy round and round that printing press, till I began to think, am I losing my reason? Would it not be liker a missionary to be upon my knees, adoring God for this first portion of His blessed Word ever printed in this new language? Friend, bear with me and believe me that was as true worship as ever David's dancing before the Ark of God. Nor think that I did not, over that first sheet of God's Word ever printed in the Tannese tongue, go down on my knees too, and then and every day since, plead with the mighty Lord to carry the light and joy of His own Holy Bible into every dark heart and benighted home on Tanna.

A Soiled Tract

Blessed at Nagpore.

IN the country about Chota Nagpore, India, Mr. Bampton was out preaching in the cold season; and as there was no water-way he was compelled to travel by land. Through the kindness of a wealthy friend he obtained the loan

of an elephant and a small tent. Accompanied by a native preacher he travelled through a jungly country where no human habitations were to be found, and where it was supposed that no human being would dare to pass. On coming to a certain spot, however, great was his surprise to observe a man sitting under a tree with his eyes closed, either asleep or absorbed in meditation. The native preacher thought he was a religious ascetic who spent his time in meditating on his favourite deity and mentally repeating his name. Approaching him very cautiously, not to alarm him, the missionary called to him—

"Brother, what are you doing here?"

He replied, "I am meditating." When asked the subject of his meditations, and the words he used, he answered—

"This is what I say, 'O Esu Chreest! O Esu Chreest, have mercy on me!" Surprised beyond measure, the missionary inquired who taught him to call on the name of Jesus Christ, and whether he knew any Christians? He stated he had never met a native Christian nor heard anybody speak on the subject.

"Then how did you hear of Jesus Christ? And why do you come to this dreary place to offer to Him your prayers for mercy?"

In answer to this question the poor man took from his dress a soiled and evidently well-read tract entitled *Sutia Asroy* "The True Refuge," and said, "Last year my brother went on a pilgrimage to Gunga Sangor, and saw two white men talking to the people and giving away books, and he was fortunate enough to get one, but he could not read, and it was therefore useless to him. He therefore brought it home and showed it to all the members of the family; and as I was the only one that could do so, my father asked me to read it aloud, so that all might know what it was about. When they heard that all the Hindoo gods were unable to save mankind, they got very angry and ordered me to burn the tract. I did not do so, but continued to read it. It was in this way I learned to call on Jesus Christ for mercy, and that I may live at peace with my father and family I come to this jungle to pray!"

The missionary told the seeking soul who He was, and ultimately took him home and instructed him in the marvellous

story of the Redeemer's love. He was afterwards baptised and became an assistant in the mission work of the place.

The Convertion of a Gambler

In Amoy and its Results.

THE Rev. J. M'Gowan of the London Missionary Society gives a very interesting account of how a Chinese, rough and unlettered, became a Christian, a preacher, and a founder of a church in Amoy. For many years this man was a most confirmed gambler, who had the reputation in his own village and the region about for being the greatest gambler in that part. His wife entreated him to give it up, and so did his father. One time at an annual festival in the village the father wanted to shame his son, and took and tied him to a stake in the presence of all the young men of his own and the neighbouring villages, but it was of no use. One day the man was passing along the streets of Amoy, when he came to a crowd where there was a missionary preaching. He came to the edge of the crowd and some wondrous power seemed to seize hold of him. He afterwards said to Mr. M'Gowan:

"I did not understand much what the missionary said, but there was something about him which seized hold of me and I was controlled as I never was before in my life."

He went home and said to himself, "I must hear more of this." Next Sunday he went to church. The passion for gambling disappeared after that; he went home with money and goods he had earned. As he came to his native village the young men gathered around him and they said—

"You have been very successful in gambling operations lately."

"I gamble no more," he replied.

They thought it a huge joke. Then he came to his own home. His father and mother said nothing, because he brought back goods and money. A month afterwards he returned with money and goods, and as he was nearing his village he was seized by a number of men belonging to a large clan, and held to ransom. When he was captured he said—

"Yes, take my goods and my money, my desire is to go to your village to preach the Gospel, and if I can do so at the expense of my money and goods I shall be very willing."

He was carried to the village, and while standing in an open space waiting to learn what the ransom should be decided to be by the elders, the crowd gathered and stood eagerly listening to his words. No man had ever dared stand and preach in that village before, and tell about Christ. The people were so affected that they said, we cannot take this man's money, we cannot take his goods, what he says is beautiful; and by and by the men gathered round and took him to those who had taken his goods, and they gathered them from house to house, and they gave the goods back to their owner and let him go home. The converted gambler continued to preach, founded what is now an active and vigorous church, which has six mission stations in the villages round about and is self-supporting.

Mary Moffat

And the Communion Service.

MARY MOFFAT'S faith in the triumph of the gospel in Bechuanaland was strong in the most adverse circumstances. During the darkest time, when not a single man or woman about Dr. Moffat and his heroic wife seemed in the least degree touched or interested in the message of salvation, she had faith in the promises of God.

On one occasion she said,

"We may not live to see it, but as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise, the awakening will come."

When her friends at home counselled her to give up her forlorn hope and go to a more promising field, and when Mrs. Greaves of Sheffield wrote asking what could be sent to her that would be of use, the sublime answer of Mary Moffat was,

"Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day."

The service was sent, but the parcel was long on the way. But just the day before the first six converts were received into the church the box arrived with its precious contents, which Mary Moffat had asked for nearly three years before! The communion service was received with gladness and was used next day when the Lord's Table was first spread in connection with the Bechuana Mission.

The Whale-ship
And the Cannibals.

A NEW England whale-ship foundered in a gale, some years ago, in the Pacific Ocean. Her crew took to the boats, and after toiling for several days and nights, two of the boats came in sight of an island. One of them was run through the surf, and the crew jumped on shore, making signs to the natives to express their destitute condition. But no pity dwelt in those savage breasts. Pushing upon the exhausted seamen with their clubs, they instantly killed them, and made preparations to feast upon their bodies, for they were cannibals.

Seeing the fate of their companions, the other boat's crew pulled hastily away from that dreadful spot; and after almost incredible sufferings, were picked up by a friendly vessel and saved.

Some years passed and another ship was wrecked in the same seas, and near the same island. Her commander had been second mate of the former ship, and was saved with the boat's crew which witnessed the destruction of their shipmates by the cannibals. Again he approached the island, a wrecked mariner, and reduced by hunger and exhaustion to a feeble and emaciated state. He recognised the fatal shore, and told his companions of the cannibals who dwelt beyond it. But they were too weak to put out to sea again. To do so was to die. They could but die if they landed; and, perhaps, the savages might be merciful. Perceiving none of the natives, they hauled their boat up on the beach, and sought the shelter of the adjoining woods, in the hope of finding fruit or berries for

subsistence. But once in the woods, their fears increased. They moved stealthily along, alarmed at the cracking of the dry bushes beneath their feet, and at the rustling of the leaves. Death seemed to speak in every sound, and to leer upon them through every opening glade of the forest. Cold sweats gathered on their sunburnt brows; and more than once they halted, and consulted on the propriety of returning to the boat; but as often they resolved to advance, especially as they found themselves ascending a wooded hill, which they hoped might furnish them with a nook or cave in which to hide. Thus trembling they proceeded. They approached the summit of the hill, which was bold and rocky. The foremost of the party ventured from the shelter of the trees to view the island. Cautiously he stole, step by step, to the mountain's brow, until his eye caught sight of the village below. Then, he literally sprang into the air, clapped his hands and shouted,

"Safe! safe! safe!"

"What is the matter?" asked his companions, who thought him crazy.

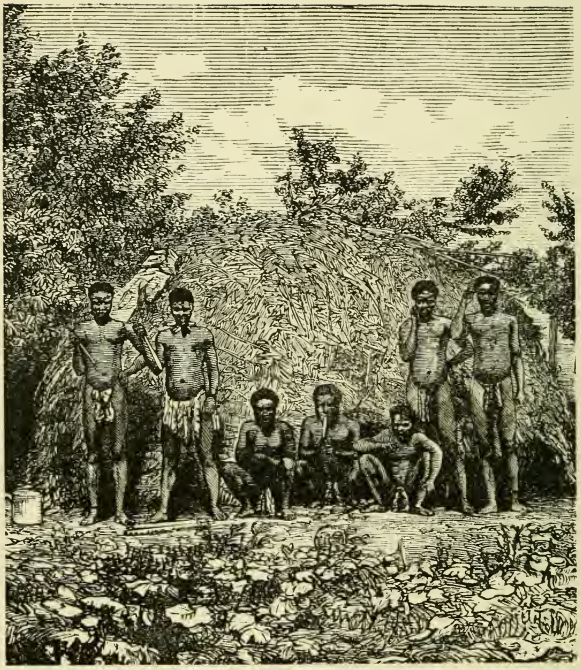
"We are safe, I tell you, we are safe!" pointing to the village on the plain below.

Looking down, the most joyful seamen beheld a *church*, lifting its modest front above the huts of the natives. Then they shared in the transports of their companion. They leapt, they wept, they embraced. They knew by that church that *the missionary was there.* They knew that where he lived and laboured cannibalism must be dead. They accordingly descended to the plain, and found, instead of a cruel death, the utmost kindness, perfect security, and a generous hospitality."

Richard's Difficulty

In Translating a Verse in Luke's Gospel.

THE Rev. Henry Richards went from England as a missionary to Banza Manteke, one hundred and fifty miles from the month of the Congo. In order to teach the people he decided to translate the Gospel of Luke as



Zulu Natives and Hut.

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most complete and suitable for the Gentiles. He began translating ten or twelve verses each day and then read and expounded them to his hearers. When he came to the sixth chapter and the thirteenth verse a new difficulty arose—"Give to every man that asketh of thee." These people were notorious beggars, they would ask for anything that pleased their eye—his blankets, his knife, his plate, and when he would say he could not give these things to them, they would reply, "you can get more."

On this account Henry Richards was greatly perplexed as to what to do with that verse. He felt the need of higher aid than his helper in translation could give, and he went into his room to pray over the matter. The time for the daily service was drawing near. What should he do? Why not pass over that verse? came into his mind as a suggestion. But conscience replied, this would not be honest dealing with God's Word. The hour for preaching came, but instead of advancing he went back and gave a review of what he had gone over. Still he could not find that the verse meant anything other than what the words expressed. A fortnight of prayer and consideration drove him to the conclusion that the Lord just meant what he said.

So he read to the people the verse—"Give to every man that asketh of thee" and told them that this was a very high standard, and it would probably take a lifetime to live up to it, but that he meant to live what he preached. After the address the natives began to ask him for this and that, and he gave them whatever they asked for, wondering whereunto this thing would grow; but he told the Lord he could see no other meaning in his words. Somehow the people were evidently deeply impressed by his course of conduct. One day he overheard one say—

"I got this from the white man."

Then another said that he was going to ask him for a certain thing. But the third said—

"No, buy it if you want it."

And another said—

"This must be God's man. We never saw any other man do so. Don't you think, if he is God's man we ought to cease robbing him?"

Grace was working in the hearts of these heathen men.

After that they rarely asked him for anything ultimately, and brought back even what they had taken from him. The honest exposition of the Gospel had gained the day.

Calvert Saving a Life in Mbau.

THE people of Mbau were superior to the rest of the Fijians, and they were the dominant tribe. The people generally evinced a desire to hear about religion and received the missionary with kindness.

Hearing that a woman was near death, having, as the people said, been struck by an offended god, the Rev. James Calvert, accompanied by Ngavindi, the chief of the fishermen, and his priest, went to visit her and found the house full of people. The poor creature had not spoken for eighteen hours, but was quite warm, with a regular pulse. Mr. Calvert inquired for her husband, who was sent for. He came well dressed in a large piece of white native cloth, and a piece of coloured stuff tied round his body for a strangling cord. On his head he had a red comforter, and in his hand a pine-apple club. On being asked why he was thus decked out he replied:

"In order to die with my wife, sir."

"The age for such deeds of darkness is past here," said Mr. Calvert, "you must not be so foolish, nor yet so faint-hearted as to refuse to live, that you may remember and mourn for your wife and attend to her grave. He persisted in his purpose, saying:

"I shall die sir. If I live I shall be a ruined man, without a friend, and I shall not have a person to prepare my food. And seeing the report has gone forth to you, gentlemen, that I have resolved to die, die I must; and should no one consent to strangle me I shall leap from a precipice."

Mr. Calvert having inquired into the case gave the best remedy he had at command—a large dose of cocoa-nut oil. The husband supported his speechless wife, and said—

"Ay, you perhaps think you'll die alone! No no! we will both go together."

This man was a priest, and on being asked whether he had said his wife was struck by a god when he was inspired, or as an ordinary mortal, replied that he only supposed such to be the case.

The oil produced the desired effect and the woman revived. Medicine in this case not only saved a life, but did much to expose the falsehood and foolishness of heathenism; for before Mr. Calvert left Fiji this same priest became a Christian and presented him with his sacred drinking-bowl.

Mrs. Judson's

Devotion and Sufferings in Burmah.

WHILE Dr. and Mrs. Judson were doing mission work in Burmah a war was being carried on between England and the king of that part of India. The natives looked upon all white people, and especially the missionaries, as spies, and treated them accordingly. When news arrived that Rangoon was in the hands of the British Dr. Judson was arrested. Whilst preparing for dinner an armed company entered his house, threw him on the floor, tied his arms behind his back and led him off.

Mrs. Judson was left in charge of ten officers, who had orders to guard her closely; but she heard through a faithful servant that her husband had been taken to the condemned prison. The governor of the city was softened by a present from Mrs. Judson on the third day, and allowed an interview when she explained that the missionaries were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war.

The governor could not release them from prison, or even from their chains, but promised to reduce their rigours as far as possible, but at the same time hinted that certain favours in money and cloth would be acceptable. The money was given and Mrs. Judson gained admission to the door of the prison, when her husband crawled forth with his chains and had a brief and affecting interview.

For seven months she appeared daily at the house of some member of the government to make an appeal through her sisterhood to the queen, but without result. For about eighteen months that heroine walked forth in Burmah dress, to avoid the public scorn and fury, and walked to and from prison at eventide, a weary, sad, and dangerous travel of about four miles. The ingenuity to which affection prompted was great. The wife wrote on a flat cake which was buried in a bowl of rice; and the husband's answer was found on a wetted tile, which when dry revealed the writing. Afterwards recourse was had to stuffing the mouth of a coffee-pot with a scrap of written paper.

During her husband's imprisonment Mrs. Judson gave birth to a daughter, and her absence a few weeks was a great loss to the missionaries, inasmuch as her incessant solicitations had secured a lessening of the prison severities. Dr. Judson was removed to Oung-pen-la, and thither his devoted wife followed to find him in a roofless and wretched prison, lying in chains, and more dead than alive from suffering and fatigue.

Betwixt weary watching and incessant anxiety Mrs. Judson became thoroughly prostrated, had no medicine, and could procure none. She set out for Ava for medicine, and on her return was so exhausted that her life was in imminent peril for some months, and the child suffered along with the mother. She was by and by seized with spotted fever and was for a time delirious.

When the husband was set at liberty he was engaged with Mr. Crawford endeavouring to negotiate a treaty for religious toleration. When on this mission he had scarcely left Rangoon when his devoted wife was seized with remittent fever, and her exhausted frame sank under it. Her thoughts of her husband, her child, the converts, and the mission brought forth from her enfeebled mind, but loving heart, many pious and affectionate exclamations. On the twenty-fourth October, 1826, this genuine heroine and martyr passed to her reward, and was joined by her only surviving child about six months afterwards.

On his return Dr. Judson went to the spot on which they had last kneeled in prayer. Speaking of her many sorrows, the bereaved husband with deep emotion said:

"Can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? True she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflicting dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right, and the decision of faith, eternity will confirm."

The secret of all such doing and suffering for the Gospel is found in the consciousness of the love of Christ which constraineth those who believe in his name.

A Night's Singing at Aitutaki.

THE Rev. John Williams and Rev. Aaron Buzacott visited all the Harvey group of islands, and in doing so they had varied and sometimes rather amusing experiences.

An amusing account is given of the way these self-sacrificing ministers of Christ spent a night at Aitutaki. Their days were occupied in visiting the different chiefs and settlements, in examining the schools for children and adults, in public services, and in holding conversations with the people upon everything connected with the mission. Questions, too knotty for native evangelists, were put, and if possible solved, and the people confirmed in their adhesion to the new religion.

The natives are devotedly fond of singing, and seemed to have no sense of fatigue. Their urgent requests to be taught new tunes often deprived the missionaries of their rest. Fortunately Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott could take turns, and one rest while the other was teaching. With this exercise, the latter's throat was sometimes so sore, as to cause him to spit blood for several days.

At one of these islands he was so completely exhausted, that at midnight, when Mr. Williams had been aroused to take his turn, he retired to rest in another room, determined not to get up again until the morning light. Mr. Williams had a good voice and kept up singing for two or three hours, and then his strength fairly failed him. The singers made such a noise with their stentorian voices, that sleep was im-

possible. After waiting a little, one of them came to Mr. Buzacott's room to see if he were awake. He closed his eyes as if he were asleep; the light was held up over his face if perchance this would arouse him. This did not succeed. He then returned to the company to report that Mr. Buzacott was sound asleep. One of them said—

"Why did you not wake him up?"

"I was afraid to do so," the other replied.

Another was sent to see if he could not bring the singer. He ventured into the room, and gently shook his head, but it was of no avail. Seeing it was no use to endeavour to get more singing out of their teachers, they either laid themselves down in the room of the house where they had been practising, or went to their own homes."

There was no satisfying these newly converted natives with new hymns and tunes. They had a hunger for them which was quite remarkable, and which was used as the means of getting gospel truths into their memories and hearts.

Deliverance through Prayer

In Mexico.

MRS. S. G. WEEMS went to the historic capital of the Montezumas as a missionary. She records some remarkable answers to prayer experienced in connection with the work of the Lord there.

Some years ago, when to labour in the city of Mexico and other parts of the country was more difficult and dangerous than usual, the missionary in Guadalajara was threatened by an infuriated mob. He with his wife and little babe were clinging together, expecting the next moment they would have to die. He said to his wife—

"God is able to save us."

She replied, "Though He has brought us safely through many dangers and difficulties in the past, I can see no chance for Him to save us now. Hear the cries of the advancing mob drawing nearer."

In this extremity she and her husband knelt together, clasping their babe to their hearts, to resign themselves into the hands of God.

Suddenly the cry, "Death to the Protestants," which had filled the air before, was changed into another cry. There was heard an awful roaring sound, and the would-be murderers fell on their knees in the streets crying for mercy. They were in great alarm, for the Lord had sent an earthquake to save his servants.

The house in which the missionary and his wife were praying was left undisturbed, and sound, but every other house in the village was more or less injured. In such a remarkable manner does the Lord of heaven and earth protect His children and watch over His own.

The Conversion

Of the Hawaii Nation.

ON March thirty-first, eighteen hundred and twenty, the brig *Thaddeus* anchored off Hawaii, with the first missionaries of the American Board. God had gone before them, and instead of a long, hard fight with the bloody altars and human sacrifices of Paganism, they found that superstition had already struck down her own idols, and abolished the *Tabu* and priesthood throughout the islands. Ten months before, Kamehameha First had died; and, strange to say, he forbade human sacrifices, whether during his illness, for his recovery, or after his death, in his honour; and thus, *before the missionaries landed*, a professed idolater had dealt the first blow at idolatry. The High Priest, resigning his office, first applied the torch to the fanes of a pagan faith. Idols came under the ban of law, and temples were reduced to ashes. For the first time in history, a nation had flung away a false faith without a new one to replace it, and was without a religion. The first convert was the king's mother, Keopuolani, and, at the close of eighteen hundred and twenty-

five Kaahumanu, the Regent, and nine chiefs, became members of the church of Christ, afterward dying in the faith. Within six years after the missionaries landed, schools covered the islands, with four hundred teachers and twenty-five thousand pupils.

A Boy's Testimony Blessed In China.

GEORGE STOTT, the lame missionary, who devoted twenty-three years of service to Wunchau, relates how even a child's testimony may be used for Jesus. A little fellow was one day watching the crowds of people engaged in their devotions in a large idol temple. His attention was particularly attracted by one old man who was busy worshipping and chanting prayers before all the idols in turn. The boy went up and stood beside him, and when an opportunity occurred, he said—

"Venerable grandfather," a term of great respect, "these idols cannot see you, or hear the prayers you offer. Why not worship the living God in heaven, who has given you food and raiment all these years, and by whose power and goodness we live?"

The old man seemed startled, and gazing earnestly at the lad said,—

"Where can I go to find such a Being?"

The boy then quoted a Chinese proverb, which runs, "Three feet above your head is God!" and went on to tell about the love that sent Jesus to be our substitute. The old man caught at the word "Substitute" as if he felt that that was what he needed. He went with the lad to the mission-house, and the native preacher talked to him at length. Day after day he returned to hear more, and finally took away his belongings from the temple in which he was staying, and brought them to the chapel, where he remained for a time.

"This doctrine is really precious," he said to the lad one day. "I must let my old wife hear it; you come with me, and tell the old mother all you have said to me."

They went, and the boy found "the old mother" quite as easy to instruct as her husband had been; and with this advantage, that she had a better memory, and so recollected more clearly the truths she heard. He told them that they ought to thank God for their food before every meal, and taught them what to say. Sometimes the "old father" would forget, but the "old mother" always reminded him, even after he had began to eat, upon which he would promptly lay down his basin of rice, and chopsticks, and ask God to forgive him for forgetting before proceeding with his usual blessing. The old people took a great liking to the boy, and treated him very kindly. Many petitions were offered that the truth might find a lasting lodgment in their hearts, and the prayer was answered, for they both became earnest Christians and joined the church.

How a Prison Door was Opened

In China.

THE Rev. Mr. Rudland relates how (soon after the chapel was opened at Huang-yen), a poor woman came into the city from her village home, some eight miles distant. Her husband was constable of the place in which they lived, and they had one much-loved son. She was a little wrinkled old Chinawoman, bent with years, dusty and footsore from her tramp along the country roads. A devout Buddist, she had tried by every means in her power to obtain peace of heart, but in vain. She had made many a distant pilgrimage to famous shrines, and given herself to chanting prayers and other methods of accumulating merit, but all to no purpose. Once she had found her way to a Roman Catholic Chapel. Things had seemed more promising there and the poor weary soul thought to cast in her lot with them. But this market day brought her into the city where people were talking of the "Jesus doctrine" station.

"I will go there," she said to herself, little dreaming how near she was drawing at last to the Saviour of the world.

As she got to the door, she heard the teacher saying,

"It is not *doing* that can help us. All that we need is *done*," and with wondering joy she learned for the first time that no works are of any avail in bringing us to God, that all we can do is to trust the finished work of Christ.

Soon after this the poor woman fell into grievous trouble. A murder was committed in the country district, for which her husband was responsible, and the culprit disappeared. Failing to find the offender, the constable, himself, became liable to punishment; but he was only an old man, whose life was of no account.

"Leave him to hunt out the criminal," said the enraged mandarin. "Imprison his son instead."

So the only son of the poor old couple, a promising young fellow of good character, was imprisoned under threat of execution if the real offender were not soon forthcoming. Heart broken, the mother made her way to Huang-yen to ask the evangelists' help. Chu Sien-seng was away, but his place was supplied by another native preacher, who told the distressed mother that, although no political influence could be used on the young man's behalf, she could pray to God for him, and that the hearts of all men are in His Almighty Hand.

"Alas!" replied she sadly, "I don't know how to pray."

The assistant taught and helped her, prayed for them all in their extremity, and asked that the Mandarin's heart might be changed, the young man delivered, and that both he and his mother might be eternally saved, and made a blessing to many.

"We have now committed the matter to God," said he, "go home, Lao Mai-Nai, in peace. You have given over your trouble to the Lord. You must leave it with him; your son will soon be set free."

Quite comforted, the poor Mother went home in simple faith, and told her neighbours the good news.

"It is all right. My son will come back again."

They, of course, did not believe her, and waited incredulously to see the result of so strange a proceeding. But when, in a few days, the Mandarin, after beating the young man nearly to death, did actually release him, they were amazed beyond measure. The grateful mother made him kneel down in the midst of their bewildered friends, and kneeling herself beside

him, publicly gave thanks to God for this wonderful answer to her prayers. The neighbours naturally grew anxious to have a teacher and learn more about the strange new doctrine and thus the blessing spread.

Ramiketamanga,

The Black Chaplain.

THE way that Ramiketamanga of Mojanga, Madagascar, who was a dirty slave-boy originally, became a Christian is somewhat remarkable. At the time when he was young the whole place was full of witchcraft, idolotry, fetishism. Like everybody else his father kept a fetish—a nasty-looking thing hanging up in the corner of the house, decorated with crocidile's teeth, and beads, and dripping with smeared fat and black honey. He and his little sister were in terror of this fearful object, and used to tremble when left alone in the house with it.

"You need not be afraid of it" the father used to say to the boy "if you take care to do the things which will please it, and avoid the things it hates."

He was, nevertheless, afraid to be near the horrid object, and did not like to remain in the house, and fearful of failing in proper deference to its power, so that he dare hardly turn his back upon it. But one day, when left in charge, something outside attracted his attention, and he ran out and joined his companions at play in the streets, and forgot all about the fetish till he returned afterwards.

With a guilty and fearful heart he peeped in at the door to assure himself that all was well, and saw with horror-struck eyes that the household guardian was gone.

Now, he thought, he was undone, for all the calamities which his father had spoken of would fall upon him. The unknown power had left him to his fate. On looking for the idol he found it among the dust behind the bed. Some one had shaken the corner post of the house and the shake had

disturbed the fetish and its cobwebs, its rotten string had broken, and there it lay.

A short time after that a Christian came to the place, and attracted the attention of the slave boy, who had heard for the first time about a God who made the heavens and the earth, and who rules the world by His Holy Spirit. On going home from the meeting the father asked—

"Where have you been?"

"I have been hearing about a great and powerful God, who made the heavens and the earth," the son replied.

"You must not go there again," said the father, "or you will offend it," meaning the fat besmeared mystery which had been restored to its accustomed place in the corner among the dust and cobwebs."

"I don't care about that thing" said the lad, "it tumbled down and could not pick itself up again. I shall go and hear what more those men have to tell about God, whatever you say."

And go he went, although the father offered him twenty head of cattle and a handful of money if he would not do so. He learned with great rapidity, and soon became a most effecient teacher and preacher, with three churches and schools under his care. The name Dr. Mullens gave him was "The Black Chaplain," and by this he was known by the whole Christian community.

The Sacrificial Stone of Mexico.

THERE is not to be found in the world a more revolting monument of heathen superstition than the great sacrificial stone which is still seen in the city of Mexico. It is of dark red porphyry, and stood on the summit of the great teocalli, the chief pyramidal temple of the city, where, towering above the surrounding houses and even the palace of the Emperor, it kept in full view of the people the bloody rites of one of the most savage religions ever known upon the earth.

It is estimated that twenty thousand war prisoners were sacrificed annually by the Aztecs. After each battle of the Spaniards with the Aztecs in the conquest of the city, they were called to witness the terrible fate of their own comrades who had been taken prisoners, and who with special ostentation and increased pomp and a more barbarous cruelty, were dragged to the top of the temple and sacrificed with prolonged torture upon this stone.

But the priests of the Aztecs were not satisfied with prisoners of war alone. They taught the people that on certain great occasions the choicest of their youth must be offered to the gods. On this same grim stone young men chosen for the purpose, after receiving for a time all honour and every possible human pleasure, were given to the sacrificial knife, though with the assurance that dying thus gloriously they would enjoy a higher bliss in the world to come.

For all this cruelty and inhuman conduct the Aztecs were made to suffer by their Spanish conquerors. And it is in the interest of humanity we are called upon to record that the dark and terrible religion of this people has been swept from the earth for ever, and that the sacrificial stone is brought down from its elevation and has found its place in a museum.

Dr. Chamberlain

And the Story of Stories.

THE Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was a missionary in Persia and laboured in the kingdom in Hyderabad for some time. In the city of eighteen thousand inhabitants the people rose *en masse* to drive him and other Christians out, because they endeavoured to speak to them of another God than theirs. They had gone to the market-place and endeavoured to preach, but the people would not hear, and ordered them out of the city. The servant was ordered to leave the city at once or he would never go out alive. The paving stones were torn up, and one was saying to the other:

"You throw the first stone and I will throw the next."

As the crowd stood around ready with the stones to do their murderous work, Dr. Chamberlain asked permission to tell them a story, and said then they might stone him if they wished after he had finished. This they agreed to.

He began to tell them the story of all stories, the love of the Divine Father who had made of one blood all nations of men, and who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whoso believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He told them the story of the birth in Bethlehem, of the wonderful childhood, of the marvellous life, of the miraculous deeds, of the gracious words He spoke. He pictured in graphic words, as the spirit gave him, the story of the Saviour nailed to the cross for them all, and all the world, when he cried in agony. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

As he went on with the story he saw the men go and throw their stones into the gutter and come back. Tears ran down their cheeks, and they were all deeply affected. After he had told them how He had been laid in the grave, how that after three days He came out triumphant, and had ascended to heaven, where He ever lives to make intercession for them and all the world, and that through His merit they might have their sins forgiven, and receive eternal life. Dr. Chamberlain said—

"I have finished my story, and ye may stone me now or put me out of the city."

"No, no," they all cried. They did not want to stone the man who told such a wonderful tale, but came forward and bought Scripture-Gospels, and tracts that they might know more of the wonderful being of whom they had *heard*.

Twin-Infants in Calabar.

ONE of the most unnatural customs prevailing in Calabar was the destruction of all twin-born children. Strange to say, it was supported by the women though they suffered most from it. When Christianity was introduced its adherents sought to produce a change in this respect.

The first case of the preservation of twin-infants occurred at Old Town station, then occupied by the Rev. Edward Edgerley. The last took place in the mission premises, otherwise it would have been impossible to have secured the safety of the children. Egbo was blown on the mission-house, by which ceremony all intercourse with it was prohibited. The children were forbidden to attend school, and the people to attend divine service, so that to use a term now current the mission family was thoroughly boycotted.

The chief of the town, known to Europeans as Willie Tom Robins, an old man, was devoted to all the heathenish customs of the country. He had permitted the settlement of a mission station beside him, and had gone so far as to prohibit public market on Sabbath. When, however, he saw the twins were preserved he was shocked and issued a proclamation, that as Mr. Edgerley had broken his law, all the people must break God's law, in which he was fully obeyed, and the Sabbath market was resumed with all its noise and bustle. He called in a troop of his people from their farms for the purpose of overawing the missionary, and fearing that an attack might be made on the mission, in order to secure the woman and her infants, Mr. Hugh Goldie went up to stand by his friend. They called on Willie to talk with them quietly, but Willie would not appear. Mrs. Edgerley went to him next day and found him surrounded by a number of armed men, daubed over with coloured earth, and making a great palaver over the matter. They broke out in wrath at her appearance and said—

"You say you be friend to me, and yet you let them bad things live. Go away, we no want you to stand here, you must leave this place."

A number kept watch outside the mission fence, wishing to attack the premises but afraid to do so; and their purpose to burn the house in which the mother and her infants lay being overheard they were removed into the missionary's own house. The Old Town people, with old Willie at their head, having failed in their evil designs, evacuated it and withdrew to their farms, where they remained for a year. This was the beginning of the abolition of this practice in Calabar.

The Closing Scene

Of Robert Moffat's Life.

THE closing scene of Robert Moffat's life was in harmony with all that went before. On Sunday the fifth of August he would fain have gone as usual to the Church, but was dissuaded. He spent a peaceful Sunday at home. In the evening he enjoyed the singing of a few hymns, and his usual stroll in the garden. He could not join in the singing, but chose the hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking," and he enjoyed it peculiarly; also "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing!" and "Nearer my God to thee."

He was very fond of hymns, and at home he was in the habit of repeating them to himself before going to bed. He had recently learned several by heart, among them being "Abide with me" and "I love to hear the Story." His New Testament was his constant companion during his last weeks, and he seemed to live with the Apostle John. Even at family worship he was in the course of reading John over a second time before he passed away. When near the end of his journey he talked with wonderful vigour of the mysteriousness of Providence, and was evidently clinging to the hope of the restitution of all things, but wound up with the words, "It is all a mystery. Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

When his last day came, he asked for his New Testament and tried to read it but he could not. He repeated many hymns, among them the Scotch Version of the hundred and third Psalm, but stopped and said, "there is nothing like the original." One hymn he would have read to him called "Hail, Sovereign Light," which was a great favourite with his mother, his mind evidently going back to his early days and his father and mother's home. After a sleep he woke and signed to those who were near to come to his cold hands. It seemed a hard struggle for that wonderful frame to let the spirit go, and then came the quietness which was unmistakeable, leaving the beautiful

Jerusalem Jews.

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face so natural. Robert Moffat ended his pilgrimage at half-past seven on the evening of Thursday, the tenth of August, 1883.

Ramjee Testing the Power Of Shiva.

ONE of the first three converts in Bengal was Ramjee Ramanik, who resided in the village of Ranswakal Choke. Ramjee was one of the most influential inhabitants of the place; and the village temple sacred to Shiva, the third person of the Hindoo triad, standing on a portion of his land, was built by one of his ancestors, and the officiating Brahmin was supported by his means. To worship at this idol shrine, all the villagers, male and female, regularly came, and by permitting such a state of things to continue on his ground, Ramjee felt he was giving a silent sanction to idolatry. He resolved to destroy the temple, though he knew that in carrying out his design not one hand would be lifted in his defence, and that he would be left to the infuriated rage of the multitude, who, maddened by the denunciations of the Brahmins and by the zeal for their venerated idol, would in all probability seize upon and put him to death.

Undeterred by these feelings, Ramjee made it publicly known that on a certain morning he would test the power of the god Shiva—the Destroyer—and if the idol possessed the power to destroy it might destroy him. During the preceding night the people had been assembling from all the surrounding villages, and by daylight the place presented the appearance of a fair, being literally thronged. No sooner did Ramjee appear than a shout was raised, which increased whilst he proceeded towards the temple. He addressed the multitude, informing them how he and his fathers had worshipped that idol but that he had done it in his ignorance; and now convinced that it was no god but a mere block of black stone, without life or feeling, he had come to test its

power. Then, rushing into the temple he seized the senseless idol, and dragging it from the pedestal on which it stood, cast it on the ground exclaiming—

"Behold your god!"

Terrified by what they saw the people expected some dreadful manifestation of the wrath of Shiva to appear, and give vent to their fears by vociferating the names of their gods. This state of excitement lasted some little time, but perceiving that no immediate fatality resulted from the overthrow of the god, they became more composed. A group of women made their appearance, who, when they saw the wonderous result uttered a timid cry. In a moment it was taken up by those who were near, and the great crowd, seeing the helpless condition of their idol, caught up the words and *Jai jai Esu Kreest!*—"Victory to Jesus Christ" rent the air. Taking advantage of the feelings of the people, Ramjee requested their assistance in the demolition of the temple; and lump after lump of the sacred building was cast down, until not one block was left to testify that Shiva had ever had an altar there.

Indian Caste and Ingratitude.

MR. PEARSON, who took a great interest in Sunday Schools in London, qualified himself for the work of a missionary in Bengal, and when residing at Chinsurah had under his charge a great number of native schools. One morning, going his usual round, he saw a number of people gathered together, and ascertained that they were looking at a poor man who was writhing with agony from a fearful attack of spasmodic cholera, and imploring from the people a drink of cold water. Not knowing to what caste he belonged they all looked on with the greatest indifference, not one of them moving to relieve the apparently dying man. Mr. Pearson having in vain upbraided them for their hard-heartedness, himself procured and administered the water and remained by him till he was removed. He then took him to his own house, procured for

him medical aid, supplied him with suitable food, placed him on a comfortable couch, and ceased not in his efforts of kindness until the poor man was completely restored.

The missionary then naturally expected that the man would be anxious to depart when he was recovered, but it was not so, and in his comfortable quarters he seemed determined to remain. He was daily supplied with rice and other materials of food, but refused to assist in any kind of work in the garden, or to attend any religious services in the house. Finding his patient perfectly restored to sound health, Mr. Pearson told him to leave the house. Great was his surprise when he heard the man reply—

"Go away! where am I to go to? You have taken away my caste by bringing me here and causing me to eat of your food. Gunga—the Ganges—was calling me, and you interfered and snatched me from her embrace, and now, having cheated me out of heaven and destroyed my caste on earth, you tell me to go away! No I will not go away, but will remain here all my life, and you must feed and clothe me."

It was not till he saw the policemen coming to carry him before the magistrate that this man would leave the house. Such are the effects of caste, and such the gratitude of the Hindoos!

Dr. Buchanan

On the Procession of Juggernaut.

MR. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN made a special visit to the celebrated temple of Juggernaut, in order to see the annual festival. He knew that he was approaching the idol by the human bones he had seen for some days strewing the way. At twelve o'clock on the first day of the feast the Moloch of Hindostan was brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne a shout was raised by the multitude, which was of the most tumultuous kind, and which lasted several minutes. It consisted of a yell of approbation united with a kind of

hissing applause. This latter noise came from the women, who emitted a sound like that of whistling, with the lips circular, and tongue vibrating, as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour. Five elephants precede the three towers bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson comparisons, and having belts hanging to their trappings, which sounded musically as they moved.

The tower of Juggernaut is drawn with difficulty and grates on its many wheels with harsh thunder. After it moves for a few minutes it then stops. Now the worship of the god begins.

A high-priest mounts the car in front of the idol and pronounces his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who respond at intervals in the same strain. He says—

"These things are the delight of the god. He can only move when he is pleased with song."

When Dr. Buchanan saw the procession after the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the car. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the libation of blood is made. The people threw small money on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left for a considerable time and then removed to a place called by the English Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen. Mingling with such crowds may be seen some white men earnestly entreating the people to turn from dumb idols to the worship of the true God.

The First Christian Churches In Tahiti.

A HUNDRED years ago the South Seas did not contain a single building dedicated to the service of God. There were plenty of "maraes" or altars; there were sheds in which hideous idols were preserved, but no house of prayer.

The first chapel erected by the islanders for their own use was built in Moorea, ten miles from Tahiti. It was put up at the express request of Pomare II., who was groping his way from darkness to light, and wished, by this act, to indicate to his people the change which was coming over him. This chapel was opened on July 25th, 1813, a date worthy a permanent place in the history of missions.

Six years after, when Pomare had vanquished all his foes, when idolatry had been abolished, and the entire population of Tahiti had placed themseves under missionary instruction, the King's ambition in the matter of chapel-building grew to ludicrous proportions.

Spurning the advice of his missionary friends, and fired with a desire to emulate King Solomon, Pomare set to work building an immense structure seven hundred and twelve feet long, and fifty-four feet wide, nor did he desist from his task until the unsightly and almost useless building was complete. It contained one hundred and thirty-three windows, twenty-nine doors, and three pulpits.

On the opening day six thousand people were assembled within the walls, and so roomy was this chapel, that three missionaries were able to preach at one and the same time, without in any way incommoding one another. Their texts were, "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer," (Isa. lvi. 7), "And yet there is room," (Luke xiv. 22), and "In all places where I record My name I will come unto thee and bless thee," (Ex. xx. 24).

The house built by Pomare was not a success. It was too large and inconvenient. Other places of worship, however, have been built, some large enough to hold upwards of a

thousand people, and these have been centres of Gospel light and influence for years. In them, Sunday after Sunday, tens of thousands of Polynesian, Melanesian, and Papuan islanders are stirred in heart by Christian song, pour out their souls in simple pleading at the throne of grace, and reverently listen to that Word, which when received by faith, makes wise unto salvation.

Introduction of Potatoes

To Rarotonga.

MISSIONARIES have been blessings to the bodies as well as the souls of men. They had carried civilization with them, and taught the heathen how they could secure for themselves food and the necessaries of life. This could only be done by degrees, for great difficulties arose from the strong prejudices of the people.

The Rev. Aaron Buzacott experienced this in his first attempts to introduce potatoes into Rarotonga, where he laboured so successfully. Having procured, at no small trouble, a quantity of sweet potatoes for planting, the natives refused to accept them and to plant them, declaring in the true conservative fashion: that their fathers had managed to live without them, why could not they? Entreaties proved in vain, they would have none of them.

Accordingly Mr. Buzacott planted them in a piece of ground granted by a chief, and patiently waited until the crop came, as it did, in a few months. A whaler called at the island and eagerly sought to buy some of the missionaries potatoes. Now, thought Mr. Buzacott, is my opportunity. He would, he resolved, sell the captain some barrels of potatoes in the presence of the people, and receive payment, not in cash, but in coloured calicoes; and then, he thought, there will be a perfect mania for planting potatoes.

So it turned out. The natives looked on in a state of wonderment, and opened their eyes wide when they saw that for a barrel so many yards of coloured calico could be gained.

The effect was magical. Chiefs and people were alike eager for "eyes" and "tops" for planting. A suitable district was fixed upon, and on a given week the whole population turned out and spent some days in the work, clearing the ground for potatoes and arrow-root. Hundreds of acres were thus subdued to the use and gains of man.

In course of time the people easily obtained sufficient calico to dress very neatly—and also acquired a taste for sweet potatoes. It is confidently believed that by the practice of cultivation the recurrence of a famine would be largely prevented, and thus an indirect benefit enjoyed.

Ma, the Sorcerer—

His Burning Spirits.

THE fourth convert of the Rev. Aaron Buzacott in Rarotonga was named Ma, who practised the art of sorcery in a peculiar fashion. He professed to be able to burn the spirits of living men upon a red-hot oven. He was employed by those who were robbed, and who had vainly sought to discover the thief. A present was taken to Ma, and if the article stolen was valuable, a bargain was struck for two or three or four ovens. The sorcerer generally lived in some secluded shaded spot, much feared by all, because all were thieves. In the darkness of the night, and in a little shed used for the purpose, he would prepare an oven in the following manner:

A round pit about two feet in diameter, and six inches in depth, would first be dug. This shallow would be filled and heaped over with firewood, some stones laid upon the wood, and the pile set on fire. The stones would speedily become red hot. This was their usual manner of preparing an oven for cooking, but the sorcerer pretended to see the spirit of the thief actually writhing upon the burning stones, when, as if mad with rage, he would thrust it through and through with his spear until he supposed it to be quite dead. In case the lost property was valuable, or the losers very wroth at their loss,

he would agree to repeat this strange performance two or three times. And such was the universal terror inspired by these incantations, that attempts would often be made to kill the sorcerer ere he completed his purpose, so that the spell might be broken. Not unfrequently the thief would die of sheer fright.

Such was Ma's profession. The introduction of the gospel put a speedy end to his fame and his gains. Yet no native rejoiced more than he in the change from the savage customs of heathenism to the religion of love and mercy.

Destruction of Idols

In Rarotonga.

WHEN Papeiha, the native Christian teacher in the island of Raratonga, was about to rest, Tinomana, a powerful chief, brought his native mat, the only bed he used, and spreading it by Papeiha's side, begged him to teach him how to pray to Jehovah. Papeiha commenced a short prayer, which the chief repeated after him. Wearied with his journey and the long talk the teacher dropped off to sleep; but scarcely had he closed his eyes before Tinomana in great distress awoke him saying:

"I've forgotten it; go over it again." After making him repeat it many times, he again fell asleep; but once more was he aroused with the same touching plea, "I've forgotten it; go over it again."

And this occurred several times during the night. As he was leaving the next morning, the chief accompanied Papeiha part of the way, repeating his prayer as he went, and thanking him again and again for what he had told him.

Shortly after this a priest came to say that he meant to burn his idol, and also to place his son, a boy of ten years old, under their care, lest the gods in their anger should kill him. Leaving his boy he returned home, and the next morning came bending under the weight of the heavy rudely shaped image he was bringing to be burned. A crowd followed him saying that he was mad. He threw the idol

down before the teachers, and one of them fetching a saw, sawed off its head. The people fled in terror, but coming back saw the god rapidly burning to ashes, while some bananas were being cooked over the fire its burning body made. Papeiha and Tiberio ate of the bananas, but none of the Rarotongans could be induced to touch one.

Thus perished the first of the Rarotonga's idols. Others quickly followed. Within three days fourteen of them met with a like fate. Then came Tinomana's decisive act. Sending for the two brethren he told them that after careful thought he had made up his mind to become a Christian, begged them to be his teachers, and inquired what was the first step for him to take. To this they answered, that he must destroy his maraes and burn his idols.

"Come with me," said the chief, "and see them destroyed."

A man was bidden to set fire to the temple, and two great wooden figures were then stripped of their wrappings and cast to the flames. This deed of Tinomana's made some of his clan very angry. They said he was out of his mind. The women especially seemed mad with rage and grief. They cut their heads with sharp shells and sharks' teeth, then ran about smeared with the blood which flowed from their wounds, dolefully crying out:

"Alas! alas! the gods of the madman Tinomana, the gods of the insane chief are given to the flames." Others blackened themselves with charcoal and joined in the same wild cries. But all to no purpose. Very soon all through Rarotonga the work of destruction was going on, and every idol had either perished in the fire or had been handed over to the teachers to be sent to Raiatea.

A Hindoo Atonement.

ATONEMENTS are exceedingly common among Hindoos, some of them very ridiculous, others exceedingly painful. One day while Mr. Gogerly was sitting in his study with his pundit by his side, the weather being oppressive, he became drowsy and heard under the table

certain sounds for which he could not account. He thought at first they might have been occasioned by a serpent which had obtained entrance into the room, but he could discover none. He asked the pundit if he knew what it was.

"Oh yes," he replied, "I have been making an atonement for you!"

"Why, what evil have I done?" asked the missionary.

"You have been yawning," he answered, "and as that is an offence when done in the presence of a Brahmin, an atonement is necessary; but as you are ignorant of our customs, I have been acting as your substitute."

"What, then, is the atonement you have so kindly offered for me?" Mr. Gogerly asked.

"Simply doing so," the pundit replied, at the same time showing him how it was done—merely by snapping the thumb and second finger of the right hand together twice, and thus making the undiscovered sound. But other Hindoo atonements are very different. Blood must be shed. In many of the temples this is done every day, and scores of kids and of goats are offered up in sacrifice, and frequently also buffaloes. But, on the occasion of the festival of Shiva the Destroyer, human blood must be shed and the greatest possible agony must be endured short of its ending in death, which Shiva the Destroyer does not demand.

Payment for Blood

In New Guinea.

THE third Sabbath Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers spent in Port Moresby they had a good illustration of what is meant by "payment for blood." Two deaths occurred, one a warrior who had been unwell for some days, and the other a youth accidentally wounded by a friend. The former, though weak, was able to speak in the morning. His lady friends, however, made up their minds that he would die; so they,—his wife taking the lead—squeezed him to death.

In the other instance, payment for blood was required and paid; but the friends of the deceased were not satisfied. At the close of the morning service came the rumour that a fight was imminent between the natives to Elevara, to whom the deceased lad belonged, and those on the mainland, the relatives of the homicide life must be sacrificed for life. When the missionaries were at dinner, mingled with the laments over the squeezed warrior rose the defiant shouts of battle. Helter-skelter ran the missionaries into the *melee*. Mr. Chalmers seized the lad whose life was sought by the arm and dragged him out of the fray. Heathen-like, knowing that he was going to die, he had ornamented himself with the utmost care. His face was painted, an enormously long nose-jewel in the septum, two frontlets of wallaby-teeth were on, also armlets and anklets; bow and arrow in hand he resolved to die bravely. When he found himself in the Mission house he remarked, though he trembled all over, "I was not a bit afraid."

His life was spared. A new and heavier payment for blood was sent to the friends of the deceased and accepted. The lad that was saved remained with the missionaries, and doubtless in after years would think gratefully of them for sparing his life.

Mr. Moody and Alexander Duff.

MR. D. L. MOODY, the American revivalist, tells us that when in Scotland in 1867 there was one old man he desired especially to see. For that purpose he was told to go to Edinburgh, and during the General Assembly of the Free Church he would see Dr. Duff, the world-renowned missionary. He stayed in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody said, to get a little of the old man's fire. Dr. Duff pleaded an hour and a half once for India, and at the end of that time he fainted away. They took and carried him into the vestibule. When he revived he said:

"I did not get quite through, let me go back and finish."

They said, "if you go back, it will cost you your life."

"Well," he said, "I shall die if I don't."

So they carried him back. As they passed up the aisle the people rose and tears flowed down every cheek at the sight of the old veteran of the Cross. He said to them,

"Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you have got no more sons to give to India? I have spent twenty-five years of my life there, and have come back to die. There is plenty of money in the bank, but your sons are not willing to go. If a call comes from the Queen to go there in the army they are ready. Is it come to this, that the Lord calls for recruits for His kingdom and they will not go?"

Turning to the moderator he said, "If there is no one to go to India, I will return to them and let them know that there is one old Scotchman that can die for them if he can't live for them."

The effect of the scene and the words was deep and lasting.

A Chinese Convert in Scotland.

WHEN the Rev. William C. Burns, the Chinese Missionary, visited Scotland, he brought with him a Chinese nurse named Boo-a, who was one of the first fruits of his labours in China. She had been baptised the previous year along with her son and fifteen others at Amoy. She was the first converted Chinese woman that had been in Scotland. She could not escape observation as she sat in the Church pew with deep thought on her countenance, going over the Chinese hymn book, bound in black, which she held in her bony hand. A red rose, after the fashion of her country, sat in evergreen leaves on the knot of her jet hair, tightly combed back, relieved the brown face almost grim with gravity. Her black peering eyes watched the preacher. The unknown tongue did not weary her. She was in the house of God and among the friends of Jesus, and longed all the week long for the Lord's day. When greeted by any friend at the close of the service, her face could hardly be realised as the same. Her sparkling eye and a look of laughter irradiated it all over. When

asked if she did not weary in this country, she said to the missionary—

"Here, where I can speak so little to man, I speak the more to God."

The Sabbath before her departure she sat down at the Lord's Table by her own desire, and enjoyed the ordinance. When there she found that along with those around her she understood the common language of its sacred symbols, feeding through them on the one Saviour though the barrier of varied tongues prevented other intercourse. Thus unity of spirit was abundantly enjoyed.

The Rarotongans' Notion

Of an Eclipse.

THE inhabitants of Rarotonga were greatly excited with terror and dismay when an eclipse took place. Tangoroa, their principal god, was angry for not being properly fed, and the sun fell a prey to his voracious jaws. On the first occasion of a total eclipse subsequent to the arrival of the Rev. Aaron Buzacott, many of the natives came running in great excitement to the mission house. They did not expect to see any more of Tangoroa's work, now that idolotry was done away with; but to their dismay, here was Tangoroa at his old tricks, in the very act of devouring the sun. Mr. Buzacott was called out to witness the destruction. The eclipse had just commenced. A small part of the sun's disc appeared gone.

"Look," said they "that is the first bite, and he will not be content till he has swallowed the whole."

"If the sun had been eaten before by Tangoroa," asked Mr. Buzacott, "how did they manage to get it back again?"

"By giving him," he replied, "so much food as to make him sick and cause him to vomit back the sun."

Perceiving that the missionary was much amused by this account, they earnestly enquired if he could solve the mystery. They were surprised to hear it was caused by the moon. A

simple illustration was given them by placing the heads of three of them of equal height in a row to represent the earth moon and sun. On moving the middle one, representing the moon, to and fro, their fears ended in a good hearty laugh at their ignorance. One of the old priests was so wonder-struck at the superior knowledge of the missionary that he gravely asked if he had ever been up above in the moon, and there seen and watched her during the operation. He was assured he had not, but that his religion had led him to understand the works of Jehovah as seen in the heavens and the earth.

Closing Scene

Of Livingstone's Life.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE closed his career as he wrote the last words in his Journal on the banks of the Molilamo, in Chitambo's village. This was on the morning of 1st May, 1873. The chief Chitambo came early on the preceding day to pay the traveller a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's presence. He was so weak he could not talk to him, but hoped to do so next day. The hours stole on to nightfall. The men who were with him silently took to their huts. About eleven Susi was told to go to his master, who, hearing a noise, asked—

"Are our men making that noise?"

"No," replied Susi, "I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields."

A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering,

"Is this the Luapula?"

Susi told him that they were in Chitambo's village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. He afterwards, as if in great pain, half sighed and half said—

"Oh, dear, dear!"

About an hour after Susi went to his bedside, when the Doctor asked for his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for it was observed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told

him to place by his side. Then directing him to pour a little water into a cup and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice—

"All right! you can go now."

About four in the morning six men entered his hut, summoned by his faithful Susi. When a light was procured they found Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon his pillow. For a minute they watched him, he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Mothen, advanced softly to him and placed his hands on his cheeks. It was sufficient; life was extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Dr. Livingstone was dead; he entered heaven in prayer.

The Power of Kindness

On the Chinese.

THE Rev. Mr. Rudland, Missionary in China, had the first T'ai-chau out-station in the busy, growing city of Huang-yen. It was some time before suitable premises could be secured in this place, but ultimately a friend was raised in the person of an old woman. Like most of the people in her city, she had never seen the foreigners, but had heard plenty against them. One summer day, however, while on a visit to her daughter at T'ai-chau, some of the neighbours told her that they had been to call on Mrs. Rudland, who had received them kindly. This set the old woman longing to go too, and, curiosity conquering fear, the visit was paid. A kindly reception awaited the strangers from the missionary lady, who was found neither too busy nor too tired to take them all over the house, letting them see for themselves that there was really nothing to be afraid of. A cup of tea followed, and friendly talk about their own affairs, and the true way of finding happiness. The visit over, the old woman carried back to her home in Huang-yen a heart in which the foreigners had found a warm place. Mrs. Rudland, although she little knew it, had made a valuable friend.

Not long after this the native evangelist, Chi Sien-seng, was passing along the busy streets of Huang-yen, selling his tracts and books. His heart was very heavy. Every effort to gain an opening for the Gospel in that city seemed unavailing. No one would hear of letting "the foreign devils" a house.

"Good-day, Chi Sien-seng!"

With a bright face the old woman was standing before him.

"Ts'ing-lœ Ky' üoh dzô." "Do come and have some tea."

In a few minutes they were talking together in her guest-room, the hostess graphically relating all about Mrs. Rudland's courtesy.

"Ah," remarked the evangelist, "the teachers earnestly desire to rent a house in your own honourable residence, but I have twice tried to obtain one and failed, and do not now know where to turn."

What was his surprise and thankfulness when his new friend at once responded it was well they had met, for she would be able to help him. In the evening, when her son came home, the old woman told him what had occurred, and had no difficulty in enlisting his sympathy, for he also had been to the chapel in T'ai-chau, and had received pleasant impressions. The outcome was that the young man went one day to a friend of his, a silversmith, and urged him to let one of his houses to the missionaries, offering to act himself as a middle-man in the transaction. The arrangement was soon made and the house placed at Mr. Rudland's disposal. An additional pleasing feature was that all the neighbours appeared disposed to be very friendly.

Persecution and Deliverance

In Armenia.

THE year 1839 was the most important year in Turkish missions, and the effects of what was done then are still felt. Persecution bares her red right arm. The bitter hostility of the Armenian church broke out in a storm. The

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despotic head of the Turkish government, Sultan Mahmoud, united his civil power with their ecclesiastical, to extirpate the Christian heretics.

The work, begun in 1831 by William Goodell, seemed likely, after twenty years, to fall in a crash into ruins. Mr. Sahakian, an evangelical Armenian and teacher, was thrown into prison without trial, or even knowledge of the charges made against him. He and Boghos Fizika, another of like character, were sent four hundred miles into exile. Der Kevork, a pious priest, was put in a cell. The Greek patriarch thundered out a bull of excommunication, and nothing less than the banishment of all the missionaries was determined upon. The persecution waxed hotter and fiercer, and the missionaries were finally accused before the Sublime Porte, and Messrs Hamlin and Goodell, who were the only ones at that time in the country, expected summary orders to leave. An order was obtained from Mahmûd for their expulsion. and that of all missionaries. Commodore Porter could not interpose, as the treaty with the United States was only commercial, and there seemed no human hope. In that darkest hour of Turkish missions, the pioneer Goodell, in his peculiar way, said:

"The Great Sultan of the Universe can change all this."

The missionaries, sorely beset, took refuge in the 91st Psalm. They besought the Lord to come down as in the days of old, and make the mountains flow down at His presence. While their hands were yet lifted in prayer, on July 1st, 1839, Sultan Mahmûd died. Not only did God interpose, but by a series of the most striking providences on record in history the power of their foes was broken. Six days before the Turkish forces had been routed near Aleppo; an exhausted treasury absorbed governmental attention; a fearful conflagration visited Constantinople, August 9th, and from 3,000 to 4,000 houses were reduced to ashes. God's hand was laid heavily on the Armenians who led in the persecution. And so marked was the evidence of a divine interposition that it was a common saying that God was taking the side of the persecuted and vindicating their cause. In fact a council was called and the exiles were recalled, and all rigorous measures suspended. The leaders were unchanged in spirit, but they were not unawed. They saw an Almighty Hand

uplifted to arrest the arm of intolerance, and they *dared* not go forward.

Bishop Tucker on the Bible

In Uganda.

BISHOP TUCKER, successor to Bishop Hannington, has a very hopeful feeling regarding the progress of the Gospel in Uganda. Like his predecessors he has suffered in his work, and nevertheless he still holds on his way rejoicing in what he sees of the progress of the Gospel. He says the people have an aptitude to learn and they have also an aptitude to teach, and he looks forward to the time when the native evangelists will become ordained ministers of the native church. They love the Bible and value it highly.

A sister of Mwanga came to him in order to purchase a Bible. When the Bishop gave her one she was filled with joy, and clapping her hands, said:

"My spirit is singing within me for very joy."

At another time a native Christian came and asked for a Bible, giving as his reason that the one he had was greatly injured. The Bishop having only his own, made inquiries as to how the Bible became so much damaged that he required a new one. The dusky Christian replied:

"When I went to war with the Mohammedans I took the Bible with me. I wrapped it in cloth and put it in my breast. It saved my life, for when in a battle a bullet struck me, and the Book prevented it from entering my heart. I love it much, but I cannot read it now. Can you give me another?"

The Bishop generously gave the African his own Bible for the one which the bullet had penetrated, and he declares it is one of his greatest treasures. He carries it about with him, and more than once it has served as an illustration of how the Book of God is loved and blessed in the Dark Continent.

A Chinese Scholar

And the Story of Creation.

THE Rev. J. Macgowan of the London Missionary Society has been a faithful labourer in the cause of the Saviour in Amoy. They have between forty and fifty churches, and some four thousand professing Christians. Nearly all these have been gathered in during the thirty-seven years of his life in China, and represented the humanly impossible. The missionaries, acting on the distinct command of Christ, had to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead (spiritually), and cast out devils, and they have done it. After five years' work they seemed not to have touched a single chord in any heart, and it looked as if it was impossible for Christian ideas to enter the hearts of the people; so they changed the workers. The eighth year came, and yet they could not lay hands on a man, woman, or child and say that good had been done. The honour of the Master was touched most. They knelt down and prayed, and when they got up their faces were set, and they said to each other:

"We will never give up."

Nine years past, and ten years, and then one fine morning the mountains seemed more beautiful than ever, the dust seemed lifted up from the city, the faces of the people seemed brighter, and the blossoms were sweeter. And the chapel has never lost its fragrance since. For years they have had a self-supporting church there, with a pastor of its own.

One of the first members was a scholar of forty years of age. Heathenism had never given him anything to think about, so he had become an opium smoker. His home was becoming desolate, but his noble-hearted wife said she would stick to him to the last. One day he entered the church, and taking up the Book of Genesis, he read it, and said to the preacher:

"I have never read any story of the Creation that has so much touched me."

He came again and told the preacher that the first page of Genesis had converted him. He determined never to smoke

opium again, and although the craving returned for some days he would not take it, for the old Puritan blood was running through him. After ten days he was a free man. Mr. Macgowan had worked with him for years; he was one of the noblest men he had ever met. He became a preacher, a pastor of the church, later on a professor in the college, and he died in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. No power on earth but Christianity could have saved that man; Christ came and delivered him, and has made his name fragrant to-day through all the churches. China had no vitality of her own to rise out of her ruins, but the Christian churches of England were relaying the foundations of the empire.

Widow Williams

Alone in the Wilderness.

IF missionaries have to undergo severe trials in prosecuting their mission, many of their wives have been called upon to share in their difficulties, and to endure sufferings all their own.

This was the experience of the wife of the Rev. Joseph Williams, who went to Kaffirland and began his labours in the Kat River district, but in less than two years was smitten down by death, leaving his wife a lonely widow with his children, a stranger in a strange land.

This bereavement occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful and afflictive. Far beyond the colonial boundary, and with no other mission station or friendly aid near, Mrs Williams watched over her beloved husband in his last moments, in a certain sense entirely alone, for her only companions were the half enlightened heathen natives, who had expressed their sympathy as best they could.

When she had seen life passing away and had closed the eyes of her dearest earthly friend and partner in her joys and sorrows, she had to undertake the necessary preparations for the burial. She had to get wood and then teach the unlearned

Kaffirs how to make the coffin, and how to dig the grave. When all was ready the brave Christian woman with her infant in her arms followed those who bore the earthly house of the servant of Christ to its long home. When dust had returned to the dust, with a throbbing heart and emotions no language could fully describe, she knelt in prayer asking God to enable her to say:—

"Thy will be done."

Mrs Williams implored the protection and blessing of God on her fatherless children, on the seed sown by the departed, and on the sable sons of Africa, who had come to mourn with her.

Having seen the grave filled, and covered with large stones to secure it from the ravages of beasts, she returned to the colony where she had already done and suffered much for the gospel, and where she was required to do further work for her Redeemer.

Women are never weak in the hours of affliction and in cases of this kind, demonstrate once more that their mission in this world is largely to love and to suffer.

Lugalama the Proto-Martyr

Of Uganda.

THE story of Lugalama, the first martyr of Uganda, shews the courage which Christianity infuses into the youngest and most unlettered. The cruel Mwanga seized him, and Sernwanga and Kakumba, his companions; and, apparently for no other cause than because these lads had found their way to firm faith in Jesus while yet the king was halting between two opinions, he determined in a rage to put them to death by torture. Mujasi, the cruel wretch who wreaked upon the poor boys the hate of Mwanga, mocked them.

"O, you know Isa Massrja (Jesus Christ), do you? You

believe you will rise from the dead, do you? Well, I shall burn you and see."

The lads answered the mockery by a sacred hymn:

"Daily, daily, sing the praises," &c.

A dismal swamp, Maganja was the chosen Golgotha for these young martyrs. The jeering crowd build a rude frame-work and heap fuel beneath. First they mutilate Sernwanga and Kakumba, and fling their bleeding bodies upon the frame-work for the agony of the flame. Then the executioners approach Lugalama, and he cries:

"O do not cut off my arms. I will not struggle nor fight —only throw me into the fire!" What a sad prayer: "Only throw me into the fire!"

But cruelty insists on butchery, and the armless trunk is flung upon the frame-work for slow fires to finish what the sharp blade has begun. But, until their tongues are crisped in the flame, those martyrs continue to sing praises. Cranmer and Ridley and Huss and Jerome did not honour the Lord more truly; and when Musali, standing by, was threatened with a like fate, he boldly said to Mujasi, "I am a follower of Isa, and I am not ashamed of Him."

The Siamese King's Death

Overruled for Good.

THE missionary cause in Siam had many reverses, and in 1840 the entire work of evangelising the inhabitants fell on the Rev. N. P. Buel and his wife, who came that year and had to leave in 1844. Three years elapsed and Rev. Stephen Mattoon and Samuel R. House, M.D., came in their stead. They undertook the work bravely, studied, preached, printed books, and practised medicine. But the suspicious king, jealous of their growing influence and the "merit-making" of the physicians, actively though secretly opposed them. This malignant despot threw all his influence against the missionaries. He so controlled his slavish subjects that

none of them would sell or rent a house for the use of the missionaries, or even a site on which to build. Their native teachers were thrown into prison, their servants fled, and the people would not so much as sell them food.

Opposition, carried to the point of starvation, seemed to leave no room for choice; they must leave Bangkok by the next steamer. To make things worse, Sir James Brooks, who came to treat with the Siamese king in behalf of Great Britain, was so insulted that he left in anger, threatening to invoke the aid of force in opening the country. Humanly speaking, the missionary labours begun thirty-two years before were about to come to a disastrous conclusion. There was but one hope: it lay in an appeal to the throne of Grace. The missionaries looked for deliverance to God. The kings of the earth again took counsel to break His bands asunder and cast away His cords. But at this critical juncture, when all these complications were culminating, He who sits on the throne stretched forth His rod of iron and broke in pieces, like a potter's vessel, this treacherous king.

April 3rd, 1851, he died. And,—what is far more wonderful,—upon that death hung a change in the whole state of affairs, and all succeeding history was to be cast in a new mould. We write it in large characters, that he who runs may read, even at a cursory glance. There was one man in the kingdom, Maha Mong Kut, in the cell of a Buddhist monastery, who had been taught in language and science by Rev. J. Caswell, a missionary of the American Board. His heart was full of friendliness towards the missionaries, and of the liberal and catholic policy imbibed through familiar contact with his Christian teacher. Upon him the choice of the assembly of nobles fell, and the priest left his cell to mount the throne of the "Sacred Prabahts."

For seventeen years he reigned, a scholar and a gentleman who appreciated civilization, and inaugurated the most enlightened and progressive policy ever known among Asiatic sovereigns.

Every condition was changed. Missionaries found permanent homes, and even a welcome at court. And that very year the women of the mission were admitted as teachers into the royal harem. The work begun by the deft and delicate hand of the seraphic Mrs. Judson was, after a generation had passed away, carried on by her sisterhood.

And from that time to this, during forty years, the world has looked with astonishment upon the attitude of the Siamese nation, that in one day was changed from hostility to friendship in answer to believing prayer.

Maha Mong Kut proclaimed religious liberty throughout the land in 1870, and his son has followed his example in all liberal policy.

A Brewery

Turned into a Church in Japan.

THE Rev. A. D. Gring, Missionary of the Reformed Church, United States, who laboured in Tokio, Japan, tells of the way a man thirty-five years of age was led to give up his brewing business by the power of the gospel. One day there was a festival in the temple and a colporteur of one of the Bible societies, a Japanese, opened his box on his little cart outside in the road. He did not enter the great enclosure leading to the temple in order that he might not interfere with anybody, but he opened his box there and offered his Scriptures for sale. By and by the Japanese Buddhists began to throw stones at him, for they wished him to go away as an intruder.

"Why," they asked "should this man come up to the very gates of our temple, especially when we are holding the festival, and sell the very books that are to undermine our religion?"

A policeman had ordered the colporteur to stand back.

Now there was a person standing not far off looking on, who said to the colporteur—

"You have a perfect right to offer your Scriptures for sale in the road; but you had better go back to the village, otherwise there may be a disturbance."

In the heart, however, of the Japanese, who was the rich man at the head of the sake or brewing establishment, and who witnessed this wrangle, there was something that told

him "If this is Buddhism which will prevent a fellow-countryman from selling the scriptures here, there must be something wrong with this religion."

He went up and bought a Bible. Later on a Missionary came there and preached, and the sake brewer found his way there and heard him preach. Several times he said to the minister:

"What must I do to be a Christian? Must I give up my establishment over there if I become a Christian."

"Why, yes," replied the missionary at once, "You cannot be a sake brewer, a whisky brewer, and be a Christian."

Sake is a common whisky in Japan, which is very stimulating and very popular. The young man went home to ponder over what the missionary had said to him, and came to the determination to do as the missionary had indicated. Returning to him he said:

"I am willing to sell that sake establishment, if those are the requirements of the religion you preach. I am willing to take that step. I have a lot of barrels in my warehouse, and every one of them is full of sake. What shall I do with them? Shall I sell them and build a Church or schoolhouse with the proceeds."

"No," replied the missionary, "if it is wrong for you to brew sake it is of course wrong for you to sell it. The best thing you can do is to go and take the stoppers from the barrels and let the sake run out."

This was done, and the sake was consequently sent to the gutter. Then said the newly converted Japanese:

"Now I want to do something more. Here are these buildings. Cannot we turn them into a church and school?"

This purpose was carried out, and when Mr. Gring was there in 1887 there was in that sake establishment a large Christian church and a flourishing girls' school.

Bishop Berueux's Murder

In Korea.

BISHOP BERUEUX was the most remarkable of all the Latin fathers for his labours in spreading the gospel among the Koreans. The Regent and the Government formed a sudden determination to destroy all the foreign Missionaries, and to annihilate the whole native church in 1866. The Bishop and eight other missionaries were seized, and the former was bound hand and foot and cast into the prison reserved for those who had been condemned to death On the next day he was brought before the high tribunal and was put the questions—

"What is your name?

"Berueux."

"What is your nationality?"

"French."

"Why have you come to this country?"

"To save your souls."

"How long have you been here?"

"Ten years."

"Will you apostatize?"

"No, indeed; I came here to teach Christ, and I never will renounce Him."

"If you do not you shall be beaten to death."

"Do what you wish, I am in your hands."

"Will you leave the country if we give you a chance?"

"No I will not, unless you carry me away by force."

Then he was stripped and laid upon the ground and beaten with the great paddle-like implement of torture until his flesh actually hung in strips along his limbs. He was also punctured all over the body with sharp sticks. His limbs were thrown out of joint, and in this plight he was thrown into the prison again. The next day he was brought out again to be questioned, but he was too weak to articulate.

All the Missionaries went through the same ordeal. On the day of execution a cortege of soldiers bore the prisoners in litters or carts to the place of execution, about three

miles from the city to the South, near the river. There a great circle was formed, and the execution commenced. Bishop Berueux was placed in the circle, cords were passed through his ears and under his arms, and, suspended on a pole, he was carried three times round the circle. Then he was placed on his knees in the centre, his limbs securely tied and his head extended forward by means of a cord tied to his hair and held by a soldier. Then half a dozen soldiers, sword in hand, began a savage dance around the vicinity, uttering horrible cries and brandishing their heavy weapons, and as each soldier passed in front of the victim he delivered a blow at the neck. At the third blow the head fell, and one of the most horrible massacres of modern times was perpetrated. So fell that whole band of noble men. But the truth of the gospel was not thereby destroyed. The Church has recovered from that great persecution, and its work is being actively pushed forward more rapidly than ever.

Gert Link's

Wonderful Dying Experiences.

GERT LINKS was one of the earliest converts at the Wesleyan Mission Station in Little Namaqualand. He became an eminent and useful Christian, and lived till he was indeed an aged disciple. Before his death he was confined to his hut for a length of time, during which he was frequently visited by the Rev. J. A. Bailie, then the resident Missionary. Mr. Bailie always found him trusting in the merits of the Redeemer, and calmly awaiting his final change.

When Gert Links felt his end was approaching, he sent for the missionary, stating that he had something particular to say to him before he died. Mr. Bailie accordingly hastened to the hut of the dying Namaqua, about four miles distant from the mission-house. On reaching the place, poor old Gert said he was glad to see his beloved teacher once more; but he was almost too late, as his speech had

nearly left him. His friends then raised him up and supported him on his mat in a sitting posture; when he proceeded to relate in a feeble but distinct tone of voice his views and feelings with regard to a future state of being. In his own native language he expressed himself in substance as follows:

"I have at this moment a particular impression of the immortality of the soul; for my body is half dead. I have lost the use of both legs and of one arm; and if my soul were not immortal it would be half dead also; but instead of that I am constantly thinking of God and heaven, and I can think with great ease and freedom. I have also a special conviction that the Bible is God's book, and its truths are constantly running through my mind, and afford me great comfort in my affliction. I wish to say further, that I see more clearly than ever that the missionaries are not common men; but they are the servants of God sent to us to declare His word. If we receive it as such, and live in peace and love among ourselves, God will bless us."

The dying saint now looked round on the many friends who had assembled to hear his last words, and addressing them, he said with all the earnestness which his failing strength would permit,

"Pay great attention to the word of your teachers, and remember that they speak to you in the name of the Lord." Being faint and weary, he said, "I have done."

He was then laid down again; and in about an hour afterwards his redeemed spirit departed in the full assurance of faith to a brighter and better world.

A Sceptical Captain

On Paul's Shipwreck.

WHILST voyaging to their distant stations, and when travelling from place to place in the prosecution of their great work, Christian missionaries are frequently exposed to the dangers of the deep. This has been the case from the beginning; and when enumerating

the various trials and hardships which he endured, the apostle Paul says,

"Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep . . . in perils in the sea" (2 Cor. xi., 25, 26).

Of one of his shipwrecks we have an interesting narrative in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which concludes with the instructions given to those on board the stranded ship on the coast of Malta, that "they who could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land; and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they all escaped safe to land."

In the course of one of the Rev. William Moister's missionary voyages a high compliment was unwittingly paid to this narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck by the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, who was a man of avowed sceptical principles. Hoping to interest him and others, he offered one day to read them a story of seafaring adventure, to which they promised to listen attentively. He then took the Testament and read the chapter alluded to. On hearing the description of the storm which was encountered by the ship of Alexandria in which the Apostle and his companions sailed, the captain remarked that that was just the kind of squall that he had often met with in the Mediterranean. As the narrative proceeded the interest in it seemed to deepen, till the missionary got to the statement of the means adopted to save the vessel when she was in danger, as the undergirding of the ship, the management of the sails, and the dropping of the anchors.

The captain became quite excited, and declared, "That was the best thing they could have done under the circumstances."

When the conclusion was reached, and the missionary had read the words, "and so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land," the captain exclaimed,

"They were a lot of lucky fellows; but what is that book that you have been reading from?"

Great was the surprise of the sceptical mariner when he told him the name of the blessed Book, and he had reason to believe that he was henceforth led to read the Scriptures as he had never done before.

The Brahmin Pundit

And His Four Wives,

THE Rev. George Gogerly's pundit, a high caste Brahmin, had four wives. He was a most respectable man, and always conducted himself with the greatest decorum. Being anxious to ascertain from a direct source whether polygamy was a blessing or a curse, Mr. Gogerly resolved to speak to him on the subject. One day whilst hard at work in his study the missionary's wife entered the room. On her leaving it he said:

"Pundit, did you see that lady? That is my wife!"

"Yes," he replied, "I know it; I have seen her frequently."

"You have," remarked Mr. Gogerly, "and did you ever see us quarrel?"

"Quarrel!" he replied, "certainly not, you appear happy in each other's company.

"Ah, pundit," the missionary said, "what a very happy man you must be."

"What do you mean?" he enquired. "Why," was the answer given, "if I with *one* wife am so happy, how much more must you be who are blessed with *four?*" Had a thunderstorm suddenly overtaken him he could not have appeared more astonished or annoyed. Seizing his pen the pundit began writing in great haste, saying:—

"Go on with the work, it is getting late."

It was explained to him that no offence was meant, but only a desire to know the real state of the case, and then Mr. Gogerly added:—

"Now tell me plainly, pundit, are you more happy with your four wives than I am with one?"

After a moment spent in driving away from his person some imaginary flies, and scratching his ears and neck as though suffering from a sudden attack of prickly heat, he replied:—

"I am not, nor am I half so happy as you."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Gogerly.

"Why," said he, "these four wives are continually quarrel-

ing. If I give the best article to one and not the same to the others, their jealousy is so great, and they call each other by such bad names, that to secure a little peace I am obliged to get a stick and beat them all round."

No further proof was required that polygamy was a curse and not a blessing, and that Christianity in seeking its destruction is purifying the social life as well as bestowing the blessings of salvation on those who receive it.

A Remarkable Missionary

Among the Bedouin Arabs.

MR. PHILIP BERRY of Philadelphia gives the following remarkable incidents which occurred in the life of a young man called Randall, who was the son of a Welsh lady, his father being brought up among the North American Indians.

Young Randall was carefully trained to the principles of the Christian religion, and was a member of a Baptist Church. He went out along with other young men to take a tour through Syria, and started from Damascus on their way to Jerusalem. They had not gone far before a band of armed horsemen surrounded them, and ordered them to halt. The leader said the caravan might move on, unhurt, if they would deliver up one of their number, a young man named Randall, who should not suffer, if he would go with them peacefully.

The terms, though hard, were acceded to. The last sight his companions had of him was as he rode away mounted on a fine horse, attended by the gay horsemen of the Bedouin Sheik of the Le Avish tribe, which tribe usually winter in the neighbourhood of Damascus, and in the summer move south and east over the great plain, seeking pasturage and water for their flocks and herds. The young man was taken to the Sheik's tent, and to his surprise found a magnificent entertainment awaiting him. What does it all mean? Strange as it may appear, this is the explanation:—

Arzalia, the Sheik's daughter, had seen the young man, and fallen passionately in love with him; and the banquet is the wedding feast prepared in the hope that the adventurous traveller might possibly be captured for the gratification of the romantic daughter of the desert. The young man and Arzalia were married. There was no escape for him. His tent was guarded by night, and his person watched by day, lest he should escape; and this guard was kept over him for years.

He and Arzalia, however, seemed happy notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances under which they were united; children were born to them, and their domestic life was marked by kindness, courtesy, and true affection. Randall rapidly acquired a knowledge of the Arabic language; his wife as rapidly mastered the English; and then the children were taught both.

He did not prove recreant to his religion, though he had fallen amongst those who were opposed to his faith. Though he entered the family of the Sheik, they had to receive his religion as well as his person. The result was somewhat remarkable. Through his influence and example his wife became a Christian; his father-in-law became a patron of his son-in-law's faith; his children were brought up in "the fear of the Lord," and at length his son has become Sheik of the tribe, his father-in-law having died.

All the surrounding tribes have become favourable to the new religion, and have pledged their swords in its defence.

And, what is better still, many have been taught the way of salvation.

A Jamaica Negro and his Bible.

A POOR female slave in Jamaica had been converted to God at a mission station, and when dying gave her son, called Sambo, her Bible. It had been well used and soon was worn out. This distressed him much, for when he endeavoured to instruct his fellows they said:

A Chinese Opium Den.

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"Ah it may be true, but show us in de book,—show us in de book."

For some time Sambo was unable to do this; but at length having heard that a large supply of Bibles had arrived in Kingston, he set out for the city, with the hope of procuring one.

The distance was fifty miles, a long way for an old man to travel on foot. It was hot, too, to walk in the middle of the day; it was therefore early in the morning and late in the evening that the negro tramped along on his holy errand, till he ultimately reached the city. On coming to the Missionary's house in Kingston, where the Bibles were deposited, Sambo was delighted with the array of goodly volumes which were spread out before him, and exclaimed:

"O! massa, how large! how fine! how good!"

"Yes, my friend," said the missionary, "it is very true, they are indeed fine and good."

"I want to buy one," said Sambo; and pointing to a copy with large print, that would just suit his eyesight, he asked what was the price.

"A dollar and a half" (6s 6d English), was the answer. The negro's face looked sad.

"What is the matter?" said the Missionary.

"O! dear massa," cried Sambo, "dis is all me hab," at the same time pulling a dollar out of his pocket and holding it out in his hand.

"What is your name, and where do you come from?" said the Missionary; and when he found that his aged and dark-faced brother had actually walked fifty miles over the mountains to procure a copy of God's Holy Word, the man of God was much affected. But wishing to test his sincerity, he said to the negro, "Well, you have come a long way and I do not wish to send you home without a book: will you promise, if I let you have it, to pay me the half dollar as soon as you get it?"

"O yes," cried Sambo, "me will, that me will!"

The holy volume was soon in his hand, and he set off on his way home with a glad heart at possessing such a treasure. As he came in sight of his humble cottage, it was the evening hour, and the negroes were just coming home from their work in the fields. They surrounded Sambo with eager

curiosity, and rejoiced with him when he held up the beautiful Bible in his hand, exclaiming,

"Joy, joy for de blessed Book."

They required Sambo at once to read them from the new Bible, which he did for some time.

All at once he stopped, when several voices cried, "Go on, go on."

"No," replied Sambo, "me no go on; de book is not all paid for. How much you give, Jack? How much you, Tom? and how much you, Mary?"

In response to this appeal, the deficient half dollar was soon collected, when Sambo set off for Kingston the second time, and faithfully discharged his obligation. He soon returned home to prosecute his beloved work among his sable brethren, considering the "blessed Book" cheap for a dollar and a half, and the labour of walking two hundred miles to procure it. Henceforth the declining years of this pious negro were diligently employed in labouring for the benefit of his fellow-men, and in treasuring up the Word of God in his heart for his own edification and spiritual comfort.

Cannibalism in New Zealand.

THE Rev. Mr. Leigh relates that while he was in the island of New Zealand, he was one day walking with a chief on the beach, and had his attention arrested by a considerable number of people coming from a neighbouring hill.

He enquired the cause of the concourse, and was told that they had killed a lad, were now roasting him, and then intended to eat him. Mr. Leigh immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of the appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives seemed much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; it was only after a very urgent solicitation, that they directed him towards a large fire at

some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place, he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of the unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage-looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with a large axe. He was a good deal intimidated, but mustered up as much courage as he could, and demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held up the boy by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was half roasted.

Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found a great number of natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery (a sort of sweet potato) before them, waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company was shown to him the mother of the child, who together with him were slaves, having been taken in war. She would have been compelled to share in the horrid feast, had not Mr. Leigh prevailed on them to give up the body to be interred, and thus prevented them from gratifying their unnatural appetite.

Saints of Siva The Destroyer.

THE Hindoo gods have a class of men to attend to them who are called saints. They live in harmony with the ideas of the deity they attend to. Siva's saints live a life of penance and suffering because he is the Destroyer, and they think by doing so they please their god. Physical pain is supposed to be an acceptable offering to him; and many of the saints live a life of great pain.

The Rev. W. J. Wilkins says he has seen men worshippers of Siva who have held up one arm, and others both arms, until the muscles have shrunk so that they could not move them; others who have stood on one leg for years; others who have gazed into the burning sun until they have become blind; others who have sworn to be silent, and appeared to have lost the power of speech. There are, he states, those who sit helpless as children, and

will not eat unless they are fed. Mr. Wilkins had often tried to converse with these men, but generally found it a hopeless task. Many of them, through real mental weakness, or as a result of the opium they had taken seemed to have lost the power of thinking; an idiotic stare, or an unintelligible grunt, was all he could get from them in reply.

On certain days when festivals in honour of Siva are held, many of the working classes assume the dress and profession of saints for the time. Daubed with ashes, almost naked, and in a state of intoxication, they beg from house to house. Some of them throw themselves down from platforms, eight feet high, upon knives; others used to swing from bamboo poles with hooks fixed in their bodies. This latter practice has been stopped by the government, but other practices still continue.

These things are done in the belief that they are pleasing to the god Siva. Those who do them, though of the most wretched appearance and character are looked upon by the Hindoos as ideal men fit for the enjoyment of the presence of deity.

Such is the false conception these poor deluded fellow creatures have of God and man. They certainly require the gospel which makes known through Jesus Christ what God is and what he requires of those He has made in His own image and after His own likeness.

A Chinese Student

On the Bible.

COLERIDGE'S famous saying, "the Bible finds me more than I find it," has been verified in the experience of many an inquirer, but in the case of no one more than that of the Chinese student who was brought into contact with the sacred writings in the study of Bishop Boone of the American Episcopal Church.

He was a teacher amongst his pagan countrymen, and was taken into the mission family to learn English and translate the Bible into the Celestial tongue. For a long time he remained insensible to anything in the

Scriptures but their literary beauty. Abruptly, one day, he rose from his manuscripts, with the New Testament open in his hand, and with the rapid manner of one who has been startled by a great discovery, he exclaimed:

"Whoever made this book made me. It knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one but a god can know about me. Whoever made me made that book."

Remarkable deliverance from such a person, and yet one which expresses the experience of thousands both in heathendom and Christendom.

Don Santiago on his Conversion.

A MAN of some considerable influence in Buenos Ayres was Giuliermo Don Santiago. In his boyhood he came under the influence of a missionary belonging to the United States, and was by him induced to attend the Sabbath School. The instructions he received there did not bear immediate fruit. Don grew up a wild and hardened man. He was very fond of strong drink, and loved companions like himself.

On recording the change that passed over his life, he told a missionary, that one dark and rainy night he and his so-called friends were spending a night in debauch. They had drunk all the liquor they possessed and desired more. The nearest vendor of strong drink was at a considerable distance, and it was most difficult to find his place of business in the dark. Don was determined they should not want their drink, and he, mounting his horse, and tying a bottle round his waist, started out on the journey. He reached the place, got his bottle filled, and made his way home. He had not gone far when he missed his way.

It was a stormy night, the darkness was intense, and he was blinded with the rain. Wandering on he knew not where he was, until at last he found himself on what seemed to him the edge of a great sea. Worn out, cold and disconsolate, he dismounted and crept under his faithful horse, that he might be protected from the storm.

Like Jonah of old, when in the whale, Don Santiago was led to think of his past life and the miserable condition into which he had brought himself.

"There," said he, "seated on the ground; soaked with rain, and the pampas wind piercing to my bones, I reflected upon my past life. I thought upon the days I spent in the Sabbath School. I thought of my teachers, of my pastor, my father, my mother, of God and heaven. The sinfulness of my life stood before me and I determined, as I sat there, with the bottle of rum in one hand and my horse's bridle in the other, that I would never drink again. I promised God, in the most sacred manner, that I would henceforth lead a Christian life."

The determination of the night was not forgotten in the morning, though he found himself close to a pond of water near his own house, which his intoxicated imagination had swollen into a great flood. That night was the turning-point in Don Santiago's career. It was in these circumstances he gave himself to Christ and the service of God. Ever afterwards he avoided all intoxicating drink, and did what he could to aid the missionaries in spreading the Gospel which had blessed his own soul.

An Instructive Sunday Service

In Samoa.

WHEN the Rev. Charles Phillips visited Arorae in the Gilbert group of the Samoan islands, he attended a service early on a Sunday morning. On approaching the chapel in company with the native missionary, large heaps of hats, made out of the pandanus leaf, were seen lying indiscriminately outside the church. On Mr. Phillips asking the native missionary why they were thus left, he replied,

"You will soon see. It is because there is no room for themselves and their hats too inside the church."

The words were literally true. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, every bit of space, even to the windows and doors was

occupied. The remarkable feature of the scene was that these people had come from all parts of the island to listen to one who did not understand a word of their language. Mr. Phillips could only speak a few sentences to the native minister and then wait till he had translated them to the hearers, and so on till the address was finished. Nevertheless, he declared, he never addressed a more attentive audience.

At the close of the service, several hundreds remained behind to commemorate the Lord's death. For bread the natives had only the kernel of the cocoa-nut, and for wine only the milk of the cocoa-nut. These are the natural bread and wine of the country, and were constantly used at the communion.

The whole scene was a very striking one and impressed the European missionary deeply. It was only fourteen years since the first mission ship approached the island. The inhabitants were then only a herd of naked savages. Now they were clothed and in their right minds, and large numbers of them were gathered around the table of the Lord.

Mr. Phillips, in recording the scene, says, "There seemed hardly any point of resemblance between preacher and people. We were of different races; spoke different languages; were of different colours; ate different kinds of food; were clothed with different clothing; and were of different habits and ways of life. Yet I never realised the oneness of the human family more than I did that day. It seemed as though the heavens were opened, and we saw visions of God; and were enabled to realise the truth of the old words—

'God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'"

Joel Bulu's
Remarkable Experience.

MANY were the remarkable conversions and converts to Christianity in the Friendly and Fiji Islands. Among these may be noticed that of Joel Bulu, who passed through mental trial to the peace of the Gospel. He

was a big lad before he heard the Gospel, and was greatly incensed by the demand to forsake idols and turn unto the living God. He said in great wrath—

"As for me I will never forsake them."

He nevertheless became interested in the new doctrine and especially with the idea of the future world, and the possibility of being received into heaven and all its glories at last. He became an earnest inquirer and listened to the missionaries with great attention.

A love feast was being held when the Rev. Nathan Turner was present. Mr. Turner gave an account of his own religious experience and told how the Lord had dealt with him, and the words made a deep impression on Bulu. As he listened, he records, he said to himself,

"We are like two canoes sailing bow and bow, neither being swifter than the other."

Thus it was when Mr. Turner told of his repentance, but when he went on to tell of his faith in Christ and forgiveness of sins, and peace and joy in believing, Bulu said—

"My mast is broken. My sail is blown away. He is gone clean out of my sight, and I am left here drifting helplessly over the waves."

While he listened to the story of redeeming love, the heathen's eyes were opened, he saw the way of salvation and believed and lived. Bulu was greatly overcome and wept for joy. Mr. Turner seeing the tears called upon him to speak, saying,

"Stand up, Joel. Stand up, and tell us how it is with you."

He stood up, but it seemed, as he afterwards said, as if his soul parted from his body. He became unconscious for a time, and when he revived he found the missionaries around him, weeping and asking:

"What is this?"

"I live," he exclaimed, "I live. Let me rise that I may declare the mercies of God."

All present were deeply moved, and the prayers, praises, and tears of that day were never forgotten by Bulu and those who were with him. From that day he devoted himself to the work of the Lord, and for forty years was a zealous and faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard.

A New Zealander's Zeal

For the Bible.

THE Bible proves its own divine origin by the way it satisfies the wants of the human soul in all degrees of civilisation. This is most abundantly confirmed by the experience of Tamahana, a young New Zealand Chief, who was born far removed from any Christian mission station. While a mere youth he had doubts about the gods of his fathers, and yet he could not be happy without an object to worship. He heard of some youths who had been to the Bay of Islands and had learnt to read the Bible. By means of presents he got the Bible from them, and he and others, to the number of twelve, prevailed upon Matahan, one of these youths, to teach them to read the sacred volume.

Their teacher, however, did not believe the Bible and did not wish to live up to its precepts, and advised them, saying:

"Do not read that book; it is a bad book. It tells you not to have two wives, not to drink rum, not to fight; but to live in peace and pray to God."

They would not be put off, and Matahan first read the Catechism to them, and when he had finished he said to the young men—

"These are good words; I believe all."

Two others chimed in, and declared—

"The talk of the Book is true."

Tamahana and his cousin were anxious to know more of what was in the Bible, and resolved to go to Kapiti with Matahan for further instructions. They remained there six months learning day and night. They sat at night in the hut with the fire in the middle and sometimes they went to sleep upon the Bible for a short time, then woke up and read again. After being able to read the Scriptures a little, they sought to teach others and when they could not give them even a Gospel, they wrote out to those who were deeply interested in what they heard, the Lord's Prayer.

Tamahana and his cousin become missionaries to others, and though opposed held on their way, and ultimately visited

Rev. John Williams and succeeded in securing for themselves and their people preachers and teachers.

The first missionary sent was the Rev. M. Hatfield, who found the ground prepared for him by the young men who had done so much by teaching what they knew of the Bible to those who were willing to learn.

Samoans Eating their Gods.

THE inhabitants of the islands of Samoa were not so degraded as those of Fiji or Tongo, but they were in a fearfully degraded condition before the Gospel came to their ears and hearts. The Rev. Charles Phillips of the London Missionary Society laboured among these people for years, and he says that though they did not believe the gods had come dome down to them in the likeness of men, they believed them to reside in almost every species of animal life! The remarkable thing about it was that any man might eat his neighbour's god but he dare not eat his own, on the penalty of death. Hence the outward sign of a person becoming a Christian was the eating of his own god.

One of Mr. Phillips' native pastors told him that his grandfather told his son and himself to go and catch all the gods which they had worshipped and eat them. The young lads said one to another—

"The old man is in his dotage."

He insisted that his command should be carried out.

"Why do you talk thus?" he was asked. "Is it because you are in your dotage, or is it a proper thought of yours that we should eat the gods we worship, and shall we not die for it?"

"Do you go," replied the old man, "and get these things, that we may eat them, for they are no longer of any use. The advent of the good god is, perhaps, near. Seek and bring all the gods that we may eat them. First look for Salevao—the cat—inland in the bush."

The young lads went into the bush to hunt for the cats,

which were looked upon as important gods, and they caught two. They were prepared in the oven and eaten to the great distress and fear of the family, who wept, thinking that they would be soon dead for the awful act.

The old man kept on his course and made them bring cats, fowls, cuttle-fish, turtle, eels, and bats, till they had exhausted the whole gods they worshipped. They then waited for the good god that the grandfather spoke about.

Although heathen the true God made himself known to these young men by the old man, and prepared them for the glad news of a Saviour's love and Divine mercy, when proclaimed in their hearing. One of the two young men, as we have said, became a native pastor and a zealous Christian.

A Deacon-King in Samoa.

IN some places the fruits of the Gospel appeared with considerable rapidity, and were seen not only in changed customs and manners but in the spirit of the converts. The Rev. Charles Phillips gave some striking instances of this which came under his own observation in the Duke of York Island, Samoa.

A deacon of a church was chosen to be King of the people, and they were in great difficulty regarding the plurality of offices. They were perplexed to know whether it was right that the same man should hold the two offices. As is usual with such matters, they resolved to keep it in abeyance until the arrival of the English missionary, who was shortly to visit the island.

Immediately on Mr. Phillips landing and entering the native pastor's house, His Majesty came and laid the case before him. Mr. Phillips asked—

"What do you think of holding the two offices yourself? Which do you prefer, king or deacon?"

"To be deacon," the old man at once replied.

"Suppose," the missionary said, "I require you to give up one of these positions, which will it be?"

"Sir," he said, "I will at once cease to be a king."

"If at any time," he was again asked, "the people should become divided—some of them wanting you to be a king and others preferring some one else—so as to involve the danger of civil war, what would you do? You know it would be a serious thing for you as a leader in a Christian Church to compromise your character by engaging in civil war!"

"You need not fear," he replied, "there shall never be civil war on my account. As soon as they wish any one else to be king, they are at liberty to choose him. I am king by the people's wish, and to-morrow they may change their mind. I am deacon, I believe by the will of God, and I do ask of you to permit me to retain this office that I may help forward, in every way possible, the work of God in this island."

The missionary did not find it a hard task to decide the position the old man should hold. He had the right spirit within him, which would make him both a good king and a useful deacon, so he counselled him to retain both offices.

An Indian Schoolmaster

On the Gospel of John.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN, late of the Indian Army, tells of the remarkable power the reading of the Gospel of John had upon a heathen schoolmaster in Kamptu. A brother-officer was stationed in that place, and had as his servant an Indian called Meshach. As the former was walking through the native bazaar, he saw a crowd surrounding a native speaker who was standing on a bedstead, and addressing the people with great earnestness. He continually lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and repeated the words, "Esa Messiah."

The officer through his servant Meshach asked the preacher:

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"I am a Gond," answered the preacher, "I lived among the hills in the Gond country. I was the village Moonshi—

schoolmaster. In my village there was a Bunya, a native merchant. He used to go down to Benares once a year to the great annual fair, and when there transacted business. He was a good-hearted fellow, and was in the habit of bringing home presents for his friends. One day in the fair he came across a Padre Sahib—a missionary—who put a little book into his hand. As the Bunya accepted it, he said to himself—

'Ah, this is just the thing for Moonshi, and it has cost me nothing.'

"In due time the book was presented to me, and it turned out to be the Gospel of St. John. I read it with the deepest interest, and by the time I had perused it all I was satisfied that the Christian religion was the true religion. I hid the treasure in my heart and did not say anything about it.

"When the time drew near for the Bunya's annual visit to Benares, I said to him—

'If you should come across the Padre Sahib again will you ask him if there is any more of the little book you gave me last year and if there is will you buy it for me?'

"The Lord graciously ordered it that the Bunya and the missionary should meet once more, and on my request being made known, he replied—

'Thank God, I have just received a parcel containing every portion of the blessed Book, and your friend shall have the first copy issued as a free gift.'

"My joy was great when I found myself in possession of the whole Bible. I hid it in my hut and I hid it in my heart. As I read it I learned to pray and felt I must make it known to others. My wife and children turned against me, and my neighbours declared I was mad. What was I to do? I consulted the Word, and it told me when they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another, and so I did. I put up a change of raiment in a bundle, and with my precious Bible as my companion, I set forth to preach the Gospel wheresoever I could obtain a hearing."

"With what Society are you connected," asked the officer, "who employs you to carry on this good work?"

"I do not understand what you mean by Society," said the preacher.

It having been explained to him, he proceeded—

"I am not associated with any Society, as you call it."

"I suppose," said the officer, "you must be a rich man, or at all events that you have private means to sustain you."

"A rich man!" exclaimed the preacher, "I should think I am. If I am not a rich man, I know not who is—I have God for my Father, I have Jesus Christ for my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit for my Comforter. What more do I want?"

This Indian understood the Gospel in letter and spirit and proved in his self-sacrificing life that its power could impart a new nature and lead to a useful and holy life.

Moffat and the Dutch Boer

On Hottentots.

WHEN Moffat was prosecuting his journey up the country from Cape Town, he found his way to the modest homestead of a Dutch Boer. He asked in a modest way a night's lodgings, which was at once refused by the burly farmer, who harshly told him to begone. The missionary then tried the farmer's wife, and he succeeded with her so that she bade him welcome to bed and board. On being asked where he was going and what was his errand, Moffat told them that he was going to Orange River, Namaqualand, to preach the Gospel. Before the family went to rest he was asked to address a few words of Christian counsel to them, which he at once agreed to do.

The barn was resorted to, and Moffat, looking for his congregation, saw only his host, hostess, and their family, consisting of three boys and two girls. There were hundreds of Hottentots about, and in the farmer's service, but there was not one in the barn. The missionary waited as if expecting some others to come to the meeting, when the farmer said,

"What ails you that you do not commence?"

"May not your servants come, too?" asked the preacher.

"Servants!" shouted the master. "Do you mean the Hottentots? Man, are you mad, do you think of preaching to

Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons, or if you will, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them."

This was too much for the tender feelings of the servant of the Lord, and tears began to trickle down his cheeks, for his heart was too full to hold.

After a while Moffat opened his New Testament and read for his text the words—

"Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their masters' table."

He read the words solemnly and slowly the second time, and then the host, vanquished by the arrow so skilfully aimed, cried out—

"Hold! You must have your own way. I'll get you all the Hottentots, and they shall hear you."

The farmer was as good as his word. The barn was soon filled with rows of dark forms, while with eager looks the swarthy crowd gazed at the stranger as he preached his first sermon to the heathen. Moffat spoke the Word with power, and never during all his long life forgot that night.

Alphonese Lacroix's

Mission Service.

AMONG the most earnest and successful of the early missionaries to India must be mentioned Alphonese Lacroix, a native of Newfchatel. He acted the part of a pastor and preacher, and was in the habit of visiting the villages of the fresh water lake of the district near Kalighat. He always took with him a basket containing the necessary provisions, a supply of medicines, and the material for the Communion Service.

In one of his journeys he landed at a place called Rammakalchoke, where there was a Christian Church conspicuous among the trees.

The progress of his boat was watched by the Christians

from the bank, among whom was the esteemed native teacher Ramjee.

At noon the congregation gathers for public worship, numbering between one and two hundred. They all sit on the floor, upon grass mats, the women on the left of the preacher, and the men on his right. Then commences the singing, a series of twist and turn, repeated again and again, and screamed and shouted at the very tops of the voices of the men and boys. The reading, prayer, and sermon follow, all bending forward with their faces to the ground, in prayer. Lastly comes the communion, which is received with rejoicing faith.

Those services were continued by Lacroix for twelve years, in pleasant days when the air was cool, the journey easy, and the people prospering; and also when the creeks were muddy, the fields dry, and the heavens were fiery brass over his head. He attended to them when persecution sought to crush the disciples, and when vice came in like a flood to destroy inward vitality and growth. Nor were his labours in vain. In his experience the Word of the Lord did not return void. It was felt by many to be the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Self-Torture by a Fakeer.

MR. DUNCAN when in Benares saw a Hindoo Fakeer, named Purrum Soatnutro, who exhibited during all his life the heathen idea that self-torture would act like a penance for sin. He was a Fakeer, a religious beggar, who in his wanderings was everywhere received as a sort of god. His blessings were prized and his curses were greatly feared by the people. In early life he commenced to lie on thorns and pebbles, and at one time he shut himself up when he vowed he would torment himself for twelve years.

At the end of a year the rajah of that country taking pity on him opened his cell hoping he would leave it, but the deluded man would not leave off tormenting himself and was full of fury for being interrupted. He exclaimed—

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"What! do you think that I am not above such sufferings. They are nothing to me. Let the rajah get me a bed of spikes that I might lie on it day and night and show him what I am able to do, then I might forgive him."

The rajah, frightened at the thought of this ferocious man, got him a bed of spikes and this bed was made by him as a sort of triumphal car. He set out immediately to take very long journeys, and was drawn on this horrid bed round all the country for thousands of miles, and where the poor people worshipped him as divine.

This poor man was so blinded by the prince of darkness that he was not content with the torture his bed of spikes gave him, but invented greater pain for himself. He did that under the delusion that it was meritorious and secured pardon for his sins.

He boasted to Mr. Duncan that he had caused water to fall on his head night and day in the cold season from a pot with holes in it, and placed over him so that drop by drop would make him constantly uneasy. When the hot weather came he mortified himself in the opposite manner, by causing logs of wood to be left burning around him to make his sufferings from the heat the greater.

Such degradation should awaken the hearts of the members of the Christian Church and stir them to more zeal in carrying out the great commission to preach the Gospel to every creature.

Knill in Training

For his Mission Work.

RICHARD KNILL was one of the most sincere and earnest workers in the Mission field, and he had early training for the work. He was educated at home for his service abroad, and in his early days he did more good than he thought of. It was only after many days the fruit appeared.

One of his first efforts to be useful to the souls of men was his being called upon to distribute tracts to disbanded militia.

A friend said to Knill:

"I have not nerve enough to give tracts to the soldiers; but I will furnish you with them, provided you will circulate them."

To this proposal he readily agreed, and lost no time in beginning the work. The men were in the barrack yard, waiting for the signal to deliver up their arms. Making his way to the soldiers, he said:

"Friends, will you carry home a beautiful little book to your families?"

They gladly received them. He offered one to the sergeant. Looking at the ardent youth, the man said:

"I am told you go about converting people; can you convert me?"

"It is not in my power," Knill replied, "but were it so, the first person I would convert, sir, should be Sergeant Reynold's."

"Well," he replied, "that is plain enough."

"Yes, and sincere too; now the tract may convert you, sergeant, it was written by that great man Mr. Hervey, who wrote 'Meditations among the Tombs.'"

"Ah," he said, "I have read that book, and I will take your tract and read it too."

This was encouraging, and young Knill went on with his work with gladness, till he came to a rough sort of a man, who took the tract and held it up, then asked with an oath,

"Are you going to convert me?"

"Don't swear at the tract, you cannot hurt it; but swearing will harm your own soul."

"Who are you?" the soldier cried in a rage; then turning to his companions said:

"Form a circle round him, and I will swear at him."

The men did as they were told, and the wretched man swore fearfully, while Knill could only weep.

Years after this scene, and Knill had returned from India. At the end of a sermon, a tall grey-haired man advanced towards the missionary, and asked,

"Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia some years ago?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember anything occurring at the time?

"Yes," replied Knill, "I recollect one of the Grenadiers swore at me until he made me weep."

"Stop," said he, "oh! sir, I am the man. I never forgave myself that wicked act, but I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now let me ask, will you forgive me?"

The scene quite overcame the feelings of the now aged missionary of the cross. After praying most fervently that they might meet in heaven, he said:

Is this not encouragement? May we not well say, one tract may save a soul."

The United Brethren in Labrador.

A Marvellous Deliverance.

NO more thrilling events occurred in the mission field than those which took place in the experience of the United Brethren or Moravians. Some of these took place in connection with the mission to the Esquimaux in Labrador. From the very first they secured the confidence of these people, and got them to assist them in various ways.

The Brethren encountered not a few dangers. On one occasion they set out from Nain in a sledge and hoped to reach Okak in a couple of days. The weather was most propitious. The dogs yoked to the sledges carried them at a rapid pace over the frozen sea. They kept at a considerable distance from the shore, to avoid rocks and obtain good ice. Some returning Esquimaux crossed their path and exhorted them to return; but the Brethren resolved to advance, as there was no apparent ground for apprehension.

By and by the motion of the sea rolling under the ice became very distinctly perceptible. They resorted now to the precaution of keeping near the coast, and at the time the snow was drifting from the mountains. The ice was break-

ing up, causing a sound like the boom of a cannon. They now made for the shore, but the ice was loosened from the rocks and was dashed against the precipice into a thousand fragments. The winds and the waves were so deafening that almost all intercourse was cut off. The body of the ice was submerged and again raised to the surface of the rocks. The only chance the missionaries had of landing was when the ice was level with the shore, and as that chance was wrapt up in a single moment, the experiment was hazardous in the extreme.

The attempt was made and was successful. The dogs, though greatly terrified, were urged to make the leap. They did so, and all got safely to land, and the sledges were drawn ashore, but not a moment too soon. At the instant they landed, the ice for miles was carried into the air in mountain masses, which were dashed against each other and then sent to the bottom of the ocean. The scene was to the servants of Christ grand beyond description, who nevertheless viewed it with awe and deep gratitude to their Lord and Saviour, who had manifested his love and care in their marvellous deliverance.

The Small Beginning

Of the American Missionary Board.

THE origin of many of the great religious movements has been very small. The little one has by the good favour of God become great.

This was the case with the American Board of Missions. Towards the end of the last century a child was born of the name of Samuel Mills. When he was born his mother's words were,

"I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary."

These words were impressed upon the mind of the boy when young, and when still in his teens he was converted to

the Lord, and four years after entered the Theological Seminary of Andover with the view of honouring his mother's piety and giving effect to his own deeply cherished purposes.

Samuel Mills sought to interest other students, and he was in a short time joined by other two, who met together in the heart of a lonely glen, to engage in conversation and prayer upon the subject of missions.

The three, devoted themselves to the work and formed a society in the college with the view of securing in the person of its members missionaries to the heathen. Others joined the three among whom were Adoniram Judson and Samuel Nott, who became noted for their evangelical labours and success.

The movement among the students attracted the attention of the professors, who gave it their cordial approval. It was ultimately resolved to institute, "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

On the 28th June, 1810, a conference was held at Bradford, at which it was resolved to form the Board, and next day the first commissioners were appointed. On the same day there was presented to the Conference a memorial from four students, Judson, Newell, Nott and Hall, asking to be engaged in the work.

From that small and inauspicious origin this Society has risen to great power. Its annual income is about £100,000, and upwards of four hundred persons and more than two hundred native assistants are engaged in its foreign service. The first annual meeting was attended by seven persons in a parlour, and now the like meeting is attended by thousands, the business extends to nearly a week, and is conducted in several places. The mother Mills consecration of her child was the seed which was blessed by God to produce this glorious harvest.

A Negro's Free-will Offering.

THE Rev. G. Davies of New Amsterdam spent much of his time in West Indies and marked the devotedness and generosity in the cause of the gospel of many negroes who had been rescued from heathenism by the work of missionaries. In many instances he had to restrain their liberality and especially when he contemplated the building of a new church.

One incident he mentions which is an illustration of the spirit which illustrates these sable Christians. In calling over the names to ascertain how much they would give for the cause, he called out the name Fitzgerald Matthew.

"I am here," was the instant reply.

In answer to the call a negro with a wooden leg went up to the table-pew where Mr. Davies was sitting. He was surprised at this, and wondered why Fitzgerald did not answer, as did the others, from their places. He was, however, very forcibly struck with the earnestness of the man. On reaching the place, he put his hand in one pocket and took out a handful of silver, wrapped in a paper, and said with a pleasant abruptness,

"This is for me, Massa," putting emphasis on the last word.

"Oh," Mr. Davies answered, "keep your money at present. I don't want it now; I only want to know how much you could afford to give. I will come for the money another time."

"Ah, massa," he replied, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead."

With that he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver and said—

"That's for my wife, massa."

Then he put his hand into a third pocket and said—

"That's for my child, massa. The work of God must go on, and I may be dead."

The action and especially the word of this poor African cheered the missionary, and was, he said, "to me worth more

than all the money in the world. Let me never forget it, let it be engraven on my heart, let it ever be my motto in all that I take in hand for the cause of Christ."

A Siberian Leper

On his Death-bed.

THE Rev. Mr. Abel states that one of the Brethren who had been doing mission work in Siberia, but was recalled when the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne, said that as he was passing one day a collection of Tartar tents, he found a man lying in the last stage of that loathsome disease, leprosy. As the missionary looked upon him he lifted up his eyes, and fastening them upon his countenance, said—

"I know you."

"How can that be," replied the missionary, "have you ever seen me before?"

"Oh yes, I have," answered the leper. "Did you not preach three years ago in such a bazaar?"

"I really cannot tell," said the missionary, "I have no doubt you may be right, but I have no particular remembrance of it."

"Don't you remember," said the man in a tone of wonder, "you stood upon the steps of a house," describing it.

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "I do remember it now."

"And do you remember what you preached there?"

"No," said the missionary, "I have no recollection."

"You told us," said the suffering man, "about Jesus who died to save sinners, and that men of every nation might come to Him, and he would receive and save them. O, sir! I never heard such things before; I then believed on Jesus and received Him as my Saviour; but I never heard of Him before nor since. Now I am dying, and am looking to none other to help me."

Penetrated by what he had heard, the servant of Christ

went to another tent, and found other Tartars drinking. He asked them—

"Why do you not go to your brother, he lies dying of leprosy with nobody to help him."

"Brother!" exclaimed they with indignation. "He is no brother of ours, he is a dog; he has abandoned us, and his soul is going swiftly to hell."

Being thus repulsed he went back to comfort his dying brother, but when he entered his lonely tent he found the spirit had fled.

There lay the follower of the Lamb who had believed the Gospel the first time he heard it, and who felt in his solitariness the presence of Him who had saved his soul.

An Austral Group Chief

Fleeing from Epidemic—Finding the Gospel.

THE London Missionary Society, in an indirect but real way, was the means of blessing the inhabitants of the Austral group of islands. A virulent epidemic prevailed at Rurutu, and the people were dying all around. Many fled from the place and among them were Aura, the young chief, and some companions. They fled to an island of the group, about one hundred miles distant.

After residing there till they thought the danger was past they took their return voyage. After drifting about for three weeks, to the loss of some of their crew, they landed at Maurna, the westmost island of the Society group.

To their astonishment they learned that the inhabitants had renounced idolatry, had destroyed their idols, and had embraced the worship of the only living and true God. Their interest as well as their curiosity was excited, and they set out in search for the missionaries at Raaiatea and had a conference with them. From all they saw and heard on Sabbath and week days at the stations, they became more and more convinced of the reality and blessedness of the Christian

religion, and joined the school that they might learn to read and write. The young chief was an apt scholar, and in a few months made great proficiency.

After formally and solemnly abjuring heathenism, Aura and his companions set out for their island home, resolved to instruct the people. The missionaries gave them a supply of books and Bibles in the Tahitian language. The young chief received a most cordial greeting from his own people, the whole country giving him a welcome.

On the night of his arrival, Aura related the incidents of his voyage, and the visits he had made to the different islands, the knowledge he had acquired, and the new religion he had embraced and its blessedness. In concluding, he proposed a wholesale destruction of their idols. The priests opposed, but the people approved of the measure. He then introduced two missionaries, and entreated for them the tenderest consideration and care. It was arranged that on the next day a feast should take place at which a number of kinds of food, supposed to be sacred, should be eaten.

A large number assembled, and what was looked upon as sacred food, which no person could eat without evil results, was served. The chief, his wife, and the missionaries, freely partook of the food, and no evil consequences followed. The spell was broken and the doom of heathenism was sealed. Like men rising out of slavery, they vowed vengeance upon their destroyers, and speeding to the temples, degraded the idols, and set the buildings on fire.

The Shigigiadisqu

In British Columba.

THE Rev. J. B. McCullagh of the Church Missionary Society is labouring in North British Columba, and describes what is called the Shigigiadisqu, which literally means that which is made man. In this performance the medicine man plays an important part, and the whole

superstition is so inwrought into the minds of the people that it proves a most formidable obstacle to the Gospel.

This superstition is called into requisition when a dream of ill omen has been dreamed.

On one occasion a man dreamed that a neighbour's house was moved, and that it stood silent among the trees, without fire or sign of life. He went and told his neighbour the dream, and an old woman who heard it said—

"The Chief's dream bodes no good."

"Alas!" said the other, "it means death."

"That is what it means," all present chimed in. They also agreed that the poor man about whose house the other man dreamt would die by an accident.

The person whose death is thus apprehended now gets a wood carver to grave a small wooden figure, known as the Shigigiadisqu, as nearly resembling himself in feature as possible, which he suspends around his neck by a string, the figure lying exactly over the heart. In this position it is worn sufficiently long to allow the heat of the body to be fully imparted to it—generally about four days. On the fourth day the medicine man comes to the house, wearing the regulation bearskin and other insignia of office. He also brings with him a toy canoe, made from the inner bark of the cedar tree, in which lies a wisp of something like teased bark. The man wearing the Shigigiadisqu sits near the fire in a stooping posture, supposed to be a posture of penitence and devotion. The medicine man begins his performance by singing a doleful chant, the death-song of the tribe. Then he arranges the fire so that the faggots may lie evenly at top. He now takes the wisp of bark from the canoe, and dipping it in water proceeds to wash his friend over the region of the heart, after which he carefully replaces the wisp in the canoe, together with the Shigigiadisqu. At this point he resumes the death-chant, and grasping the canoe with his left hand and his rattle with his right, he makes a circuit of the fire, presenting the canoe aloft towards the north, south, east, and west. Then bending slowly over the fire he puts it to *Malag* (i.e., to be burnt as a sacrifice) in the flames, where the canoe, Shigigiadisqu, and the wisp containing the *yiq* (i.e,, the defilement supposed to have been washed off the flesh) are all consumed. The death-chant is now changed to the *milug* (dance)

song of joy, in which he joins who was erewhile in fear of death.

From the deliverance from superstitions like this the missionaries labour among these people, and they are made glad by the fruit which from time to time appear and prove that the ancient power is not lost, but present with the glad tidings of redeeming love.

A Japanese Christian Philanthropist.

THERE are no philanthropic institutions and no philanthropist, as a rule, where heathenism covers the land, and its darkness dwells in the hearts of the people. Under the divine blessing it has been manifested that the heathen, when brought under the power of the Gospel, become animated with a self-sacrificing spirit.

The Rev. John L. Dearing of Yokohama had a teacher of the name of Ishikawa San, who illustrates this. He was a young man who had become a Christian when about eighteen years of age, and was exceedingly fond of reading and studying the Bible.

One morning a Japanese friend came to call on Mr. Dearing, to talk with him about the hospital work. It was reported that the hospital was full of patients, owing to the small-pox raging in the city, and that there were insufficient attendants; that those at present employed confined their attention chiefly to the patients who were able to pay, and that the poor had little attention and were suffering greatly in consequence. The missionary was consulted as to Christians offering themselves as volunteer nurses at this time of distress.

Ishikawa San listened very closely to the conversation, and the visitor had scarcely left Mr. Dearing, when the young man fell on his knees in the corner of his study. After a few moments he rose and stood by the window weeping. On being asked as to the reason of his sorrow he made no reply,

but passed out of the room, only to return in a few minutes to take his seat beside the missionary, and make an earnest appeal that he should be allowed to go at once to the hospital, and give what help he could in nursing the poor. He urged his plea by saying—

"If my parents were living and suffering there, how should I feel about it? Those people are, most of them, ignorant of Christ, and they are dying in that condition. If I were to go I could not only help to care for their bodies, but I could tell them of Christ. What matter if I take the small-pox and die. I am a Christian, and the sick ones are not."

All the objections Mr. Dearing could offer did not move the young man. The native preacher then reasoned with him, and urged that he thought God had called him to prepare him to be a herald of the truth to his countrymen, and if so, he must trust that from those who had suffered from this disease or who were vaccinated, God would supply this need, and he need not risk his life. A sleepless night only brought him back with the feeling that this was the present need, and if God wanted him for a preacher He would take care of him.

In the end Ishikawa San was allowed to go and carry out what he thought was his duty and privilege. To what shall we attribute such action? There was no gain to come from such a step; no reward from men; no loaves or fishes here. What can we say but that it was the true spirit of the Gospel working on his heart in the same way in which it led Paul to say: "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy"?

A Canton Youth

Refusing Tomb-worship.

A FEW years ago the Rev. B. C. Henry of the Canton Mission received into his church a young man of nineteen years of age, called Lei Ah-tei, who was earnest and single minded to an unusual degree. He was

gentle and conciliatory, and would do everything his parents —who were heathens—desired him to do, that his conscience would allow.

After becoming a Christian, the young man was ordered by his father to attend and take part in worshipping the ancestral tablets. This he refused to do, and no threats could shake his resolution. He was finally dragged to the spot by main force, forced on his knees, and his head pressed to the ground the required number of times. In this way he was compelled to go through the form of worship, but his heart was loyal to his Saviour. His father, otherwise kind, was so exasperated by his conduct, that he forbade him, on his return to Canton, to attend the church, and would not allow the elders or Christian friends to visit him.

A few months later the Festival of Tombs occurred, when the father told Ah-tei that he must go with him to his country home and perform the service required, making the worship of ancestors a special test of his filial obedience. The son agreed to go with the father, and told him he would assist to put the graves in order, but he would not perform any act of worship. This incensed the father more, who in his anger threatened his Christian son with the severest punishment he could inflict, even death itself, if he refused to obey his commands. Ah-tei said very little, but was determined to be faithful to his profession and worship none but the Christian God. Because of this he was beat with a stick, bound to a pillar night and day and deprived of all food. In answer to the stern demand of his parent, he quietly said—

"I cannot do as you wish. You may kill me, but I cannot worship the tombs."

At last some of his relatives, who had been most insistent at the time of his marriage, came to his rescue, and told the father it was useless to attempt to force him; he would gain nothing by persisting, and would probably cause the death of his son. In this way he escaped, but his father still refuses to allow him to attend Christian services, and burns up every Christian Book Ah-tei brings home. He is patient, and even cheerful, under his severe trials, but the spirit of the martyrs animates his whole conduct, so that in all his actions he has shewn that there is divine strength imparted to support those

who suffer for righteousness sake. In all his afflictions Ahtei has proved himself to be a thoroughly faithful Christian.

A Mohammedan

Father and Son.

DR. R. MARTYN CLARK of the Medical Mission was stationed at Amritsar, India, in 1892, and a young man who had been converted to Christianity was sent to him for protection, his life being in danger from his father and others, on account of him leaving the Prophet and accepting Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

After the son's baptism, his father, who was looked upon as a great Mohammedan saint, offered a very large reward to any one who would kill him, and a considerable sum for any one who would bring the good news.

The father made diligent search for his son, and tracked him to Amritsar, and having found that he still remained a Christian, cursed him. The son entreated him, saying—

"Come and see my spiritual father before you go."

"Yea, I will," responded the irate priest, "that I may curse him also."

As the old man entered, Dr. Clark was much struck with his appearance. He had a beautiful fair complexion, white head, and piercing hazel eyes, and a grace and dignity which greatly impressed him. The doctor said:

"Welcome, most honoured guest," as he paused on the threshold.

"Am I indeed welcome?"

"Yea, verily, even as cold water to a thirsty soul."

"Then in the name of God peace be to thee and thy household," was the Mohammedan's salutation.

When he was leaving he called his son, and putting his hand in the hand of the medical missionary said:

"The lad is thine, not mine. Christianity is not so bad as I thought it. He has done right. None shall harm him, but

if he returns to his own land I must myself cut his throat—how else could I remain a saint."

The old man was presented with a New Testament and was seen no more for nine months, when he returned, and as he received a greeting from the doctor, he said—

"I am not thy guest, I am come not to stay—I am on a message to thee. I and twelve other learned men have read that book the New Testament, many times. We notice it is called the *New* Testament which makes us think there must be an *Old*. They have sent me for it. If it exists, in the name of God give it to me; if it does not, tell me. Hinder me not, let me return to those who sent me."

Having received the whole Bible, he went away and did not return for some time. One Sunday on Dr. Clark's return from the Church he found him waiting for him.

"I have come to be thy guest," he said, and afterwards added, "since I read the other books, my relish for this"—holding up the Koran—"is gone. Why need I hid it longer. I too am a Christian, the God of my son is my God too."

He witnessed a great confession of his faith in Christ, and when his young son and he were baptized together, Dr. Clark put the son's hand in the father's, and said:

"Thou gavest him to me, and now take thou thine own again, since ye are both one in faith."

The son was taken away with cholera, but the old father still lives.

Moshesh,

Chief of the Bastuo Tribe. His Conversion And Death.

WHEN the Rev. F. Coilland wrought in Africa in connection with the Bastuo Tribe the chief was no ordinary man. Moshesh was his name, and he was a great warrior and a pagan. He did not openly oppose the gospel, but it was not till the year 1870 that he experienced its power.

One day a native Christian named Meretta was reading to Moshesh the 32nd Psalm, and when he came to the words, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven," the chief said,

"Stop, read that again."

As it was repeated over and over again he asked,

"How is it possible that I have never heard that before? Why did you hide from me such comforting news as the man is blessed whose transgressions are forgiven?"

A few days after M. Jousse went to see him, and opened the New Testament at the 14th chapter of John's Gospel and read,

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

"What," cried the chief enraptured. "Do repeat that again. Ah, what wonderful news! How is it that I never heard that before? Why did you keep it from me? And yet I was nearly lost! O what a king is Jesus! such a good and loving king! He has prepared a mansion for *me*. What astonishing love! How hard for those who have entrammelled themselves with many wives and set their hearts on the things of this world to enter the Kingdom of God!"

From that time, light had burst upon his dark mind and all was peace and joy. He never complained during his illness, and during the night he would burst out into laughter at the thought that there was a mansion prepared for him in his Father's house above.

As his end drew near he ordered all his people to attend his baptism and to bring provisions for a month, that they might sit together and that he might tell them all the great things the Lord had done for him. He did not wish to be baptized till all the nation were together, for he said,

"They would never believe that I was converted. They would think it was all an invention of the missionaries, and I must confess my Saviour before them all."

But feeling that he could not live long he said,

"I must now be baptized. My people and the missionaries have delayed coming and I cannot wait. But it is all right. I go to my Father's house. I leave on Friday, but you must not weep for me."

On Friday morning Moshesh did leave, for at nine o'clock in the morning he suddenly cried out,

A Malay Village.

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"Help me that I may fly! Help me that I may fly!"
Abraham, his son, rushed to his bed and raised him up in his arms, but the dust was left and the spirit had gone to God who gave it.

The Basle Missionary Society

Originating Through a Storm.

TO the Swiss belong the honour of conducting the first Protestant mission among the heathen. They made the attempt in the sixteenth century. The effort failed on account of the patronage not being what it should have been. The example set was not lost, for it must have exerted a powerful influence upon the entire future of Christian missions in Europe.

The next attempt was made because of what was regarded as a most merciful Providence, by means of which the town of Basle was saved.

When Russia and Hungary were besieging it, a violent storm arose which destroyed the power of the enemy. The form which the gratitude of the people assumed was a desire to aid in the education of pious teachers to the heathen. The beginning of the school, which was very small, was laid in gratitude to God and faith in His Son.

A few scholars attended at first, and the income the first year did not exceed fifty pounds in English money. By and by a missionary college was built, and assistance came from other countries. It has continued to flourish, and has sent out hundreds of missionaries to the foreign field.

Though it was no part of the original design to engage actively or directly in mission work, a society was formed in 1821, and has done not a little to spread the Gospel in Russia, Africa, India, and other places. They have also employed the printing press to advantage, and have issued different works in the Cararese, Telongoo, and Malayrin tongues. Above a hundred missionaries and other workers are sustained, and many churches have been formed.

The storm has been abundantly blessed, and of a very truth the little one has become a thousand.

Christ or Confucius:

A Discussion in Fuh-Kien.

THE Rev. J. R. Wolfe of the Church Missionary Society visited Fuh-Kien after there had been a fire, and went into an open space and stood upon a heap of rubbish. He read part of the Sermon on the Mount, and then read "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

A crowd of more than two hundred gathered round the preacher. After he had spoken for sometime he saw on the edge of the crowd a beautiful old man with a fine beard, a beautiful sash round his waist, and leaning on a stick. He came into the crowd, which gracefully opened out for the old man, and he bowed before him simply because of his age.

The old man said to Mr. Wolfe,

"Young man, I will speak."

The missionary immediately jumped off the heap of rubbish and bowed before the venerable speaker and said,

"Venerable father, let the wisdom flow from your lips."

He then began and went on speaking of Confucius, Mencius, and others, quoting some of their sayings, and then addressing Mr. Wolfe, specially asked—

"Foreign man, have you anything in your country like that?"

"Venerable father," the missionary replied, "may I speak?"

"Young man, speak," he answered, "Let wisdom flow."

"I will speak," said Mr. Wolfe, "and wisdom shall flow—not my own wisdom, but the wisdom of this blessed Book which I hold in my hand."

He then went on to tell of Christ, of His eternal existence, of His incarnation, of His life, of His death for the world, of

His resurrection and of His ascension to heaven. He then turned round to the old man and said,

"Venerable father, have you anything like that for China? or have any of your sages been so great? Confucius was a good man and I honour his memory; but he was a man of the earth, earthly. Jesus was the Lord from heaven. Confucius spoke earthly wisdom, but Christ spoke of heavenly wisdom, and as the heaven is above the earth so is Christ above Confucius, and so high are the doctrines of Christianity above the doctrines of Confucius or Mencius."

When Mr. Wolfe spoke of the new heart and the kingdom of God the old man asked—

"Where is the kingdom of God, and Who is the Holy Ghost? You look young, but your words are weighty. Give me the book that will tell me about it."

A New Testament was put into his hand, and he bowed and walked away.

Pierre Sallah, a Negro,

Made an Irishman for ever.

WHEN the Rev. William Moister and his devoted and active wife were carrying on Mission Work in Gambia, Western Africa, he was the means of leading a negro slave, of the name of Pierre Sallah, to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

When he was quite a little boy he was stolen from his parents in the interior and sold to a coloured-lady in the island of Gosee. His owner had trained him to the business of a stone-mason, and as a skilled young workman his services and earnings were of some importance to his mistress. Hence, after his conversion and call to preach the Gospel, Pierre was so often so busily engaged that he could not fulfil his engagements.

At length it was suggested that Mr. Moister should make an attempt to secure his freedom, that he might be entirely

devoted to the work of the Mission; and the case was stated in all the particulars to the committee in London.

The letter containing the statement and appeal was received by the Rev. John James, the Secretary, just as he was leaving home for Ireland, and on perusing its contents as he was going along he was so moved that he resolved to bring the case before the first meeting he would address in Dublin.

This Mr. James did, and produced a scene never forgotten by those who witnessed it. Having reminded the audience in the most pathetic terms of the grand opportunity they had of redeeming an intelligent African from slavery, that he might henceforth be free to preach the gospel to his fellow-countrymen, they responded by a display of exciting liberality.

A little boy in the gallery, under feelings of strong excitement, set the ball rolling by crying out—

"I'll give sixpence."

This small contribution was speedily followed by others, and ere long a shower of money literally fell upon the platform, intermingled with brooches, pencil-cases, finger-rings and other articles of jewellery; so that Dr. Newton, who was present, was wont to say—

"Despite the laws of gravitation, the contributions came from below as well as from above, till fifty pounds, the sum required to purchase Pierre Sallah's freedom, was cheerfully offered."

When the result was announced to the enthusiastic congregation, a warm-hearted Irish brother exclaimed—

"And now, as Pierre Sallah's freedom is to be purchased by Irish gold, I move he be made an Irishman for ever."

Great was the joy of the sable stone-mason when his ransom was paid down and he was set at liberty. For a season he received special instruction for future usefulness, and assisted in the Gambia Mission and to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the regions beyond.

The Zeal of John Elliot,

Apostle to the Indians.

JOHN ELLIOT received, as he deserved, the name of Apostle to the Indians. He felt a strong desire to be of use to those children of the woods and rivers. With a willing mind he heard the call as from heaven, "Come over and help us."

In the prosecution of his work to evangelize the Indians he endured many hardships. He many a time had to suffer wet for days together, and during his travels had to pull off his boots, wring his stockings, and put them on again to pursue his journey. In all this he did not murmur, but said,

"When I am in difficulty the Lord steps in and helps."

After having formed, with the greatest difficulty, a grammar of the Indian language, he wrote in a letter to a friend, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do everything."

Such was the zeal and perseverance of Elliot in carrying on his mission work, that on the day of his death, at the venerable age of eighty, he was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend who called.

"Because," replied the aged apostle, "I have prayed God to render me useful in my sphere, whatever that may be, and now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

The devoted Elliot's end was peace, his last words were—

"Pray, pray, pray! Welcome joy! Come, Lord Jesus!"

He came and removed him without a struggle.

A Fortune-teller

Burning his Books at Cheh-Kiang.

THOSE who have read the literature of missions must have been struck with the likeness of many incidents recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and those which occur in the mission field. One of those took place in China, and is recorded by Mr. Meadows of the Inland Mission.

Mr. Sing was a student of the Chinese Classic Odes and the Book of Rites, and reached the years of fifty before he had heard of the Bible. He started fortune-telling and had a place in the city temple of Shing-hien, where he daily plied his art with considerable success.

A Gospel Hall was opened in the place, and the mission placed under the care of a native teacher of the name of Mr. Yan. Sing went into the hall and was spoken to with burning words and exhorted in the way of the Gospel, and to study the only book which could tell him how he could be blessed. He purchased the New Testament, hastened home, and sought a quiet place in which he could read it and pray. The chapter which struck him most was the fifteenth of St. Luke's Gospel, and he was delighted when he learned how his sins could be forgiven.

Up to this time he was not instructed as to his manner of life, and he still continued to carry on fortune-telling for six days of the week, and give the seventh to the service of the Lord.

Another preacher came of the name of Kao, who went to see Sing and found him at his old trade. Kao at once said—

"The disciples of Jesus ought to leave the false and follow the true. Now your profession of fortune-telling belongs to that class: it is false, it is empty, altogether vain."

Sing was perplexed at this, and went to see Mr. Yan as to what he should do. Mr. Yan had with him Mr. Nying who had suffered much from the *literati* of Shing-hien for joining the disciples of Christ, who took the Acts of the Apostles and read the words,

"Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all; and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver," and exhorted him to do likewise.

Sing rose early next morning, pulled down his sign, and burnt his books on astrology and fortune-telling. Though persecuted on every hand he held fast to his Christian profession, and became a successful teacher of the Gospel which had done so much for him.

AN

Indian Queen and the Queen

And Lady Dufferin's Mission.

THE wife of the King of Punnah, in the district of Bundeland, was very ill, and he desired to get a proper doctor to attend her; but it would not do for a man to do so. The King hearing of a lady doctor in Lucknow, sent and asked if she would come and see his wife, whose title was Maharani. The medical missionary at once consented, and lived with her patient till she recovered.

When the Maharani was well enough to be left, the lady doctor was starting on her journey back to Lucknow, when she received a message to go and see the King's wife before she departed. When they were alone the Maharani asked her visitor to promise her something, and when asked what it was, said—

"You are going to England, and I want you to tell our Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what the women in the zenanas of India suffer when they are sick. Will you promise to do this?"

She told her she did not want her to send a message to the Queen, or even to write her a letter, but to go herself, and take the message straight from her, and then she thought the Queen would think more of it. Her visitor told her that it

was not easy to do this, and further said, she did not know how the Queen could help, even if she did give her the message.

"Did you not tell me," said the Maharani, "that our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow and suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was, and trying to help? Did you not show a picture of a train falling into the sea, where the bridge was broken, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad that those people should have been killed; but it is far worse to be as we are. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us and try to help us."

The doctor said she would try her best, and if she could see the Queen she would deliver her message.

The Maharani got paper, pen, and ink, and told her to write her message, and do so very small, because she was going to put it in a locket, and said—

"You are to wear this locket round your neck till you see the Queen, and give it to her with your own hands."

The medical missionary told the Maharani that they must both kneel down and pray God to help her to carry out her wish. They did so, and as the doctor said good-bye the Maharani said to her,

"If you forget your promise your God will judge you."

When the lady got back to England she told many people the commission she had. Through others it came to the Queen's ears, who sent for the missionary to come and see her and tell her about Indian women. It was exactly that day three months she had prayed with her patient that she was enabled to fulfil her promise.

The Queen got the locket and the message, and replied—

"We should wish it generally known that we sympathise with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of woman in India."

Soon after this Lord Dufferin was appointed Governor-general of India and his Lady was to accompany him. Before she left England the Queen sent for her and asked her to do what she could for the women of that part of the Empire.

Lady Dufferin gladly consented to do so, and soon after

her arrival commenced a zenana mission, which has done good to hundreds and still flourishes.

The Missionary and Magicians In India.

AMONG the most determined and powerful of the opponents of the Gospel in India are those who set themselves forward as possessers of divine power which enables them to do wonderful things, which they assert are on a level with the miracles recorded in the Scriptures.

These magicians assert they are under the influence of spirits, and they really seem to be able to do wonderful things. The Rev. Mr. Campbell of Bangalore had much to do with this class when he preached the Gospel to the natives, and on one occasion determined to see what they could do. He called at the house where one of them resided, and asked to see some of their exploits.

After making ribbons and performing other curious feats, he inquired of Mr. Campbell if he had a rupee.

"Yes," he replied, "I have," taking one out of his pocket and showing it in his hand.

The juggler was sitting on his carpet, and Mr. Campbell was standing not less than five or six feet from him.

"Well sir," said the man, "you are sure you have it?"

"O, yes," was the answer, accompanied with a firmer grasp of the coin.

"Now, then, open your hand," said the man. Mr. Campbell did so very cautiously, lest any trick should be played. But all his caution was in vain; for the hand drew back with an involuntary shudder, as there leaped out of it a small snake, which writhed about on the floor. The juggler laid hold on the reptile and consigned it to his bag, and then took the veritable rupee out of his bag and gave it back to Mr. Campbell. How this was done the missionary admitted was a mystery to

him. The deed reminded him of the way the magicians of Egypt caused their rods to assume the form of serpents after Moses had his rod converted into one by the Divine command. The same power of jugglery which existed in the olden time exists in India still, and leads many to resist the power of the Holy Spirit, as it led Pharaoh and his people to resist Jehovah and his claims in Egypt thousands of years ago. The ways of darkness and the powers of evil changeth not.

Martyn and the Mussulman.

A Tract Blessed in Persia.

IN the "Asiatic Journal" an account is given of an interview between a traveller and a Mussulman, which strikingly illustrates the power of the truth in a tract, and how a good man can influence those who oppose the Gospel.

The traveller was at a dinner where religion was scoffed at by many, and there was present one named Mahomed Rahein, who was more serious than the rest. This guest showed his disapprobation when the subject of religion was lightly spoken of.

The stranger sought and had an interview with the Persian, who was a person of great learning and well acquainted with English literature. In the course of the conversation, the Persian referred to the levity displayed about sacred things at the dinner-party, and asked the Englishman,

"Do you esteem religion a thing of indifference?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then your indifference at the table of our friend Meerza Reeza, when the topic of religion was under consideration, was merely assumed out of complaisance to the Mussulmans, I presume."

The best defence possible was made for the silence of the Christian traveller on the occasion, and Mahomed Rahem said—

"I am heartily glad I was deceived, for sincerity in religion is our paramont duty."

"Are you a sincere Mussulman?" he was then asked.

"No," he answered, mildly.

"You are not a sceptic or free-thinker?"

"No, indeed I am not."

"What are you then? Be sincere—are you a Christian?"

"I am," he replied, to the astonishment of his questioner, who was so overjoyed, that he rose and placed his hand to his heart, and asked—

"Whence came this happy change?"

"I will tell you that likewise," he promptly replied. "A few years ago there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our moollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief moollahs.

Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion; I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shirauz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation, the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion; the study of it has

formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me.

"Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian; on one of the blank pages was written, 'THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH.

HENRY MARTYN.'"

In this way the good man lived after he had departed to his rest and reward.

THE
Thug Nature Unchangeable.

CAPTAIN SLEEMAN gave much attention to the system of the Thuggee in India, which is carried on by a race of hereditary assassins and robbers, who acted under the direct sanction of their religion, and never apparently felt a qualm of conscience because of the murders they committed. The Thug considers the persons murdered in the light of victims offered up to the goddess Devi. He is trained up to this horrid life with the greatest possible care.

At the age of ten or twelve years he is first permitted to accompany a party of Thugs. One of the gang, generally a near relation, becomes his tutor, whom the boy is taught to regard with great respect, and whom he usually serves as a menial, carrying his bundle and cooking his food. Frequently his father acts as the preceptor of his son, who is instructed to consider his interests as opposed to that of society in general; and to deprive a human being of life, is represented to him as an act merely analogous to that of killing a fowl. When he reaches the age of eighteen or twenty he is deemed capable of applying the *roomal*—handkerchief, but he is not allowed to do so until presented with one by his tutor. For this purpose a fortunate day being fixed on, he receives it with the advice to use it in the name of the goddess Devi.

At the time of initiation, the Thug partakes of some *goor*, a kind of thick treacle, which has been consecrated before

the idol, and which is supposed to have the effect of changing the very nature of the man, and so qualifying him for the commission of the foulest murder without compunction.

One of the Thugs, giving his evidence before the English magistrate, said, "We all feel pity sometimes, but this *goor* changes our nature. It would change the nature of a horse. Let any man once taste of that *goor*, and he will be a Thug, though he knew all the trades, and have all the wealth in the world. I never wanted food, my mother's family was opulent, her relations high in office. I have been high in office myself, and become so great a favourite wherever I went, that I was sure of promotion, yet I was always miserable while absent from my gang, and was obliged to return to Thuggee. My father made me taste of that fatal *goor* when I was yet a boy, and were I to live a thousand years, I should never be able to follow any other trade."

In the degradation of the trained Thug the possibilities of human nature on its darkest side is seen, and how true it is that sin is a terrible power, and can only be dealt with by the Spirit of the living God, by whom those who believe are born again and born from above.

The Prayer-Book Worshipped

By Karens.

THE exertions of missionaries for the benefit of the Burmese led to the discovery of an interesting and numerous race of people called Karens, inhabiting the mountains and valleys of Burmah.

The Rev. Elon-Galusha, an American missionary, says concerning them, that no sooner had they heard of the arrival of the American missionary at Tavoy, than they sent a deputation to inquire of him about the true God and a much revered book, whose unknown pages they had for twelve years kept in sacred deposit, and to which they had been taught to pay divine adoration.

According to the missionary's advice, a company of Karens, after three days' journey, visited the mission house. The most interesting persons among them were a chief of much talent, and a sorcerer who had received the much venerated book from a Mussulman joger. The Chief panted for knowledge, and while the bright fire of his rude intellect flashed through the darkness which enveloped his untutored soul, he exclaimed—

"Give us the books! give us the books in our own language! Then all the Karens will learn to read. We want to know the true God. We have been lying in total darkness. The Karens' mind is like his jungle."

The old sorcerer stood up before the missionary, while at his feet was a pitched basket of reeds containing the sacred deposit, wrapped in many successive folds of muslin.

"Show me the book," said the missionary, "I will tell you whether it be good or bad."

All was silent as death, while the venerable old man uncovered the precious volume and presented it with the most profound solemnity. Lo! it was an old English Prayer Book!

"It is a good book," said the missionary. "It teaches that there is a God in heaven, whom alone we should worship. You have been ignorantly worshipping the book. I will teach you to worship the God whom the book reveals."

The eye of every Karen beamed with joy. They tarried two days listening to religious instructions with the deepest interest. On leaving, the conjurer renounced his joger dress and fantastic airs. He was informed that if he would be a disciple of Christ he must lay aside all his former habits and peculiar manners.

"If," he said, "this dress is not pleasing to God, I am ready to send it afloat on yonder river."

He instantly disrobed himself, put on his common dress, and resigned his cudgel which had been for years the badge of his authority. At their departure, they exclaimed—

"We will no longer worship any but the true God and Jesus Christ His Son."

A Hindoo Slave

and Narapot Christian.

THE Rev. George Gogerly gives an illustration of the words of Jehovah in the prophet Isaiah, "I will bring the blind by a way they know not."

A young girl, the daughter of a respectable Brijalosse, residing in the Upper Provinces of India, was playing before the door of her father's bungalow when she was carried away to Calcutta and sold in the bazaar as a slave.

A Mohammedan widow lady, possessing considerable wealth, had been for sometime anxious to obtain a child whom she might adopt as her own, in the hope that by kind and affectionate treatment, she might obtain her confidence and love, for although she had many professed friends, she had not one in whom she could confide. To obtain such a child, she instructed her agent to watch the arrivals of slave children, and to purchase one whom he thought likely to suit. Out of many presented for his inspection, he chose the one above mentioned.

The lady was greatly pleased with the choice, and lavished on the poor child all the affection of a mother. With this lady she lived for several years, in the enjoyment of every earthly comfort, but in a state of profound ignorance, and although her parents were Hindoos, yet under the guidance of the lady she became a Mohammedan, and with her mistress attended all the services connected with the Mohammedan faith.

When about twenty years of age conscience began to accuse her of many sins against God, and she became melancholy and sad. Her mistress ridiculed these feelings, and did all in her power to cheer her spirits and comfort her mind, but she would not be comforted.

One day a beggar came to the house to solicit an alms. She entered into conversation with this man, and in the course of conversation used the word salvation. As she uttered the word the man started and said,

"I think I have heard that word before."

"Where, O where have you heard it?" she eagerly cried. "Tell me where I can get that which I want and for which I am dying!"

"At a house in Dhumuntollah," said the beggar, "where all the poor people receive a supply of rice, and a man comes and preaches about our souls and about salvation by Jesus Christ."

"O where is he?" asked the young woman, "Take me to him."

"Well," said the beggar, who cared more for the rice than the Gospel, "I can tell you of a man that can lead you to Christ. He lives close to the Dinga Bhanga Chapel, and his name is Narapot Christian."

That evening she set out in search of this rich and once proud Brahmin, and asked from house to house where Narapot Christian lived, who would lead her to where Jesus Christ lived. At length she came to the house and met Narapot himself coming out of the door. She fell at his feet in tears and asked,

"Are you Narapot Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? O take me to Him; I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without salvation."

Narapot kindly raised her from the ground and led her into his house, where his family had met for their evening meal. She told him all her story, and as soon as she had done she rose and said—

"Now, sir, take me to Jesus. You know where he is. Take me to Him."

The poor seeking one thought Jesus was on earth, and was surprised when Narapot told her He was not here in bodily presence, but in spirit. The burden was soon taken off her mind by the words of the good man, and she rejoiced in her Saviour.

From that time she attended divine service regularly on the Sabbath afternoon at Union Chapel, and occasionally received private instruction from Mr. and Mrs. Gogerly. The missionary baptised her by the name Mary, for she seemed to him like that Mary who bathed the feet of Christ with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, in token of her submission to His holy will.

Khama, His Faithfulness.

NO more remarkable chief has appeared in Africa in modern times than Khama, son of Sekhome, chief rain-maker and sorcerer.

Khama soon evinced great interest in the Christian services and teaching, and learned to distrust the ancestral charms and superstitions. His father was a deceitful and barbarous heathen, and persecuted his son in every possible way. He was at the same time half afraid of him, and used to confess that his own heart was "crooked," but he said,

"Yes, Khama's heart is all right."

A trial befel the son when he got married. He refused to have more than one wife. This refusal gave great offence, not only to his father, but also to the headmen of the town, whose daughters, by marriage with the King's son, would have received elevation in rank and importance.

Sekhome the King, happening to remember that some years before he had negotiated a marriage between his son Khama and the daughter of one of his headmen, who was a sorcerer, determined to force Khama to take this girl as his proper wife, and to degrade Mabese, his actual wife, to an inferior position. Khama's answer was firm and respectful. He replied—

"I refuse, on account of the Word of God, to take a second wife; but you know I have been always adverse to this woman, having declined to receive her as my wife before I became a Christian. Lay the hardest tasks upon me with reference to hunting elephants for ivory, or any service you can think of, as a token of obedience, but I cannot take the daughter of Pelutona to wife."

This did not satisfy his father, who plotted to take away Khama's life. He ordered his headman to fire into the hut where his son dwelt, but to his grief, he found no one would obey his command. Soon after he fled in terror to a place of hiding, thinking his son would retaliate and seek his life. This the son did not do.

After passing through many trials and wars, Khama was

elected king, a position he accepted with characteristic prudence. One of his first acts as king was to define his attitude towards heathenism on the one hand, and Christianity on the other. This he announced in a dignified way, and his deliverance was well received by the people. Since then Khama has been faithful to Christ and His Gospel, and sought to rule his people, the Bamangwatos, in justice and mercy.

Negro Wisdom in Giving.

THOSE who do not know how to give on behalf of the missionary cause should learn of the way a congregation of negroes settled the matter.

They passed three resolutions, which were as follows—

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give.

Many came forward and gave—some more and some less. Amongst them was a wealthy old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, who threw down upon the table a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the negro who received the money; "dat may be according to de first resolution; but it is not according to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than he had offered, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying,

"Dare! take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was offered with such an ill-temper, that the negro answered again,

"No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and de second resolution, but it is not according to de last."

The old man was obliged to take up his coin again. Angry with himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer.

"Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

Other Christians might learn of their black brethren.

Kristno and Christ

Confounded in India.

KRISTNO is one of the numerous gods worshipped in India; it is a black god, and the idol is made of stone. Many images of this deity are worshipped, but there is one of a very peculiar character. It represents the god in two positions, which are described as Kristno tormented and Kristno triumphant.

In the first he appears standing upon a pedestal, with a huge serpent wound round his body, which is inflicting a fearful wound on his head, while the god himself is rendered perfectly helpless by the scaly folds of the monster, which enclose in its dreadful coils his head, his arms and legs.

The second figure represents Kristno as having overcome the serpent, and with a joyous countenance holding triumphantly the defeated reptile in his hands, while with his feet he is crushing the monster's head.

That these figures have reference to the fall of man and the declaration of the Almighty to the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," there can be little doubt.

"How this passage," says a missionary, "came to be applied to the Hindoo god Kristno is not very difficult to ascertain. In the year 1541 the celebrated Romish missionary, Francis Xavier, arrived in India, and laid the foundation of the Roman Catholic Church. Soon after, through an army of

the Jesuits, the new religion spread throughout the continent, and thousands of Hindoos became nominal Christians.

After Xavier's death the order to which he belonged became greatly deteriorated, and to deceive the natives into Christianity they endeavoured to show that Hindooism and Christianity, if not exactly the same, were very closely allied. They taught that Kristno and Christ were the representations of one and the same person—that the Virgin Mary and Doorga were equally worthy of homage; and the native Christians carried the image of the Virgin and Child in procession, with the same pomp and ceremony as the Hindoos carried the image of Doorga. As Kristno was the most popular god, especially among the females, so by representing that idol as performing the work to which Christ was appointed, they endeavoured to graft a wicked lie upon the most solemn truth. So that in the popular mind the two are identified, and the spread of the heavenly gospel impeded.

King George

At a Missionary Feast.

THE annual Missionary Feast is a great day in the Friendly Islands, and the one held in the year 1867, was a most memorable one. It was held in the commodious Chapel in the centre of Nukualofa, which was filled with an expectant congregation numbering six hundred.

King George, whom Sir E. Thorne said "could only be compared to Alfred the Great," was in the chair, and was surrounded by chiefs and missionaries on a platform, decorated with beautiful mats, supplied by the queen. His majesty made a splendid opening speech. Among other things he said he once heard of a man in London who fell from his horse, and the wheels of a carriage ran over him, bruising him very much. A crowd soon gathered; all said how much they pitied him, but they did nothing to help him. At length a "good Samaritan," came, and, seeing the poor bruised man, took a sovereign from his pocket and gave it towards his relief, saying,

"That is the length of my pity."

The king applied this anecdote in the most admirable manner. The heathen, like the poor bruised man, were dying. Many people pitied, but did nothing for them. Their pity was worth nothing. They should give their money and help to send the Gospel to them.

The king then took a small parcel of gold from his pocket and threw it on the table, saying,

"That is the length of my love to the heathen."

The gold was wrapped in a piece of brown paper, and when the package was opened by one of the missionaries, it was found to contain ten bright Australian sovereigns. After five or six excellent speeches had been made by the Missionaries and subordinate Chiefs, the general collection was made. Above a dozen active young men went round with the plates, and when they had finished, brought them to the front of the platform filled with tangible tokens of love to the heathen.

The Missionaries, Messrs. Molten and Dyson, counted the money. In doing so, they were struck with the fact, that not one of the six hundred people assembled had given a penny, or a copper of any kind! All was silver or gold, and amounted to the noble sum of forty-six pounds. This generosity was the fruit of the new spirit they had received through the Word of God.

Narapot Singh,

His Conversion and Sacrifice.

THERE resided in Benares a high caste Brahmin of the name of Narapot Singh, a man of commanding appearance, of great fluency of speech, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the charters and all the details of Hindoo doctrines, festivals and duties.

Some law business called him to Calcutta, where he had to remain for two months, and when there, he occupied his spare time in visiting the holy places and witnessing the numerous sacrifices and cruel rites of his religion.

On returning one evening to his lodgings he was attracted by the sounds of singing, and listening near the door, he was invited to enter, and for the first time heard the Gospel from the lips of a native preacher belonging to the Serampore Mission. He was at once arrested by what he heard, and was led to accompany the preacher to the Mission, where he was taught more fully the way of Salvation, and received a New Testament in the Hindoo language. This he sedulously studied on his way home, and the more he read of it, the more deeply he was convinced of the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and of the truth and sanctifying influence of the Word of God.

Great was the joy of his friends on his return to Benares, and little did they imagine how soon their joy would be turned into consternation and rage. Two days only elapsed before he intimated his disapproval of Hindooism and his faith that Christianity was the true religion. His friends and brethren thought he was either mad or bewitched, and invited the most learned and influential Brahmins to converse with him. The more the pundits argued the more deeply was Narapot convinced of the truths of the Gospel.

Feeling assured that were he to renounce his caste, abandon his property and join the despised ranks of the followers of Christ in the city of Benares, it would cost him his life, Narapot engaged a small boat and left the city in the dead of the night and proceeded to the Mission at Serampore, thereby relinquishing a large estate of thirty thousand pounds for Jesus' sake.

He was gladly received by the missionaries and was taught more fully the truths revealed in the Scriptures. The Lord did not forsake the earnest disciple who forsook all to follow him. A Christian officer, hearing of his devotion and the sacrifices he had made for conscience sake, offered to take him as an assistant in his office. This offer was thankfully accepted, and it ultimately led to his joining the Mission in Calcutta under the care of Mr. George Gogerly. Soon after joining the Church in Calcutta, he changed his name from Narapot Singh to Narapot Christian, to indicate the thorough departure from his old life.

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